Christian Recorder, 1869

Vol. IX, No. 1, January 16 to

No. 16, May 22.

Benj. T. Tanner, editor

W.C. Banton, ass't. editor

weekly, 2 sheets, cumulative paging.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Editor.
William C. Banton, Assistant Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 16, 1869. Vol. IX. No. 1. New Series. Whole No. 403.

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BY

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The time never contracts space.

Poetry.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

BY A. POE.

The great old giant year
Of eighteen sixty-eight,
In midnight sire severe,
Drags on our rolling sphere
From placets shifting seat;
Fraught with the tale of Fate.

At first, an infant mild,
In snowy garments rolled,
He lay and sweetly smiled;
At his gone round him piled
And heard the sighs winds wild
Bear off his father old.

The viewless cottage passed
Down through a shadowy vale
Into an ocean vast,
Chided by a howling blast,
Whereon they made no sail
The old year dead and pale.

But see! a nobler shade
Moved due in such estate,
With benevolent mien
Where stop the mighty dead
In ocean's dreamless bed,
That eighteen sixty-eight.

And as the bright stars paled
Which watched His ocean shrine,
Of eastern mountains veiled,
The coming morning hailed,
In rosy cloudless shine,
The New Year sixty-nine.

But first upon the blue
Wherein the dear sun hid,
The single jet full in view,
A drop of gore discern,
Wept off the horse's rear—
A tribute to the dead.

I saw a rose wreath shed
Deeper as the midnight past;
I saw would bloodfed dead,
Whose hands our millions fed,
Who reaped our peace and shed
Uncontented blessings vast.

He left not ere he slew
Full many a glorious wrong;
Old centuries breaking through
Which hid the wrong from view
In throws he swerve
With heavy ages strong.

Now may the glad New Year
Be hopefully begun,
Our future pathway cheer—
The hopey time bring near
Foretold by holy seer—
The reign of Christ the Son.

JOEL SWARE.

Carlisle, Jan. 1st, 1869.

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A VISIT TO AVERY'S TOMB.

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The name of this noble Christian Philanthropist is well known to American readers, that I need not perform the pleasing task of telling you of his life. That he was pre-eminently a philanthropic man, is abundantly verified by his lavish gifts to the cause of humanity. His name, I am proud to add, is held in the greatest veneration by the many subjects of his beneficerious Bull, was not of this that I designed to write.

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In midnight sire severe,
Drags on our rolling sphere
From placets shifting seat;
Fraught with the tale of Fate.

At first, an infant mild,
In snowy garments rolled,
He lay and sweetly smiled;
At his gone round him piled
And heard the sighs winds wild
Bear off his father old.

The viewless cottage passed
Down through a shadowy vale
Into an ocean vast,
Chided by a howling blast,
Whereon they made no sail
The old year dead and pale.

But see! a nobler shade
Moved due in such estate,
With benevolent mien
Where stop the mighty dead
In ocean's dreamless bed,
That eighteen sixty-eight.

And as the bright stars paled
Which watched His ocean shrine,
Of eastern mountains veiled,
The coming morning hailed,
In rosy cloudless shine,
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Wherein the dear sun hid,
The single jet full in view,
A drop of gore discern,
Wept off the horse's rear—
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I saw a rose wreath shed
Deeper as the midnight past;
I saw would bloodfed dead,
Whose hands our millions fed,
Who reaped our peace and shed
Uncontented blessings vast.

He left not ere he slew
Full many a glorious wrong;
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Which hid the wrong from view
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allanconsly with the drawing of the chain the time light was brought hour the fashions, giving them a truly startling effect. After a moment or two the gas drop was done down, and the ball proceeded.

Before supper, some hours with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two. (Long song.)

The night has grown colder, and Hiver is worse,
But he has been calling for some.
Indeed he is—as—cold—as—ice.
Perhaps before morning shall down,
And then the passenger shall not be left—
Quite quickly,—to walk he gone.

Good home, home home, home home!
Hyer, my dear father, come home with me home.

The not-drop rose again, and now the child has hold of the parent's coat, to try to take it from the drunken parent, and as she continues the last two lines, "Come home, father, come home with me now," the man as we next see the child stretched out on the mother's lap and as it just raises its little head and falls back with a gasp, with the hunchback's song ringing in its ears, then was a frailty about the words terrible in their flow. Both were heard from all parts of the hall, coming from the female portion of the audience, while tears trickled down many a male cheek. Even the lady who sang the song was affected, and could scarcely prevent with the last verse

"Father, dear father, come home with me now.

The clock in the steeple strikes Throat. (Long song, drop.)

The hours is so lonely, the hours are so long,
And I cannot sleep for fear.
Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the angels of light!
And those were my last words that he said—
"I want to him upon—good night!"

"I love home, love home, come home,
Please, father, dear father, come home."

Again the drop rose, disclosing little Mary on her bended knees in the act of saying her with pot elevated, in the act of striking her with it, as she sings, "Come home," and then the bank curtain draws aside, showing the mother group over a dead body, and just how the asks have cut more freely, and two fellows in the rear are not helping, as the group were truly harrowing, and we gladly turned our eyes.

An additional verse was sung about "Poor Benny" being with the angels above. The drop rose, the curtain drew, showing the child over the coffin with the mother, and little Mary in her arms, singing, "Come home," and then the bank curtain draws aside, showing the mother group over a dead body, and just how the asks have cut more freely, and two fellows in the rear are not helping, as the group were truly harrowing, and we gladly turned our eyes.

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Poetry.

A BOY'S PRAYER.

"Hattie! sister, I want a dress
Large, and pretty, and sound, and neat,
So, if I pray, do you think 'twill come?
Ask and receive, the Lord has said.
But the sister, musing, shook her head.

"How should I know, dear brother?—try;
You can but ask!" was the soft reply.
And so to his darkened room he went,
Still on his simple request intent.
The sale for Hattie's poor dress was paid,
"And please, dear Father, send it soon—
Large, and pretty, sound and red,
Sent me a dress, dear Lord, I plead."

No answer will, and he came out dim
And laid his head on his sister's breast
"Hattie, I think I will not pray,
Give me a dress, dear Father," but
My prayers should wrong Him—He knows best."

So back to his simple toil and play,
Calm and sweet, he went that day;
But God, who garners the smallest seed
Of faith and patience, to flower with need
Of bed and blossom in His good time,
Owned and answered the faith sublime.
For other eyes than a mother's heed,
Unknown to the child, his simple creed;
And when he glad New Year came round,
With its festive mirth and its merry hum
Of household greetings, a box new-bound
Gladdened the sight of the wondering boy
He could not speak for the sudden joy
At length he lifted his head to pray,
With happy tears. "It is just like Him—
Just like the Lord," he murmured low
"And just to them I wanted so!
Though for a sensible one I prayed;
For, sister Hattie, I tell about,
Lest the dear Lord I might ask amiss,
To pray for a dress so big as this."

Home Circle.

THE ORPHANS.

"Our Father which is in heaven."

The wind was howling fiercely around the old cottage, and sweeping in through the broken windows with its chilling breath. There was a sad scene within. A poor widow patiently waited by disease, lay on a heap of straw, which formed the only bed the room contained, while two children—a girl of seven and a boy of eight years—bent fondly over her. She had just awaked from a sleep, and Rose smiled and asked

"Do you feel better now, mother?"

"Yes, a little, darling."

"I thought, I know you would be better if you could only go to sleep."

"You must not distress yourself, Rose; I am not really better, I feel that I am dying, but I can not live through another day."

"Oh, mother, you must not say that!" pleaded the girl in saddened tones. "You must live for our sakes. Oh that will become of us when you are gone?"

"God can make her well, can't he, sissy?"

"Yes, dear; and I think he will. I have asked him often to do it."

"My dear children, God can make me well; but if he should not, he knows what is best for us, and we must not murmur. That God who has watched over you from infancy will not forsake you when I am gone, and you must put your trust in him. I have commended you back to his kind care and keeping of 'Our Father which is in heaven.'"

Just then a gust of wind blew out the last feeble, flickering ray of the candle, and left them in darkness

"Oh, mother! what will we do now?" It is so dark and we have no candle nor kindling."

"You had better lie down here by me. Sessie should, and we will keep each other warm, and sleep till morning."

A few words of conversation, and their voices grew fainter. The weary mother and their mother fell asleep, and in that sleep the soldier's spirit passed to its reward.

The sun was shining when Rose awoke the next morning. Her brother's eyes were fixed steadfastly on his mother's face.

"Rose," he said, "mother is asleep; it will do her good. Be quiet, and do not wake her."

Alas! alas! it was the sleep that knows no waking. Rose felt it as soon as she saw the pale face and motionless form. She knew it soon death once before, and she could not forget it in a moment. She kissed the cold forehead. Its icy coldness startled her, and she drew back with a shudder.

"Don't sissy, don't; you will wake her"

Eddie dear, mother is not asleep. She will wake no more on earth."

"Oh, yes she will, sister?"

"Tomorrow she is to rise."

"But so are we. The room is cold, there is no fire. I wish we had some wood, and that would soon warm her."

"No, no, Eddie; that cannot be. It is too late now."

"But she can't be really gone, sissy, this night's cold so good-by, and leave us when she did."

Because God took her to the night when all was dark, and we were asleep"

"And we are all alone, sister, is it this? What will we do, sissy? Who will care for us now?"

"Not all alone, Eddie. You know we have 'Our Father in heaven' yet, mother told us we must trust in him. Heard it we better say our morning prayer together now?"

The orphaned children kneeled beside their dead mother, and in broken, trembling accents, repeated the Lord's prayer. He who is the father of the fatherless looked down from his throne on high, and in love and compassion heard their prayer.

Those who are left in this world by their kones by their mother's side, had fallen upon the ear of a passer-by. They were tokens of distress, and he was one who was ready to relieve the poor and the sorrowful. The shutters were open, and he looked through the broken pane and saw the lifeless dead children. He heard, too, the children, broken accents, repeating, "Our Father which art in heaven," and his heart was moved with compassion towards them. Waiting only to hear the prayer ended, he knocked at the door. Rose looked up affrighted

"Oh, Eddie, it must be the landlord, and we haven't the rent for him. He will turn us out" and they nestled closer to their mother, as if even yet she could protect them. The door was knocked a second time words, and did not wait for them to give him admittance. He opened the door and stood before them. They looked at him with fear and with wonder, for he was a stranger. They had never seen him before. As they looked they felt that they could trust him, there was so much love in his face, and his first words were very gentle.

"I heard your echo my children, and feared that something was wrong. I thought that perhaps I might be able to do something for you."

They pointed to their mother That pale face told the tale

"Where did she die?"

"Last night," it was in the dark and we did not see her die," said at the thought the tears flowed forth afresh

"Never mind, now," he said, drawing them towards him "Tell me all about it, and I will see what I can do."

In a few words Rose told the oft-repeated story Theirs had been a very happy home when their father was alive, but suddenly sickness had laid him low, and in a few days had carried him to the grave. A widowed mother was left alone with two young children She had striven hard to keep them from want, and had succeeded, till in her turn she was attacked by the hand of disease Day fought against it as long as he might, and had even taken the last of her death continued to labors he part of his day. Rose had for months been their growing poorer. One article of furniture after another had gone, and that night her last bread Now all was gone, their mother, too, was dead and they were left alone—to starve, perchance, "except," Rose said, and she thought it would be so, "Our Father in heaven will take care of us." The simple words and artless manner had their effect on the good man's heart.

"Would you like to go with me?" he asked. "I will give you a nice and pleasant home, and you shall have bread enough to eat."

"You will go, won't you, sissy? I am so cold and hungry"

Rose looked up with tears of thankfulness in her eye, and then glanced thought fully at her dress.

"Never mind, dear, I will not take you yet. You must stay with me till your mother is buried, and then you shall go with me."

He made inquiry in the village and soon found their story true Their mother was spoken of in the highest terms. The funeral over, the children were taken to his home, and committed to the care of his sister, who knew from the first how to treat orphans. Rose and Eddie were left alone—to pursue their happy career, but never forget their mother's early teachings. When asked who provided them with such a home, and gave to them such kind friends, their answer was given in a childlike faith, "our Father which is in heaven. —*Golden Hours.*

A SECRET OF YOUTH.

There are women who cannot grow old; women who, without any special effort, remain always young and always attractive. Their number is more than a hundred fold; but there is sufficient number to mark the difference between this class and the rest of the other. The secret of this perpetual youth lies not in the beauty, for some women possess it who are as old as all antediluvians; in dress, for they are frequently careless in that respect, so far as the mere arbitrary dictates of fashion are concerned, nor in having nothing to do, for these women of whom we are always so busy we have, and it is very well known that idleness is the surest step into old age and ugliness faster than over work. The charm, we imagine, lies in the happy temperament to find out a little sun shine amid all always looking on the bright side of life, and of extracting the needle of adversity over everybody's faults and feelings in a straight of a secret, but it is all that we know seen, and we have watched such with great interest, a determination to report truthfully for the benefit of the rest It is very provoking that it is something which cannot be bought and sold, or else a fifty cents a bottle But this is impossible, and in what form or of will you get it, and on growing old and ugly and disagreeable as found

THE CHRIST CHILD AT HOME.

There was of old a poor man's house,
Within a lowly eastern town,
Wherein our blessed Saviour lived
When he to earth from heaven came down.

There did he live a little child—
He was obliged to be patient—very;
There worked, perhaps, with willing hand,
And grew in wisdom day by day.

The heaven blue fragrant from the hills,
The blue lake gently responsive to the sky,
But sweeter than the mountain's flower,
And purer than the lake to me

Was Sharon's Rose beneath that roof,
The holy Child so pure and fair;
In meek obedience year by year,
Love's perfect pattern, lingering there.

Oh, let us often seek in thought
That cottage home in Galilee,
And by our blessed example learn
What Christian children ought to be;

Then shine within our youthful hearts
Gladness and peace, and love divine,
And Christ, who was a present child,
Shall count himself and bless us thine.

—CONT'D. A LOBSTER.

Your lobster, when lett high and dry among the rocks, does not wait long enough to work its way back to the sea, but waits for the sea to come to it. And if it does not come, he remains where he is, and dies, although the water is so near he would soon be seen to anywhere. Stars and planets are always floating in water, the ocean is full of light by the rising of the sun. It looked as if the heavens were bright with stars, and that the sun was there, but the angels were celebrating some glorious event. The super science was there it no doubt. Every the final day of the world had nearly come, and restored every moment for the trumpet of the Archangel

But the people of this earth seldom have the opportunity of witnessing anything so sub lime, or so grandly beautiful. No language can describe the splendid sight that appeared To say that it was like a million bonfires simultaneously flying through the air would be but a faint discription The finest print could be read by the light of the lights, until daylight, and the rising sun put an end to it. We were told by persons who had the eloquence of words describe a scene like this The contrast between it and those spectacular displays sometimes seen in cities, illustrated the grandeur, the power and glory of the Supreme Ruler of the universe

We happened to see the grand meteoric shower in Nov 13, 1833, and from all accounts, have no doubt that the shower of Nov 14, 1866, was fully as remarkable.

In the work of creation, God only opened His hand to give flight to a thought that He had held pressed from eternity

Now you must love God as this little boy loved his mother, more than you love any thing else, and also everything that grieves Him you must give up, however much you may like it.

"You love me," said a mother to her little child, as he leaned over her in bed, "don't you?"

"Yes," said the half sleeping child, "but I love God much more"

So we are to love parents, brothers, sisters, friends and everything that God has given us, but we are to love Him much more supremely—with all our hearts

CONSUMPTION INFECTIOUS.

BY DR. DENDY I SUMMERSCH

It was our fortune to attend a man closely dying of consumption for six, while hopelessly and helplessly ill, as described; cared for by his wife, who at the time left herself, and nursed her child, a girl of three years.

Years after her husband's death, and when she was scarcely hailing against the disease, which commenced its contagious attacks in early childhood, and which, when she was related to me the following fact, but only on my definite enquiries as to how intimate her self and child had been with him during his illness. It seems that other, in winter nights, she had fallen asleep with her head on the side of her husband, who was lying with his arms stretched out, as is usual under the increasing disease, and would persuade him to take his head from her pillow, and lay it on the dry warm place she had just left, while, simply throwing a blanket over it, she would lay down by his side, and there continuously occupied by him! Upon our expressing a horror at such neglect of herself, she replied that she had ran, and which apparently had not done her any harm, and that she remarked that she knew at the time the danger she was incurring. She had no thought of danger to herself, and only of her husband's comfort. Her child, she said, "I then got what I have never recovered from," the certain vitality needed to go out of her; and though I cannot recollect a day of many years against the enormous hereditary disease, she finally died of it, leaving behind her a husband last taken consumption from her husband, their number of more than a hundred, and had really been the last.

We have no other mind other and analogous cases, as, for example, of husbands having their first cough when "nursing the wife who was dying of consumption, and caring to their necessities, we have known instances of husbands who, full of apparent health and strength, when consumption has laid a cold hand on them, have continued to sleep with the invalid, and to breathe the same closed up atmosphere at night, and to spend all day with her, and to be the manly and healthful out-of door exercises. And we have always considered it to be a law of nature, healthy young persons gradually beginning to suffer with indigestion, debility, and a daily cough, and all the symptoms of consumption. And from intrusion, in the case the attendant has died before the life of the original patients has ended.—These facts are of the highest importance, and we are aware that, in some of them, other elements of disease may have had their fatal force, but still the cases have been full of suggestions and in why the mind is not as well aware as than we, in this country, have usually taken in thewmatter.—*Atlantic Monthly for January*

SIGNS AND WONDERS IN THE HEAVENS.

It is manifest that all nature is there labor in travail together, and groans in pertesis, and wonders. Grand meteor showers, tornadoes, tornadoes hurricanes, cyclones, blighting volcanoes, awful subterranean fires, tremendous earth quakes, crackling tidal waves horrid murders in progressional shapes, great serpents, immense swarms of grasshoppers and other insects, and various other extraordinary physical phenomena following each other so frequently as to astain in every department of human history Some of these phenomena have been unusual and these things going on in this way, they would have constituted the Angora —they would be the strongest signs to the gods. What do these things protend?

GREAT STAR SHOWER IN GEORGIA.

From the following articles, both of which we rea from the *Atlanta (Ga.) Telegraph*, it will be seen that the meteric shower on Nov 14, brilliant as it was in other parts of the land, was far more grand and startling at the south We have received reports from many, and tried different accounts of this last star shower, as it appeared in different parts of the United States, some of which are very interesting —

Those of our citizens who were fortunate enough to be up between 12 and 3 o'clock on the morning of November 14, witnessed one of the grandest sights ever seen by man since the people of this world were created

At first they appeared singly with momentary intervals, but they rapidly increased from the darkened horizon or from the zenith, and, traversing several degrees, exploded in a shower of fire. Sometimes it was a train, then three, four, five, ten, twenty, one hundred, until the whole concave heavens were lighted and illuminated as if a million of lamps were hung in the vaulted batteries

Sparing into existence as quick as daylight, and travelling with electric velocity, exhibiting a dazzling brilliancy almost equal to that of the sun, they passed from the south over the city, and disappeared in the southwest. At one time the heavens in the west and had a train more brilliant than a rocket, and as long as a rainbow

The scene continued for about 3 o'clock, when it was gradually and awfully sublime. The night was clear There was not a cloud to be seen anywhere. Stars and planets were shining in their accustomed places, and the light by the rising of the sun. It looked as if the heavens were about to be rolled up like a scroll, and that the angels were celebrating some glorious event. The superscience was there it no doubt. Every the final day of the world had nearly come, and restored every moment for the trumpet of the Archangel

But few people of this earth seldom have the opportunity of witnessing anything so sub lime, or so grandly beautiful. No language can describe the splendid sight that appeared To say that it was like a million bonfires simultaneously flying through the air would be but a faint discription The finest print could be read by the light of the lights, until daylight, and the rising sun put an end to it. We were told by persons who had the eloquence of words describe a scene like this The contrast between it and those spectacular displays sometimes seen in cities, illustrated the grandeur, the power and glory of the Supreme Ruler of the universe

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THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The Secretary of the Interior gives an extended and interesting statement of the progress of the several Pacific railroads. From which it appears that the companies have a very good thing of it. He says—

Should the road be so supported by the Company, and to at the northern extreme of Great Salt Lake, a little west of Monument Point, its length would be about 1,170 miles. The cost of locating, constructing and completely equipping it and its branches is fixed at $36,824,821, an average per mile of $31,477.

The above cost subsidy is bonds for that distance at $16,000 per mile, $18,506,000, an average per mile of $26,560. The Company's first mortgage bonds are estimated at $27,000 per mile, $31,590,000. The land realized by the Company from the grant, estimated at 44,000,000 acres, being an acres a per mile of $44,000, estimated by $10,000, the actual cost of constructing and fully equipping the road, and yielding a profit of more than $17,250,000.

SPREADING A RUMOR.

Says Genny Gray on Sunday Two,
While shopping in the town;
"Old Mrs. Jones is dead, you know"
Smith bought his goods of Brown."

Says Genny Two to tommy Three,
Who can her sparkle down,
"I'm small to tell you my friend,
Smith got his goods from Brown."

Says Genny Three to Genny Four,
With eyes big as a moon,
"I've heard strange news—what do you think,
Smith had goods from Brown."

Says Genny Four to Genny Five,
Who blazed it round the town,
"I've heard to-day such shocking news—
Smith sick for goods from Brown."

THE YOUNG WITNESS.

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for his life, convicted of her father's house.

"Stop, child," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness. "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath."

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel, addressing the judge, "I hope my argument to demonstrate the validity of my objection. The witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let me see," said the judge. Come here, my little girl."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child approached him, and with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless that it carried conviction to the hearer.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stopped back with a look of horror, and the red bloom mantled her face, as she replied, in a low tone of "No, sir."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; every evening"

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the Great God," she answered.

Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say," and he repeated slowly and solemnly, the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you are sworn as a witness; and will you tell me what will be the result if you tell a lie?"

"I shall be shut up in prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge

"I cannot go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the words, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and then reverently closed the book and read"

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and she taught me what was right to tell. Then she asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and she read the Bible with me together, and she prayed that I might understand it and love it. And she told me to pray to God to help me, and to tell the truth in this case before him. And so I tried to do it, and came up here with father, she hoped me, and told me all I knew about the commandment, and that God would bear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, with a tear glistening in his eye, and his countenance softened.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect

"Stand down, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. The witness is competent," he continued "Now I command her my life, and the charms, more the crown; his the merits, mine the reward Verily thou shalt answer for me, O Lord. Thou knowest all things, and knowest that thou have I trusted; let me never be confounded.—*Bishop La Come*

Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and God will send thee flax.

Advertisements.

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Corner of Short & Cranberry Sts.,

HARRISBURG, PA.

MRS. E. TOOP

Continues to accommodate permanent and transient boarders.

Feb. 13—1y.

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W. D. Cooper,

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Second-Hand Boots and Shoes Bought and Sold

Oct. 24, 1868-1 yr.

MRS BELLT

Wishes to inform the Public and Friends that she has just opened a first class Boarding House for the accommodation of gentlemen and families, who can rest assured that every attention will be paid to their comfort.

Terms reasonable. Fish Supper 25 cts. Served 6 to 9 o'clock. Table Board $4 per week.

Jan. 1—1m.

BOARDING.

In Boston, Mass. MRS ELIZABETH PROUT

Will receive a few more Boarders. Terms reasonable.

READMISSION OF LAWYERS.

The case of the late James Pannyer Salmey James Pannyer Salmey that the petitioner, counseling one hour per room in the times of departure of such train, and also a room 20 minutes before.

Their cars are in writing on the arrival at each Train to the Depot, Harrisburg.

Baggage from $100 to $200 per annum.

Passengers, from $100 to $200 per annum.

Passengers, from $100 to $200 per annum.

Passengers,

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Editor.
William C. Banton, Assistant Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 23, 1869. Vol. IX. No. 2. New Series. Whole No. 404.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. JOSHUA WOODLIN,

General Book Steward,

No. 631 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Terms.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern, subscribers, sale of papers, and all matters belonging to Book Concern business, must be directed to Rev. Joshua Woodlin, Book Steward, No. 631 Pine street, Philadelphia, Pa. All letters for the Editor, will be addressed to Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Editor. All letters pertaining to private matters should be directed to Rev. Jos. Philadelphia.

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RATES!

Advertisements not to exceed ten lines, will be inserted at the following rates, viz:

One square, (ten lines space) one insertion,	$1 00
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One square, (ten lines space) six months,	5 00
One square, (ten lines space) one year,	10 00
Ten lines space three times equal one year,	10 00
Ten lines space one month equal	5 00

Poetry.

BEGIN WITH GOD.

Begin the day with God!
He is the sun and day!
He is the radiance of thy dawn,
Th Him address thy lay.

Sing a new song at Morn,
Join the glad sounds and bells,
Join the fresh winds, and seas, and plains,
Join the bright flowers and rills.

Sing thy first song to God,
Not to thy fellow-man;
Not to the creatures of His hand,
But to the glorious One.

Awake, cold lips, and sing!
Arise, dull hearts, and pray!
Lift up, O soul, thy heart and eyes,
Fresh aloft to Him away.

Look up beyond these clouds;
Thither thy path-way lies.
Mount up, wing, and linger not;
Thy goal is yonder skies.

Cast every weight aside!
Do battle with each sin!
Fight with the faithless world without;
The faithless heart within.

Take thy first meal with God!
He is thy heavenly food!
Feed ask and not in vain. He will thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God!
Let His go forth with thee
By stream, or sea, or mountain path,
Seek still His company.

Thy first communion be
With God Himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

For the Christian Recorder.

CONVENTION IN PITTSBURGH.

Pittsburgh, Dec. 31st 1868.

Mr. Ebitor:—Sir, the great colored Convention which closed its three days session yesterday, was one of the most important of the kind that probably ever assembled on Pennsylvania soil. Therefore, before the history of our State Convention, were such signal favors shown by the Press. Always three, and often five reporters would be diligently engaged at the tables, making faithful reports of the proceedings, and the next day few or none of the daily papers would be teeming with the "proceedings of the colored men's Convention" A sense of importance is taking hold of the suffrage, to be secured by Constitutional Amendment, the petition to our Legislature pleading for improvements in our schools, our school interests, and the address of the Convention are also papers accurately comprehended by the Press. One passage in the address eluding to our wrongs in the State is, indeed, excellent. If the colored people, it says: "In her courts of law, neither in the Bar nor the Jury-box; in her halls of legislation, neither in the Senate nor the House; at the polls, neither to vote there, to be elected; in her schools, to be prescribed, in her public institution always to have our proportion, insanity and crime recognised but never our manhood"

The first evening of the Convention was spent in speeches. Henry Highland Garnet stood forth in all his original greatness, and who but him, with such tranquil styles, like a May day sunset, could have aimed and melted the hearts of the audience with the sweet murmurings of his tongue. His speech was not prepared, but better than if it had been, for it was so Garnet-like His intervals of rich pathos and humor, moved the audience like a pleasant gale upon the surface of a sea.

Hughes of Harrisburgh followed Garnet in a system speech, in which the declaration of independence, the Constitution and the "everlasting principles of individual, universal human liberty" as he would have it, were exhaustlessly analyzed. Rev. Wm. H. Hunter next entertained the audience with a thrilling speech and was but a happy thing it was for us, that after the calm and storm we should have a brisk, twirling south-wind in the impassioned eloquence of Jno. P. Sampson. Next on his way through his ideas with a velocity which both startled and delighted

But the next day and night were unhappy times The everlasting "Harbor question" was up and would not down. "I move to lay the question on the table, Mr President." Some one would send so directly to the President's ear that he would run to put the motion when "I move to indefinitely postpone, the motion to lay on the table" would be followed on unfavorably. When again some one would move to table the motion of indefinite postponement, and still, again another would move to lay the motion, to lay on the table, on the table, and such like motion would be purged by "Old Conventioneer" and satisfactorily parliamentariance" Allegheny city represented herself with the small number of forty; three delegates, and Pittsburg with not less then forty, and hence, the delegation from the more distant places were overwhelmingly received. How long shall

Rev. John Peck an old and faithful servant of his race, H. H Garnet and Chas Lenox Remond stirred delegates at large to the Washington Convention.

Wm. Nesbit was our honorary member, and Miss H. Johnson our active female member—she is elected leader of the Allegheny delegation to Washington. All considered, the Convention was a success. It left an influence in Pittsburgh for the race, which will linger around the walls of old Wylie street church for many years hence. It was a meeting of all persuasions, all grades of society and, doubtless, a last bugle call to the great battle of manhood suffrage and impartial law

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM KENTUCKY.

Mr Editor:—At an early hour last evening, the 18th, the colored people of this place met in the Baptist church for the purpose of ratifying the Constitution of the Amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting slavery or involuntary servitude. The meeting being called to order, Rev. Isaac Slaughter was elected chairman of the meeting. After religious exercises, as it was a free meeting, the house was soon crowded with its own speakers. T. H. Jackson was the first called upon. He reviewed briefly the rise and progress of the Constitution of the nation, and dwelt particularly on the necessity of elevation and union among our people. Mr. Wallace Fisher was next called upon, and he urged upon the people the necessity of education. He cited to those who had once been poor, but by becoming educated had raised to the highest office in the gift of the people. Among the other speakers were Mr Frank Wells, who had fought for freedom, and who loved it, Samuel Green and Benj. Tibbs. This latter being called upon, said he was glad to witness so loved freedom, and was glad to see this day, when we could meet, even in *Kentucky*, and talk of that freedom which had implanted in the bosom of all his national creatures, contrasting the day with days past and gone, showing that if we had not as we do to-night, and for the same purpose, that we would have to leave to this part of the country, either at the point of, or beat a hasty retreat across the Ohio The last speaker was Mr. Frank Shelbe "We have a just God to plead our cause," was song by the congregation. After which a committee was raised, contrasting the day with days past and gone, showing that if we had met

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Jan. 23, 1869.

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Immigration Matters.

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Advertisements.

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☞ WE REQUEST ALL WHO ARE INDEBTED TO THE BOOK CONCERN TO SETTLE THEIR ACCOUNTS. WE NEED ALL THAT ONE OWES TO DAY.

☞ Any member wishing a Hymn Book or Discipline, let them send us 60 cts. All of our ministers ought to have them.

Each of our ministers is hereby requested to favor us with a sketch of his life—date of conversion, entry into the ministry, charges over which he has presided, present location, etc. Brethren complying with this request will send articles marked, "Ministers Cabinet," addressed to Wm. G. Hamton, office of Christian *Recorder*, Philadelphia, Pa. tf

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES

We would still call the attention of all our preachers and superintendents to our S. S. libraries. Send on your orders for them, brethren, be sure and accompany it with the cash. *It will be impossible to fill any order without* the cash. Send us the order with the cash, and we will see that our libraries se choice, and so cheap, as can be purchased anywhere. Let all our brethren act accordingly. 1 mo.

OUR MINISTER'S LIBRARY.

Its cost is $20.00. It has 25 volumes, comprising 14,450 neatly printed pages, with a number of handsome steel portraits. The names 1 to 9 constitute the cream of the Evangelical literature of the 17th century; volumes 10 to 14 are worked blocked quarry in the 18th century; volumes 15 to 16 are admirable treatises on the evidences of Christianity; 20 sterling Christian memoirs; and 21 to 25 D'Aubigne's history of the Reformation. 1 mo.

MRS. HARPER.

The eloquent Lecturer and poet, Mrs. Harper is to speak on Monday evening next at the Central Presbyterian Church, on Lombard street below 8th, and has selected for her subject, "The Colored people of the North; and how can we help them." We believe this will be an important and interesting Lecture, as indeed are all the Lectures of this gifted lady. She has already spoken in this city before our people for a long time, we hope, therefore, she may have a full house

ANNUAL MEETING OF OFFICERS OF OLD FOLKS' HOME.

The annual meeting of the above corporation took place last Thursday, January 14 at Franklin Hall. The audience that had assembled to hear the annual reports, as well as to elect officers for the incoming year, was not large, yet it was made up of that class of workers, a few of whom p. f. a great ways. The meeting was opened with prayer; after which the reports were all made,—reports but full of deep and hopeful. They showed that the last year had been more successful than the preceding one—that six more aged women had been received, making now twenty-four; and that the building had been considerably improved and enlarged. The election of officers, Lucretia Mott, while the Committee on nominations were out, donations for the incoming year were reported. And here we would say, *more last on the table*, added to the amount which had been collected in one or more of our churches, two hundred from the Pennsylvania Anti Slavery Society. The year's work was commenced most gloriously. Work done, talk followed. Mrs P. F. Harper made the speech of the evening, full of thought and common sense. Altogether the evening was most pleasantly spent.

LOMBARD ST. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Mrs Harper read her new poem, "Story of the Nile," i. e. Moses, before an audience to the above church, that must have made her feel proud. To a purely literary trust, it is such a hard thing to get our people to attend, that when one can call together such an audience as was assembled last Friday evening to hear the reading of the poem, and to witness the presentation of a Bible by Miss Carrie V. Still, surely he has reason to congratulate himself. The whole affair passed off most pleasantly. The reading of Mrs. Harper showed considerable improvement since the Concert Hall evening

But why should it not, what inspiring is there in hasoha? What in an empty Hall? Mrs Harper's improved reading powers since was nothing more than the outflow of genius ever consequent upon sparkling eyes, and not a few of them. Miss Carrie V. Still, in her maiden effort captivat i the audience. We print her presentation effort in another column.

The reception speech by the pastor, Rev. John B. Reese, was a model of pathos and simplicity, just such a speech as worthy of polished brain one produces.

S. H. We learn that Mrs Harper is having her poem printed. If so, every person should get a copy

VISIT TO WHEELING, W. V

Among the Border States, none stand with so fair a record as West Virginia. When the eastern part of the State rushed into rebellion, the west stood as true a steel to the Government. Applying to Congress for a separate State existance, when the test of slavery was applied she stood firm, willing to let go the Negro, if she but allowed to hold on to her position in the Union. While Maryland, Kentucky and Delawares wavered and fought, this Virginia stood solidly by all these "ran with the hare, and hunted with the fox," West Virginia had only a single eye.

We were privileged a few days since, to visit the Capital of this State—Wheeling—and never were we treated more hospitably. Visiting the temporary holdings where in the Legislature meets, the Door keeper treated us as an old courtier would, though we had been of the originate F. F. V's. At the Preachers' meeting of the M. E Church, we were introduced invited to say a few word." The Rev Asbury Dudley, our preacher then, is doing a splendid work. He holds his meetings in the Court House, and holds a lovely influence over his people as he well deserves to, for he is a noble Christian man. The work under his charge is progressing finely. We assisted in dedicating a new church he had succeeded in erecting at Bellaire, Ohio, and he hopes soon to have one at Wheeling

THE COLORED CONVENTION.

The National Colored Convention adjourned Saturday after a session of four days. The business was conducted with the consisting of Isaiah Weir, of Pennsylvania, chairman; Geo. T. Downing, Rhode Island; Lyt. S. A. Hackett, Maryland; James S. Somme, Georgia; John P Cook, District Columbia, J. W Stringer, Illinois; and John D. Ingalls, Kansas. The Committee on Address met an interview with the House Judiciary Committee, and which was freely accorded by Weir, who addressed the committee in behalf of the Judiciary Committee, stating the wishes of the convention and the people he represented, urging upon the committee the importance of taking speedy action in the matter of the enfranchisement of the colored people of the North and West. He also pressed upon the committee the necessity of the passage by Congress of an educational bill, having in the argument of bounties to colored soldiers, and inasmuch on account of former condition shall be made, but the those born of slave mother and a slave father shall receive the same bounties allowed to other soldiers for the same period and term of service. The chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, in replying to Mr. Weir, spoke very encouragingly, and assured him that Congress was fully alive to the question of impartial suffrage, and would endeavor it practically secures the means. It was ordered that the colored citizens be asked to consultation with the Committee on Military Affairs regarding the bounties. The latter part was a very pleasant one. An address was prepared by the convention to the colored people of the country, and with the sing ing of "Old John Brown" and the Doxology, the body adjourned.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION vs. EX-PRESIDENT ROBERTS.

We were not at the great assembly of colored men recently held in Washington city, though heartily sympathized with it in the good folks of Philadelphia in our absence went. We have learned but little of the doings there, which, however, have come to our ears—an event certainly to be regretted by every dispassionate mind. The event we allude to is Ex President Roberts' de civilities due to his character and standing, was actually an exhibition of passion triumphing over reason. The Convention had gone the round, and every Honorable Dignity in the community was introduced and feted, but when it came to honoring a Negro—a distinguished Negro—a Negro whose head has been shaken by sovereigns and premiers, all reason seemed to fly.

(a) It was revengeful. These are the days of reconciliation. Old feelings are being laid out of sight, and men are willing to retain the ideas which give them force. The white race and the black race are being glued together with blood. Even the good folks of Philadelphia in our absence went. We have learned but little of us doings there

occur to him to administer it to the little girl herself, before he killed her. It is the province of punishment to act to cause pain, but simply to remove an offender out of the way; it is evident that this new use is capable of a very extended application, and may tend very much to promote the interests of humanity. On the same principle on which it was administered to the murder or in Rome there is no reason so far as we can see, why it should not have a still more extended application, and promote the interests of humanity on a much wider scale, by *busy stretches of the whole huge sea to be dipped.* The alleviation of suffering, taking the world at large, would be very material.

CRIME AND DISASTER.

There certainly have been eras of greater crime volume in nature and of greater disease among the people than the present. Certainly intelligence and bloodshed were more rife during the religious wars of the sixteenth century than now. Nothing has outgrown in the nineteenth century more than the judicial morals of the French Revolution of '93. So-set assassination by the dagger now by poison were vastly more common in the middle ages. Spain is by-gone centuries than now. Naturally less, there is an irrepressible feeling of upper heaven during the progress of the nineteenth century. great crimes in our cities and our country at large which is deepened by frequent earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, conflagrations and floods by water, and other disasters, unusually destructive of precious human lives.

In our own era we are feeling this with unusual and melancholy force. While three murderous trials for recent acts of violence were in progress, one of them cases of the most shocking character, and a fourth murder has been committed. And a lurid light from immense and distressing conflagrations in the heart of our great Western commercial districts of trade, has glared again and again in our midnight sky. Some of our noblest and best citizens, ornaments of society, pillars in the Church, stars in the pulpit, or sunsphere in the daily walks of life, have been torn from us by one of the most heartrending calamities that has ever befallen the travelling public.

A full share of ordinary disasters meanwhile lead their terrors in all our accustomed channels. And scarcely a breath comes up from the South, that is not laden with some shameful story of wrong or outrage against the freedmen or their friends. It is not now of those bloody encounters between persons regarded as equals,—single combats or duels, even so famous, that we read, but of brute force asserted by the stronger against the weaker class, by the more unscrupulous and furious of the disorganized of the rebels against the loyal whence and blacks, whose tastes and whose trade are in nourishing one than blood

Another class of crime, of which we read more frequently nowadays, are those connected with the fraudulent issue and sale, the ruinous depreciation or false claims of the value of bonds, stocks and other like stocks. Still others are the quite botanless frauds in the collection of the revenue, particularly those which extend from whisky to tobacco. So enormous are these dishonest transactions that they interfere with the financial condition and general welfare of the whole country itself, hampering it in its efforts to unroll the huge crushing spread of debt from its cause free limbs, and mutuous the energies of the people to the development of the country, to grass under a burden not their own but thrust upon them by the most brazen knavery. And again, a still greater class of crime, is the difficulty of getting convictions, the law's delay, the tardiness of officials, the wearing out and discouragement of prosecuting committers with the criminals, the formidable power of bribery, the extraordinary forwardness to pardon and respite, especially in the case of the outgoing presidents; and last and worst of all, the monstrous, perverse, and growing use by many among the people, inward by party pressure, to sympathize rather with the criminal than with the crime; in short, the whole pernicious, sickly sentiment, that would rob justice of its penalty, would confine criminal courts to mere reformatory proceedings, and would culminate in the abolition of capital punishment, that is capital, pseudo cure for capital crimes.

The failure of our government to make an example in the case of Jefferson Davis, for high treason and bloody a rebellion against the fromt of government, and in the interest of slavery; men, who robbed and cut their throats, and who still break into fragments the fair and almost sacred structure of nationality; men who could commit the highest of crimes against God and man, and yet be in our rights, and wage a war without excuse, and which opened by violation, set one, but to outlaws of thousands of persons,—failure to punish, to organize a military leader in a movement so enormous, which combines all crimes in one, and swells that one to such a magnitude that it completely damages and subtitle the public conscience, and encourages new growths of crime everywhere.

The Gospel could and will gradually prevail, and truly believed, is the great corrective of such false and satanic views. The Gospel, fal filling, not destroying the law; the Gospel, by searching, consumprming, laying its broad claims on the innermost principles of the soul; the Gospel in the great central fact of atoning meaning to magnify the law and to honor its penalties so inexorable, by suffering; the Gospel, which has a second look for the backslider the knave and deliverder, and a terrible bolt for Hiven and the impenitent; the Gospel which knows nothing of a new heart before the spirit of a broken law are adjusted; which says, Add to your faith virtue; the Gospel alone, in which mercy and truth have met together, and right consumes and peace have kissed each other, can be the basis of the broken moral constitutions of man, and can produce the fruits of love, joy, and peace, and virtuing, and that reaching will find its basis in the air; will read its nastrums in the books of our Lord, and will find its cure in the well find the road that leads to crime a sheer precipice of quick descent but painful to remedy; will wage war with the inherent germ of the sensely diseased sympathy crime it by a respectable press, will find future heads open for a better, and will dispel the dark darkness and the infamy to which it belongs

— Enough of the New Year has already gone to us to enter upon its life, and to give pertinence to the question, how we have begun it. Has any three weeks the seventh part of the whole new year from by, without our consenting to interest to make right one of a gift so generous, so valuable, and so welcome? Oh! procrastinator, let the thought of the unexpected three weeks already gone, startle you into a quick remembrance of the good resolutions yet unperformed, with which you ran into New Year. It is not too late to put them in practice. Make your boast even yet a New Year's gift to the infinitely long-suffering God. With joy we hear that many are doing it; as a few in our own city. They are making the best and most appropriate use of the season possible.

JOHN SITE AND MRS.'S TRIAL.—Peter Hayes, writing to *The Watchman and Reflector* of the defeat of another clever scoundrelism for the new English Parliament says:

"Parliamentary reformers of logic will no longer admire the personal willingness of John stuart Mill, who will, no doubt, be brought upon the occasion of Lucy a marvellous illustration of the dulness of John Bull that he has rejected from the number of his representatives man the world-famous logician. But John has a kind of idea in his head in his sense, an idea with which I confess that I confess that I myself have no sympathy. Mr. Bull thinks that women have ought to represent. They ought not, within certain limits, to differ from men, but they ought to stay represent. John Stuart Mill ought be naturally right philosophical, but the beauty of his theory, *the longview*, the long headed vacuity peculiar to the philosophic mind, have been seen especially philosophical. They have been relegated; they have received their deserts. Mr. Mill sees not that it is good to state expressly whether he believed infinite or finite, and ought not to be so transparently and absolutely the stockinette Mr. Worthington, one of the most distinguished of the Bar, who has been invited to be elected that Mr. Mill's electioneering was rather thin windows and sometimes the sounded nine as well as ten. Mr. Mill's friends stood, we hasten to say for numerous principles and knowledge laws, and for a distinguished figure in politics because about statutory cases, by arguments against the ballot box and against the right of the atmosphere of a West End club, and by a prodigious project about votes for the ladies. In all these views politicians did not venture to have votes with Mr. Mill, without any doubt, but they did not think

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a sorrowful sigh
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There was order to get for the men in the field,
And the children to be away
To school, and all to look to be skimmed
And all to be done that day.

It had rained — the night, and all the wood
Was not in a comfortable way,
And there were pudding and pies to bake,
Besides a loaf of cake to top.
The day was hot and her aching head
Throbbed acutely as she said
It seemed as if she never could get through,
They would be so hurry to eat."

Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown
Called the farmers from the well?
And a flush crept up to his sunburnt brow,
And his eye call bashfully fell.
"It was this," he said, and reaching near,
He smiled and drew her close,
Kissed her cheek — "was this, that you were the best
And dearest one to me."

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling and silent way,
Sang snatches of under her tuneful voice
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pies to her hand was gone, and the clothes
Were white as foam of the sea,
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And golden as it could be.

"Just think!" the children all rallied in a breath,
"Then Wood has run off to war;
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
A happy home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said
"I'm sweet to labor for those we love,
It is not strange that angels will wed!"

Home Circle.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

by M. A. B.

PART I.

"Well, father, I am as sorry as any one for poor Murray. Yet I really think that the shabby right to discipline such a man, when he has friend had been going on for so long. It was not a sudden escapade, but a deep laid plan, which, it seems to have carried out, a systematic plan of deception. Then just think of exposing your children, who have all the while been supposing themselves above such kind of want, plunged into poverty. Mrs. Clemens was so good and kind to herself that, I suppose, she never thought her brother would abuse their confidence."

"Yes, Robert, I think it right that such wrongs should not pass unexposed. But what I say the shame and humiliation that man's face exposed to bring, and the sorrow it will cause his good wife and children. It must be awful to be then the fair reputation of a long life is blasted forever."

"But, father, think on what a rotten foundation the system rested in the case. It is fair, however, I am not so much surprised as the most of our people, at the failure. For I always distrusted Murray. To me, it has always seemed that there was a false look in his face, a lack-lustre in his vision, and even a double meaning in the clasp of his hand. I have often tried to reason myself out of these impressions, attribute them to prejudices and so on, but I could never quiet get the better of them."

"It is because you are so thoroughly knowing yourself, my son," chimed in a more mature voice, "that your natures must exert instinctively from others the knowledge and fear of the proud will gleamed up lovingly at the true face by her side.

"Ah! Mary, I am afraid you will make Robert depend too much on nature and not enough on grace. Grace tells us that we are to believe, but that Peter was brave and courageous enough naturally, but that all needed help from on high, for those I'll enter will be my own." Then, after the action to the words, he ran up the steps of a pleasant home, and they all followed after, and turning his latch-key, threw the door open letting the bright rays of the hall lamp stream out upon the pavement,—like a welcome home to the three figures coming from the dark and misty night.

It was from no ordinary meeting that Mr. Robt. Nevin and his wife and father, the venerable beauty of whose face made one think of the patriarchs of Luke, were returning, but of their own creation—a portion of which is given above —was on the same theme that occupied the three various knots of talkers who were wending their way that night from Mr. Hood's church. For years, there had not such a thing happened in the congregation as one of discipline. And now, when Charles Murray, after being suspended from the church for more than a score of years, had been discovered in the dishonesty and fraud, the whole society was agape with astonishment.

Some years before, his sister, Mrs. Clemens, had died and left him executor of her estate and guardian of her children. Of a singularly quiet and upright character herself, she had, it appeared, entertained no suspicion but that her brother would prove as faithful to his charge as herself. Indeed would prompt him to be, as myself, when strengthened by all the tenderness of over relationship. So, alas! she had unwisely left him unrestrained by any of those checks which are the beneficent law regards as the best safe-guards of property.

This year, the oldest of her children had come of age, and was to be married to a young, but acute lawyer of New York. Of course the execution of her mother's property then would fall to his wife and the matter of final settlement to him. The evasive manner in which all inquiries on this point were met by Mr. Murray, excited the suspicion of the young lawyer, and only caused him to press the matter more closely. At last, when it could no longer be disguised, the miserable truth came out, that the steals and guardian had appropriated the money belonging to his wards. A great part of his estate property had been used to pay for building a large and beautiful house for himself, and in which they had lived with his wife and children in accordance of their involuntary contribution towards its erection. The sad had been carried on for years, and even the old Western speculations on commons at that time

If the orphan daughters of Mrs Clemens had been willing to presents their needs, it would have been very different. But they had been left in such a way that it would have been exceedingly difficult for them to know anything of their true state of affairs. But another, an even more evil influence took the matter in hand. The prime agent in this movement was Mr. Robert Norris; a member of the session and the church Treasurer. Perhaps, as his wife said the ambitious of a truthful and ingenuous nature to one of almost opposite qualities, had considerable influence with him to take this course. But a golden and fair name and price principally incited him; a jealousy for the purity of that Zion, that man can be "fair as the moon, clear as the sun," to be "terrible as an army with banners."

John Murray had not appreciated all of his sister's money or even The dishonesty began by using small portions of it in speculations that were not safe enough for his own funds. After several such ventures had proved successful, the habit of increasing his own means in this way grew upon him; and his conscience soothed at last to approach him for such acts which perhaps would once have horrified him. But conscience had only been asleep; and now, awakened by this public discovery, emerged for a moment only with her whip of scorpions. When the sentence of those who once called him "fellow Christian" was passed upon him, he became literally a self-tried Judas-like despair. It was then that old Mr. Norris, like a veritable St. John, came to the sanctuary of "the sheep that was lost." And as in that beautiful parable of the Church's condolence, the efforts of the aged apostle were successful in wooing back from ruin and eternal wretchedness, and so, in a case almost as hopeless, were prayer and effort blessed again. The sin ority of Mr. Murray's repentance was evinced by the earnestness with which he sought to restore all of the money he could, and by the desire in his power to restore all he had taken, put his endeavors at least much enough to make his sincere comfortable.

[To be Continued.]

VOYAGE IN THE ARM CHAIR.

"Oh papa! dear papa!" as she had such a fair game,
We played at a sail on the sea,
The old arm-chair made such a beautiful ship,
And it sailed—oh, so nice as could be.

We made Mary the captain, and Rob was the boy
Who stood "Keep her," "Steer her," and "Hice,"
And Papa was the storeman who smoke at the wheel,
And I watched the engines below.

We had for a passenger grandmamma's cat,
And on Tom couldn't pay he want free.
From the friends we sailed at half past two o'clock
And we got to the sailboat at three.

But oh! only think, dear papa, when half was,
Tom overboard jumped in the floor.
And though we cried out, "Tom, come back, don't be drowned,"
He galloped right out at the door.

But papa, dear papa, listen one moment more,
Till I tell you the end of my story.
Then the sofa-board we went at five minutes past three,
And at four o'clock saw such a whale!

The whale was the sofa, and it, dear papa,
Is at least twice as large as our ship;
Our captain sailed out, "Thomas," the ship round about,
O, I wish we had not come this trip!"

And we all cried, "Oh, yes, let us get away home,
And it looks a little more quiet on shore."
So we sailed for the friends as quick as we could,
And we landed all safe on the rug.

MRS. VICE PRESIDENT DOLFAX.

Harper's Bazar has a very excellent picture of the wife of the Vice-President elect. It does greater justice to her beauty than the fair-face portrait of her in the accompanying text, which is all we can copy:

Nellie Wade, as she is familiarly styled by her friends, is the daughter of Theodore L. Wade, the eldest brother of Benjamin F. Wade, now President of the Senate and Vice President of the United States. Her mother is her aunt, the sister of her own mother. Her father died several years ago, was an Ohio farmer, and she has been with her whole life, when not at school (she was educated at the Female Seminary of Hillsboughy (Ohio) female seminaries,) in the farm-house where she was born, engaged in domestic and home duties which were carried out by persevering industry and the virtues in difficult parts of the country. It was on one of these visits to her aunt in Washington, three years ago, that Mr. Colfax formed the acquaintance which ripened into an engagement last summer, during a trip to the Rocky Mountains. The picture shows a sensible, expressive face, indicative of the owner of which would be likely to give none but good counsel to her husband if he ever has possible position. But still more stirring is the graphic portrait kindly drawn for us by a friend who knows her well. "She is not pretty," he says, "and not ashamed of her age." She is not, indeed, in the first moment, but will average one hundred and fifty pounds. She is a very handsome, and good-looking. She is quiet, reserved, repressed, self-possessed, and dignified to a remarkable degree But you think of her as a lady when you first meet her. She never rises and talks,—a quiet country town, till three and forty, that has not been on special, or rather has not been in the way of it, all, and her repressed manner and nature are the possibly result. She is not nervous by no brilliancy, no show, no exuberance in manner, appearance and style. But you feel the will bring her out; but she has nothing of that excitable temperament, and will never make no impression upon the multitude. Sensitive and generous to a very high and rare degree is one of her characteristics. She is a most admirable selection for a wife for Mr. Colfax, a young man self-adjusted to man, wish a younger heart than I ever saw in a man of his age, who never would suit with a career for herself, but would accept and fill whatever place came to her as a part of duty." Judging from this brilliant bit of character-painting the woman of America will have reason to be proud of her representative in the second lady of the nation.

BRYANT, POET AND EDITOR.

A correspondent writes: "Looking in at the residence of Bryant, the other day, I saw Mr. Bryant sitting in his sanctum writing. Going to the window I found him to see a gentleman pointing out a person to the lady he had on his arm, and looking now Mr. Bryant was looking, bowed his head, bowed, his day's labors done. The reader can imagine my delight at seeing the poet. He was born on the 3d of November, 1794. His half is white as snow; his life is stop a skirt; his form is seemingly unbroken by age, his eye is still bright. He has not quite a little willow time in his step, nevertheless his younger days—for the oldsters in New York remember him sometimes upon the streets of his days when 'Bryant' welded the sharp pen, pen on the New York press.

"I am told by one of Mr. Brant's personal friends that his health has been remarkably good during the present year. He is an early riser, and takes a walk of two or three miles before breakfast. He is still vigorous, and his mind is as active as ever. He writes with his own hand, and is very fond of reading. He is a great walker. During the summer and fall he lives at his country place, a charming spot at Roslyn, on Long Island, about twenty miles to town. His pen is still vigorous, and he occasionally contributes to the press. Not only his paper, though an article, as to prose, but the pieces of poetry which he sends to the young that he younger men. But how writes a good deal; and possibly he may publish his journal as ever. When I was in the *Evening Post* office the other day I noticed that the proofs, not only of his own articles but of others, were sent in to him, and by him carefully read. You will notice from poems of his in the *Atlantic*, *Putnam's*, and other magazines, that the poetic fire still burns brightly in him; and that age has not robbed him of any of the qualities which make him the great poet.

"It is cheering to see this hale old age, vigorous, erect, wire to the wrists and in, pathway of errors

pressions of the body, and in full accord with his mind. May he long be spared to the world, may he long retain his strength, and remain to grace the journal over which he has so long and so ably presided; when he has fought with such sound judgment, for so much good and against so much evil."—*Transcript.*

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The Evening Post publishes a letter from Florence Nightingale, written in reply to an inquiry from a London writer who had asked for information about her life. She declined to comply with this request, in these words—worthy the true, Christlike woman she is:

Nothing with the approval of my own judgment has been made public, or I would send it. I have a strong objection to making my own likenesse, for the same reason, that I object to the public wearing of the world has ever seen, who know it; who in the an object of all I do not urge this example upon others, but only to explain my individual scruple in myself. I do not wish my name to be made use of in any likeness. That God alone should be remembered I wish

WILL THE CHILDREN COME?

Will your children come in Jesus? If so, when? Fathers, mothers, you have often prayed that your children might be saved; perhaps morning and night, around the family altar, you have asked God to bless them, asked God to save their souls. But will they be saved? Pray on, bring still with out Christ, and so with no hope of heaven. When will they be changed from sin to holiness—from the love of sin to a disposition to one of service for Christ? Ever? Or, if not ever, when? Not, surely, until you are out of life, with no time to serve their Saviour here, but hereafter. Is it not time to build on heaven—just saved, no more? It may be for you have been. If you let them faithfully of their true condition with God, love—unsafe and unsaved—and urge them to have peace with God, and to trust Him, than bear them in the arms of faith—that will take you and them to the gate of heaven, the Lord, and plead that God will take them for His own. Then, indeed, you are safe. His promises are sure—the prayer of faith will be heard—the Word of God is true. Plead for their immediate salvation. Do not delay, hoping that some time they will obtain the mercy. Now, they live on in carnal security and become hardened in their guilt, and die without hope. Your children, parents, wait no longer, and the children shall come to Jesus. Then you will live with your children, His arms could them and His grace prepare them for the home which shall honor the Lord that bought them. L. D.

THE CHILD'S OOEFEL.

A very little girl had been early taken to the sanctuary and had been carefully trained by earthly care. She was told that public worship was the highest privilege on earth, and she must attend seriously to its several parts, and be careful to be able to repeat them. So she would fix her eyes attentively on the preacher and try soon to all his said, though able to understand the doctrines.

But once a smile of joy was observed to pass over her countenance. Her face did grow bright, and her red lips parted as if to speak. She was in one of these fits of deep listening. In the midst of his discourse, the preacher had used the word redemption, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

She had learned this passage by heart in her singing infancy; but now it came to her with a new and fresh power.

Hastening home to her mother, she had been instructed by independent from the public services of the Sabbath she threw her arms around her neck, exclaiming, with great animation,—

"O mother, dear mother, I have heard to-day the child's Gospel."

GOING AWAY TO SCHOOL.

It was settled, then, that I should go to Phillips Academy, and preparations were made for me. I might join the school at the beginning of the autumn term.

In due time I took my departure in the old family chaise, and was driven through the pattern of my Lady Bountiful's, and was received by a servant in livery, who led me up a slightly nonplus cry—towards the seat of learning, and soon I came to the door. Up the old West Cambridge road, now North Andover; past Davenport's tavern, was its shabby, genteel appearance and style. Past the powder house, looking like a colossal round bird's nest, and I got the old Tidd House, one of the finest of the ante Revolutionary residences in all New England, a commanding building school, where the music of girlish voices was heard, and through the wide, corridors, so on to Stoneham. On to the old upright lake, then darkened with the recent fall of the forest, whose primeval shore was its lonely shore, through pleasant Read-ing, and by pretty Wakefield to Lynn.

"Prepelo," "Readinwoodland," as rustic speech had it, and the town, through Wilmington, then renowned for its hope, as at this time had hallowed borders of the academic ground.

It was a shadow, two story white house there when I arrived, just as the old apparatus of the central village, the residence of a large property professor in the theological seminary—learned, amiable, exemplary, and universally by central village, the residence questionable in the matter of homogeneous as some other doctrine. There was a great rock that showed its rugged sides in the narrow front yard. It looked cold and bleak, and I remember my own indifference to the sentiments fast struggling to gain prominence in my youthful mind. I was not taught for some sickness — who? I was a bad boy, but it excited sympathy in the window in the back of it disappeared like magic that shook, and leaves the world dark to some widowed heart.

Then I had some sickness are hard to deal with by any remedy but time. Nine was a bad case, but it excited sympathy. Thorn was an ancient, faded old lady who had formerly been wealthy, but was still a great walker. During the summer and fall he lives at his country place, a charming spot at Roslyn, on Long Island, about twenty miles to town. His pen is still vigorous, and he occasionally contributes to the press. Not only his paper, though an article, as to prose, but the pieces of poetry which he sends to the young that he younger men. But how writes a good deal; and possibly he may publish his journal as ever. When I was in the *Evening Post* office the other day I noticed that the proofs, not only of his own articles but of others, were sent in to him, and by him carefully read. You will notice from poems of his in the *Atlantic*, *Putnam's*, and other magazines, that the poetic fire still burns brightly in him; and that age has not robbed him of any of the qualities which make him the great poet.

"It is cheering to see this hale old age, vigorous, erect, wire to the wrists and in,

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

BY W. W. BRAND.

I walked along the crow-dad street
Upon a Christmas day,
The children that I chanced to meet,
Seemed happy, glad and gay

The music winds blew fiercely by,
The fleet snow-flakes fell,
I heard an orphan with a sigh,
Her piteous story tell.

While other girls were muffled close
With cloak and hood and shawl,
This little child was almost bare,
And roughly used withal.

Some coats from houses that have no want,
And some where misery smiled;
She came from where starvation grant,
Pinched features of a child.

Give me a penny to buy bread,
The helpless wanderer mixed;
Some passed her by with careless tread,
Some, frowns upon her cast.

I'm poor and needy and alone,
The friendless orphan said
I want no kindness and pleasant home,
I ask but to be fed

I'm weak and hungry, chill wirk cold,
The street is my home,
A beggar dares not to be bold,
I seek a kiss or bread.

The hard upon the busy street,
My feet are bare and cold,
Since many children whom I meet,
Appear to me wicked.

Long years ago my father died
Beneath the ocean wave,
Since then my mama have been supplied
From mankind's charity.

She, too, within her grave was laid
One week ago to-day
The only words to me she said
Were, "Dear, I go away."

This city, filled with happy hearts,
Thrube not to know my care;
Some heaven's bounty some shall be my part,
I'll never beg or there.

How many children are to-day
Among Christmas rejoicing bread;
Whom Jesus love has no home,
And yet they are not led.

Wittenberg College, Springfield, O., Dec. 25, 1868.

HOW SHE DID IT.

A young mother surrounded by a group of restless, impatient spirits, was once the theme of admiration from one who had called her acquaintance, on account of her wonderful calmness and patience.

How Mrs Gale can get along with her five noisy boys, and keep her temper always about, and yet never seem patient or worried, passes my comprehension," said one of her neighbors.

"Does she govern them?" was the reply "Governing them is not what I see the slightest family in that, and besides, they are all remarkably well-behaved, while she is naturally timid and yielding. Her authority would have little weight with them, I fancy."

"How does she manage them?"

"That I cannot tell. She does n't seem to try to rule them much. But they all love her and appear ready to serve her, and though they are full of spirit, and naturally mischievous, I never see them into any serious outbreaks. I confess I do n't understand it."

Possibly had Mrs Gale's neighbors put into the same queries to her children, she mysterly had been told:

"Mamma," said little Edwin one morning, "the boys want me to go with them to the swimming-place, I just always always when I go home I have a pain in my eyes and head and I'm sick. What do you whisper so to your poor mother?" And who is there with you? I got so last night and popped through the door, but I could n't see anybody."

His mother told her boy of the nightly visits to the unseen world, and then told the story to his brothers

"I could n't see you myself," was the reply of Jamie, the oldest of the boys, "but I always felt as if my morning fairies we are up; I found her closet door open sometimes when we got very wild and out of hand, and I always kept away for a few minutes and prays again. I followed her softly once or twice, and heard her on her knees, and I then why how I came to know about it."

"She's a dear, good mother, and I don't's mean to trouble her any more," sobbed out the second son—named Edwin after his father—"I'm going to be just as good and mind and prayers as she does, and be ready and ready assent. It is not pretended that all followed her example, but one boy followed kept, but their mother had gained a new hold on their hearts, and a key to their souls, watch the sweet and peaceful countenance which she brought from the place of prayer.—*Ladies' Repository.*

FLOWERS AND CHILDREN.

Flowers and children are of star kin and too much of restraint, or too much of forcing, or too much of display, ruins their obsolete charms. I love to see them all mixed together and to win the little ones to love the flowers, much as they love the birds. A violet or tall of lilies is dead; but on a spring morning, when, radiant with the story that the very snow violet is blooming under the leaves, some one has far away child of the hillside. So you, my child, if the Great Master tells you from us, shall bloom—as God is good—on the other side of the ground.

We talk thus, but if the change really comes, it is more grievous than the blight of a blossom-time. Then we bow bowed their search among the thickets will never search them. Then the little feet that have opened in pleasant bewilderment upon the flowery fields and shrubberies of path will never open them again. She of sod would have danced along the new wood and lightened grief of the flowers? Who shall gather them with the light fingers who put to the task? Who? *[R. Marvel*

Easy—two vice of republics.

BEN FRANKLIN AND PHILADELPHIA MERCHANTS.—When Benjamin Franklin was a printer in Philadelphia, it seems he published a newspaper. Among other things that he censured censure at his hands were certain modes of transacting business by the merchants of Philadelphia. He handled the knaves in such a manner as to arouse their wrath, and calling a meeting among themselves they waited upon the sturdy printer, and demanded to know what he meant.

"Here," said they, "we have been patronising and supporting you, and this is our reward. You must change this mode of dealing or we'll shew you that the merchants are a power you may not trifle with. Without us printing-press would soon rot and a large pitcher of milk. The merchants sometimes used to bring sand in their ships as ballast, and selling but watch the healthy printer while he made a hearty meal. Rising from the table he addressed the astonished merchants: "Gentlemen, he that can live comfortable on such food can live without your patronage, and shall cease to attack those practices when you cease to practise them, and not before. Gentlemen, good day."

And for many a year Philadelphia merchants were better and far more honest, owing to this incident.

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA.—The unwilling-selected Mayor, Daniel H. Fox, composed with several silliness, visited, yesterday morning, Spafford, Baker, and Bedford streets, and other like localities, for the purpose of witnessing the real condition of the residents in those places, so as to invite an interest in a proposed model, hereafter to be indicated, for the removal of the evils of which who are suffering iron cold and hunger from lowest to the latest degree of poverty, floors, in which black and white, drunk and sober, congregated, and the air was made to warming the place, except by small furnace in centre of the apartments. Such a visit was in the upper rooms, men, woman and children were without proper clothing to keep them warm, and the beds were in like case. Some of them seemed to feel their condition, and were ashamed of it, while others, hardened by habit, had ceased to feel. The dated buildings, no windows were to be seen in the street, and the only light admitted was through a small hole in the roof and planks. In nearly all of the houses, old rags and boards take the place of window glass. Numerous policy shops are to be found in Spafford street, and the rum mill can pawn their shoes and clothing to obtain the means to buy liquor. Cellars, also, with the low groggeries, keep many of the inhabitants in a state of poverty and wretchedness not easily imagined. Children, half-naked, ran from 15 coats a day. The visit of the Mayor and gentlemen with the tenants is some of the miserable edifices that they will long remember. Philadelphia correspondent.

HOME AND SCHOOL.

The Breton mariner on putting to sea touchingly prays: "Keep me, my God! My bark is so small, and thy ocean is so wide."

Advertisements.

BOARDING HOUSE,
HOME
Corner of Short & Cranberry Sts.,
HARRISBURG, PA.

MRS. E. TOOP
Continues to accommodate permanent and transient boarders upon reasonable terms.

GALEO W. CHESTON'S
Photographic Gallery,
No. 237 Lombard Street,
(Between 9th and 10 Streets).
All the modern styles of pictures taken, and in the best manner, at very moderate rates. Instructions given to any one so inclined.
Sept 19—6mo

CONTINENTAL
Life Insurance Company,
of
Hartford, Conn
A. G. S. J. COGGIN, Agents and Attorneys,
No. 1 Lodge's Building, Phila.

W. D. Cooper,
717 LOMBARD ST.
BOOTS AND SHOES
Made to Order
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
Second Hand Boots and Shoes Bought and Sold.
Oct. 24, '68—1 yr.

MRS. BELT
Wishes to inform the Public and Friends that she has just opened a first class Bonding House for the accommodation of transients and visitors, with best accommodations. Terms reasonable. Her house to be favored with liberal calls 216 S. 12th Lombard St., Philadelphia.
Dec. 5—4mo.

NEWSPAPER LAWS
As there are certain definite laws in relation to the rights of publishers of newspapers, which do not seem to be understood, we will endeavor to make a plain synopsis of them and solicit attention thereto.

1. A Postmaster is required to give notice by letter, (forwarding a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and states the reasons or he not taking them; and if neglects to do so makes the Postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the Post-office whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it on the payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance without payment of arrearages.

4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a particular time, and the publisher continues to send it, the subscriber is not responsible if he refuses to take it from the office, or orders it to be sent to another office. This is decided by the courts to be fraud on the part of the person who takes such papers and refuses to pay for what he takes.

5. Subscribers have been decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them, uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

Feb. 1—tf.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.
CHANGE OF TIME AND DEPOT.
On and after Monday, December 28, 1868, the trains of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad will leave the New Depot, at EXCHANGE and MARKET Sts., instead of Eleventh and Market Sts., as heretofore.
Mail Train leaves Philadelphia at 8.00 A. M., and arrives at Pittsburg, at 4.30 P. M., and reaches Chicago at 9.00 A. M. next day.
Fast Line leaves Philadelphia at 11.00 A. M., and arrives at Pittsburg at 7.40 P. M., and reaches Chicago at 9.00 A. M. next day.
Pacific Express leaves Philadelphia at 12.00 Noon, and arrives at Pittsburg at 8.00 P. M., and reaches Chicago at 9.00 A. M. next day.
Harrisburg Accommodation leaves Philadelphia at 3.30 P. M., and arrives at Harrisburg at 6.25 P. M.
Erie Express leaves Philadelphia at 11.00 P. M., and arrives at Erie at 7.00 A. M.
Lancaster Accommodation leaves Philadelphia at 4.30 P. M., and arrives at Lancaster at 6.30 P. M.
Paoli Train, No. 3, leaves Philadelphia at 5.00 P. M.
Paoli Train, No. 1, leaves Philadelphia at 11.30 A. M.
Fare from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, $10.00.
Fare from Philadelphia to Chicago, $19.00.
Through tickets can be obtained at the Ticket Office, No. 828 Chestnut Street, and at the Depot.
Baggage checked through to destination.
THOS. A. SCOTT, Vice President.
Dec. 26—1yr.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY,
XENIA, GREENE CO., OHIO,
For the education of young gentlemen and young ladies, without distinction of color or caste, in the arts and sciences and learning languages.
It embraces
1st. The Preparatory Department.
2d. The Collegiate Department.
3d. The Theological Department.
4th. The Medical Department.
Expenses, from $150 to $200 per annum.
Young ladies' Young gentlemen' Term session, year Commencement, year Commencement, year Commencement

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Editor.
William C. Banton, Assistant Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 30, 1869. Vol. IX. No. 3. New Series. Whole No. 405.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. JOSHUA WOODLIN,

Corner Pine Street,

No. 631 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Terms.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern, must be addressed to Rev. Joshua Woodlin, Agent, and post paid. All letters for the paper must be directed to Rev. Joshua Woodlin, Box No. 2075, Philadelphia, and all communications intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, Box No. 2075, Philadelphia.

TERMS.

Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, strictly in advance. If not paid within three months from the time of subscription, Three dollars and fifty cents will be invariably charged. Those sending us Ten dollars, in advance, for the paper, shall be entitled to a copy for one year. Subscribers changing their residence will please send us their present, and former address, and receive a copy of the paper regularly.

RATES:

Advertisements not to conflict with the character of the paper, to be inserted at the following rates, viz:

One square (ten lines space) one month	$ 1 00
One square (ten lines space) two months	2 00
One square (ten lines space) three months	3 00
One square (ten lines space) six months	5 00
One square (ten lines space) one year	10 00
Ten cents for each additional square.	

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rent in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a gem from the bottom lift,
If the querulous heart would make it!
'Tis the ashy or cold that is full of sand,
And whose beautiful crust we so fancied,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright
Though the wintry storm prevailed.

Better to hope, though clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweetest sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure!
It may be the love of little child,
Or a worthy pattern to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to wear out in active life
A bright and golden filing,
And to die God's will with a living heart,
And fresh like new steel and sharp,
Than to snap the delicate, unstrung thread
Of our curious life asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

—Anon.

For the Christian Recorder.

DETROIT CORRESPONDENCE.

DETROIT, Jan. 1869.

MR. EDITOR:—Thinking that it might not be amiss to chronicle some of the leading events that have transpired in the northern region during the past few months, I have concluded to occupy a few moments in the performance of this most pleasing task.

GENERAL CONFERENCE.

An unsuccessful effort was made by some of our most distinguished citizens to send two or more delegates to the National Convention. In view of the labor which was attributed to the last, that the subject was not properly agitated throughout the State so as to secure a full and united vote. A couple of the State, a meeting of the citizens of Detroit only being called to choose suitable persons to represent the State of Michigan. *A united people* is what we need in the beautiful Peninsular State

OUR YOUNG LITERARY CLUB.

The above is the name of a young, yet growing society, composed principally of young persons. In this society is to be found the active talents of the fair City.

Wednesday evening, the 30th ult., was the occasion of their grand literary feast, which was given at the *"German Hall"* to an appreciative audience.

Tableaux, Dialogues, Music, Literary Essayists, &c., constituted the programme for the evening. Fine specimens of needle work, embroidery, &c., was exhibited by the ladies of the society. Among the many things, pleasing and instructive, we mention some of the more interesting as follows:—

An Editorial, from the Organ of the Society. *The Progressive Age*, by the editress, Mrs T. C. Lambert. *The Dress Reform Characters*, by ten ladies of the Society. *Prince Lavader*, (song,) Miss M Pelham. *Where would you love?* (Descent of the Muses,) by seventeen young ladies of the Society. *Monthly Virtues.*—Debate by nine young gentlemen of the Society, which was a perfect success. *Tableaux*, Living Statuary, by the Society, was grand and impressive.

Essays, equal to the demands of the age, were read by Misses E Warren and Y. Dickinson, also by Mr. George Rice, ex-president of the Society.

The music, vocal and instrumental, was all that could be desired, many of the young ladies of the Society, among whom we mention the talented, Miss Hughes, Miss Rodgers, Miss J Jeffrey, Miss A Binga, Miss J Gordon, and Miss Lambert, who presided at the piano, which was elegantly tuned. Perfect credit upon both them and their pupils. The display of *oratory, emphasis* and *gesticulation* by Misses E V D Lambert, Joseph Pelham, G. Rice, Mr Harbor and others in the discussion of the *Monthly Virtues* will not soon be forgotten.

The whole was a success, and closed with an appropriate address, and the presentation of the motto by Mrs T. D. Lambert.

Mrs Lambert is a highly educated lady from Toronto, Canada, and is engaged in teaching a select school. She certainly deserves great credit for the interest taken in the elevation and improvement of the young people of Detroit.

OUR BOYS.

During the holidays we made quite an effort to raise means to be applied on the church debt, which proved successful.

The officers of the church resolved to surprise their pastor at the close of this financial effort, which they did by the presentation of over $60.—Which was thankfully received.

The next thing was to "pitch battle" with Satan and sin. For ten days we have been actively engaged The Lord of hosts has headed the army, and ten precious have been released, and as many added to the church. The work is going on with an increasing interest.

Detroit, Mich., Jan 19, 1869.

For the Christian Recorder.

POLITENESS.

BY WILL. H THOMAS

This word, which is so often used, and yet so seldom understood, judging from its practical application to the various conditions of human life, contains a far deeper meaning than the cold, heartless world is usually willing to allow. By it, the world is regarded as expressing certain formalities that the conventional customs of doctrinity orstain shall govern her votaries in their intercourse with one another.

Politeness in this sense is merely *external*, and the object, self-evident-like, kindly informs the dictates of a prescribed routine, a conventionalism that regulates, for instance, the usages to be observed in the presentation of persons before unknown to each other, or in the exact inclination of the head in bowing to a friend, or to being seated in a precise attitude and a thousand other frivolities, which may be all well enough in their place, but which are of no essential value in the great drama of life.

For one to be polite, is generally understood to be a lady or gentleman, v., according to the worldly idea of politeness, and by the rule, a man may be as base and corrupt as a "whited sepulchre" of Pharisaical fame, and yet, if he but follow the prescribed routine of conversationalism, he is regarded as a gentleman of the first order. With one hand he may tip you his hat, with one of the most exquisite Broadway bows, and in all the nonchalance haired that a depraved nature can generate, stab you to the heart with the other; so deeply is one rooted in the human heart, and so exacting are the demands of society. But the world often make false estimates of character, and this is only one of the many examples.

No true lady or gentleman can be estimated in such balances. A man or woman, with natures from the hands of God, moulded as in Trinka's parent form, may know nothing of Chesterfieldian directions, and yet, is the highest sense, be the noblest specimens of true gentility of the heart. All of these, love, loving sympathy for poor Humanity is allowed to rule the life, then nothing but the most unbecoming actions can be permitted to reach the surface. Such sympathy as will spread its soothing balm upon the wounds inflicted by wrong, and fill with the principles of a selfish world—such as nobleness and loftiness of purpose in the heart, unstained by a spirit of bigotry, and free from the restraints of a contemptible formalism, will present, in all of its freshness, that kind of sympathy so dear to a soul in its degenerate state, essays to possess, as that glimpses are beheld of what angelic purity is, and what the immortal expects in the horizon,—scenes of beautiful friendship—of brotherhood bound with more indissoluble cords than those of the ancient Damon and Pythias. Oh how such a heart —torn, bruised, and mangled in its vain struggles and attempts to find a morality that recognizes as its only standard purity of thought and action in its dealings with mankind—stands out with diagram of reciprocal instances of infidelity on the part of humanity. It is at such a time when the worldweary man has been exhausted in vollcys of searches for sympathy, that man is inclined to mount into a higher atmosphere, where the genius of goodness presides, and the soothing, dew-like impressions of a higher Power, and this is the point that myriads of earth's blinded souls will eventually reach, who are now blinded by the dazzling forms of a self-imposed ritual. That misnomer long for a society composed of the purified by truth, is one of the greatest desires of the mind. Even when such into the lowest depths of sin, like the stray rays of sunshine that steals into the darkest subterranean cell, or a smoldering ruin, and the desire, is manifest by the natural surroundings, of events to possess that gentle power of benevolence, which finds its highest experience in the inimitable amulate of the greatest of the human race, the Christ, whose golden words will never cease to be the watch-word of the many of earth's wounded and sorrowful, stricken children, and the beacon light to other poor bewildered ones, who, in the deep prejudice and sorrows as of their minds, are vainly struggling against the light, and yet whose eyes are opened and the vapory mists of blindness dispelled by the clear and glorious sunshine of a still more glorious Truth, that come from the hands of God, moulded and fashioned in words of the deepest simplicity, so child-like, that the smallest lamb would understand their import as they bade man, in the most tender, yet in the most deep accents to do unto others as he would that others should do unto him—the grandest sentiment ever uttered, and the most sublime law ever given —a golden chant, setted to the misfortunes of every condition of humanity and good for all time to come.

Oh, how many places of abode called homes, now desolate, *cheerless* and intensely darkened, with never a ray of light penetrating their almost repulsive interior,—with no silken cords of sympathy and soulloyed affection, binding the now estranged members into a social compact, would be transformed into an earthly paradise and its inmates rejoicing pleasure and happy, if the *rule* was only observed—a rule so simple in its requirements and so easily practiced, yet in almost every case totally violated, and those whom every principle of justice and moral right as well as the clearer attributes of manhood, love and true womanhood, are entirely neglected, and the boasting *law*, which nature has so judiciously decreed, but was the case and the inner world of the household, are often made at last witnesses of a coarseness and vulgarity in the family relations, totally violated, and credible, while as the blind slaves to a world righteous mandate

These same things are the most chequerous in their mingings with its society. On the one case, delicacy and the sanctity at home prevails where the social compact unbosoms the darkness and ill-usage, and the injurious receives—while a fear at public criticism prevents the slightest approach to the obscene conduct towards its members—oh! a saddened thought, is it really true, that because we know the clearest in the presence of those with whom we are most intimate and nearest allied, we should grow contemptible of their presence and that the unasked est treatment they receive should come from us—I think otherwise.

But it seems to be an almost universal custom—the legitimate outgrowth of this base, hollow, formalized notion of politeness that all courtesies should be reserved for the "Home Circle," and nothing but the finest sugar coated expressions allowed to escape the lips, whose privilege it is to dwell there. Are not those who are "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh," deserving of the better courtesy at our hands than that demanded of, and given by as to the world? Most assuredly, and the highest idea of genuine politeness should originate in the family circle, and the want of such a politeness accurate for the distaste, nay, almost repugnance, which is shown by many of the younger members of a household for the family hearth stone. And the fountain-head of the unhealthy must with the parents themselves. If there are no outbursts of passion, there are likewise no exhibitions of tenderness and affection, and while the children, growing up under the moral incubus,—devoid of social influence and affection for others, will assume a cold exterior also, and our Jail Calendar and Penitentiary records are the legitimate fruits of the neglect to every duty. Such a state must be the results, if every member of the household had a proper conception of his or her duty to every other member of the household.

When the merky shades of avarice announces the hour for retirement, how many children are driven to bed without a night" from each member of the family and how much calmer is that night's repose succeeded by a morning of sympathy, esteem and sisterly affection and courtesy, led by parents love, that outgrowth of the Christian principle, and not mere formalities without substance or soul, and to this insignificance before such heartfelt devotion, they must fade as rapidly as the hoar frost before the morning sun rises in our eastern sky.

In operation at night that reunites the members of such a household in most endearing bonds of friendship as the rising sun of the following morning, and its renewals here brings life and vitality to each succeeding once, causing them to awake, invigorated by the night's sweet repose embrace—the cares and burdens of life are forgotten, the day's duties are begun with a pleasant heart, and the countenance, did you ever think that after all, it is the little every day attentions of life so minute and numerous as to defy description that really make us happy. In each other's society? If you do not have not, I wish you to think of it, and let me know how the greatest claims upon your attentions, be those of the family circle. If all practice this suggestion, society cannot fail to be benefited.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF THE YOUNG.

The nearer we approach the days of the apostles, the more do we find this subject to stand out. It is perhaps true, that some of the apostolic fathers have not attached much the efficacy of certain means and ordinances to the right hand means, but the general drift of this goes to show that much stress had, put upon the part played by parents in the religious training of the young, who were to be the hope of up in the fear of the Lord.

These views, though they had become somewhat degenerate, were, to their unreserved force, instilled into the mind of their ancestry, from age to age. We cannot account for this view and practice of these men otherwise than that they received it as a sort of inheritance from their progenitors.

Again, whilst we read of the conversion of quite a number, whose names are mentioned in the New Testament, I do not remember that we read of the conversion of one, whose parents had become pious before he arrived at the age of accountability. Why this silence? Is the conversion of the children of pious parents of less interest than those of the impious? By no means. To me the most rational inference is that these children were so trained, that they grew up in the fear of the Lord; or, at least very early became pious, so as not to attract much notice. They had not lived in known rebellion against God, and hence their walking in the way of the Lord might not so much stir amongst the people and demand such publicity

Husband says, in substance—and I think truly so—"That the Gnostic Unity of the Family recognized in the Sacred Scriptures teaches the same doctrine' The different members of a household were constituted and sustain such a relation to each other, especially parents and children, as to form a portraiture of the same spirit, unless some powerful extraneous influence work upon them and sever them, many of the characteristics of the older members of the family will appear in the younger. This being the case, may this influence asserted, and spirit inherited, be for good or for evil? Surely no one knows the hearts of all, through which to work grace in his soul The late eminent Judge Taft in Timothy is said to have dwelt in his family prayers and in his catechetical lectures 2 Tim. 1: 5. This, I suppose, does not mean that Timothy inherited grace—for this no one can do—but that grace was nurtured, exerted, and a certain spirit descended upon him

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Jan. 30, 1869.

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Advertisements.

☞ *SOON* New Subscribers Wanted. Mail $2.25 to 631 Pine Street.

☞ Any member wishing a Hymn Book or Discipline, these can be had at this office. All of our lay members ought to have them.

Each of our ministers is hereby requested to fill out with a sketch of his life-date of conversion, entry into the ministry, charges over which he has presided, present location, etc. Brethren complying with this request will send articles marked, "Ministers Cabinet," addressed to Wm. C. Nell, office of *Christian Recorder*, Philadelphia, Pa. tf

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES

We would still call the attention of all our preachers and superintendents to our R. S. libraries. Send on your orders to them, brethren, but be sure and accompany it with the cash. *It will be impossible to fill any order without the cash.* Send us the order with the cash, and we will sell you libraries as choice, and as cheap, as can be purchased anywhere. Let all our brethren act accordingly. 1 mo.

OUR MINISTER'S LIBRARY.

Its cost is $20.00. It has 23 volumes, comprising 11,450 neatly printed pages, with a number of handsome steel portraits. Volumes 1 to 9 constitute the cream of the Evangelical literature of the 17th century; volumes 10 to 12 are works of kindred spirit in the 18th century; volumes 13 to 16 are admirable lectures on the evidences of Christianity; 17 to 20 sterling Christian memoirs; and 21 to 23 D'Aubigne's history of the *Reformation*. 1 mo.

THE GENERAL BOOK STEWARD.

The General Book Steward is off to the South, to attend Bishop Brown's Conference. He carries with him a good supply of Hymn Books, Disciplines, &c., prepared for him a genuine Southern reception. The brethren will find him, every whit a gentleman, and a thorough-going general officer to whom they can safely confide.

Will not our brethren in that section do their best for the cause? We are glad to be assured that it shall not only live, but be made a power in the church; and under the guidin of Bishop Brown, and such men as R. H. Cain, A. T Carr, Charles Bradnell, J. T. Steward and a host of others, we have no fears.

Let each one renew his subscription by paying the cash, and we pledge the brethren to give them such news, and give it to them punctually as possible. Pass the General Book Steward around.

THE COLORED MEN'S CONVENTION, & EX-PRESIDENT ROBERTS.

In our last week's issue the article with the above heading fared badly between our printer and proof reader. The argument which should have come outfor (c) and ends the article, came under (a) If our friends in reading the article will place an mark of (a as is printed under (a), as begins with the sentence—"There is such a thing as Providence"—place it immediately after what is printed under head (c), they will get it right. Other articles also showed the want of careful proof reading

BISHOP WAYMAN.

Of our seven Bishops, not one of them takes more pleasure in beholding his special field of work laid off in every good word and work, than Bishop Wayman. Long a member of the Baltimore Conference, and loving its interest and glory, with that tenacity which is peculiar to Marylanders, when he was called to the Episcopal work Philadelphia and New York Conferences were assigned him, and it is his happy lot to-day, that under his lead they took the Baltimore from old Baltimore. After the General Conference he was called to preside over Baltimore, and he proclaims it as his intention, in all Connectional matters, to lead the Baltimore in the new century since he gave a consent in Bethel Church, Baltimore—we say he gave it, for every body called it Bishop Wayman's Conference, for the benefit of the Concern, and he reaped $100 Another is to take place within a few days in Rhenancy. May a similar result attend it. Will not all our Bishops interest themselves similarly in behalf of the Concern, or will they allow Bishop Wayman to carry off the laurels without fixing a gno.

NATIONAL FLATTERY.

The Negro stands in no little danger from the flattery of his friends. That we have done well, ever wordyously well, all must admit. No people we vartly believe would have done better Under the old slave spoah, what nobliest patience did we exhibit as slaves! what progress did we make as a servile mass! The slave trade ceased to exist 1808. The years preceding it, thousands of Africans barbarous and pagan were landed upon our shores; and the annual number increased as the final year to the pirates approached And a century has not passed by that, too, a century of severest bondage, and yet from those barbarous and pagan thousands, ten times as many, as people, intelligent, civilized in habits, and Christian in religion All this achieved under the worst possible circumstances, and in the face of the terrible fiasco, but rather he draws from it, his memento of power, encourages them to himself, and presumes to contend with him for the mastery.

The new spirit of liberty has come, with the Negro equals himself as nobly as he did under the slave spoah? We believe that we will. But to believe it and to do it, is quite different. Here is the danger of the flattery of our friends. If John is told that he is not as smart as Peter, he will on the strength of it effort he would, if he were told, that to get his lesson as well as Peter does, he *will have to work hard.* So if one man is assured of a handsomer friend that he is just as fit to outstand to govern as another man, surely it only tends to weakness, and folly, to keep on obtaining that high degree of culture which a dignified Democracy demands. That much we been told we can do things as well. But what will be the effects when years told we are a great deal smarter? a great deal better prepared to vote and to govern? Surely the effects will be the most deleterious to be imagined. A foolish egotism, a senseless pride will be the certain result. To read Peter's account of the great Colored Men's Convention recently held at Washington City, one would think that we were beyond a doubt a race, was a magnificent school house which to develope Negro manhood. Rev. D W. Gill, the *Independent*—and others of our papers tells fall some flattering words. Now gentlemen we know that we have some virtues—but we have also a willingness to stand on what we plea se, do not dress us up in such bright colors. If you do, we will block you mean something. If you are willing to stand on the record we have made We are willing to make only what merit demands. We know that as a race we are far from perfect, we do not tell us we are abroad of you. If the present generation of Negroes were the equals of the present generation of Germans, Irish, or Americans, what would it prove? Why it would turn the whole logic of the world into nonsense. It would prove that circumstances are nothing, that slavery is as good as freedom, that the lash is as good as the gospel, a person's pocket is as valuable as a person who are nothing, that virtue is no better than vice—in fact, there would be no virtue, no vice. The Negro would be on a perfect par with the Saxon, only an equality. He claims to do nothing that a Saxon could not do His movements is that the same circumstances will produce the same result among all the races of men. That the Negro is no better and no worse than any other man and that the reader be same treatment. Hence, let our dear friends cease to flatter us. A conven tion of us does not yet come up to the American Congress.

In the meantime let our people beware that we lend not a listening ear to the flatteries now heaped upon us. We must know that if we would hasp pace with the American people, we must work and not talk, for "money hoys the land."

PETER SAMPSON, President.
P. H. Murray, Secretary.

The sentiment expressed in the above dispatch, is the sentiment that should predominate in the heart of every civilized and christian Negro of the world. We need to be race is what we need; not that we should love humanity less, but to the end of making us equal to the great work we have to do Wherefore does God place such extreme love in the bosom of every mother's heart? Is it that she should love the child of every other mother? Nay, but that she should love her own to the task of bringing that child up to be reanhood And is not this superior love for the child of her own body necessary? What love but her own could make her equal to the task of sympathizing with, and suffering for, her child? for every mother must share her child's suffering ere it arrives to maturity. It is thus with our race, the vast majority of which is like an infant, even without developed manhood—and to do it requires a mother's love. And wherefrim is a mother's love necessary? Wherefore is it ever necessary? Simply because deprivation and suffering are to be anticipated We need share the obloquy of our race—its poverty and its shame. We, then, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak. To do the mother's part to our race, requires a mother's love. The only question is, have we got to do it? We are aware that some of us are willing to throw this mighty burden on the shoulders of others, but we must be with Africa and the Africans than any other people Let me suppose a case. Chinamen are coming in our Western coast by the thousand, when they shall have been converted to our faith, as they surely will, to which land should they repair with the Gospel torch in hand? Every voice says, China. Should they refuse, and say, as we have heard some colored Christians say in regard to their race, What have we to do with those more than others? the Christian world would well doubt the sincerity of their profession

The telegraph sent by our friends, Sampson and Murray, has the right ring about it—the ring of Negro unity and identity We could have hoped that the Convention had given it the chance it gave immediately afterward on the election of Grant to the American Senate, for what is the solution of a Radical Senator compared to the announcement of a thought which looks toward the redemption of a whole race

GONE OVER BOARD.

"Richard Vandorhorst, formerly a member of the Baltimore Conference, has been taken to the M E Church South Conference sitting at Augusta, Ga. where he was ere not surprised to learn this, in fact, we have been surprised, that he has not gone long ago, for from the first, he has never been true to the Church, which took him out of the ashes, and clothed him with honor. With him it has been a matter of the almighty dollar, the cash-stuff of every congregation to whom he has been sent, and for he is a gifted talker, many of the people who might succeed him, and tore the people against him, before he arrived. A minister in Washington has brothers without cause, and now the sends of mischief, to the minds of his people, that he has gone to the M. E. Church South in consequence in any church. The people in this locality are not to be fooled by him, they can testify as to these facts We say to him, that he can leave in better company, for some honest, progressive young man who will work with us for our people, for a man's eloquence amounts to nothing if he is deceptive, and malicious, toward his associates, and if he is selfish and cold-hearted all his interconrses with his people."

The Methodist Quarterly Review, Dr. Rev. Senator R. H Cain's paper. We cheerfulness with regret Doubtless Richard Vandorhorst will be received as coming as an accession generally have: but we are such a zealot for the union of our whole people, that any disaffection grieves us. We could wish that all the African Methodists in the land were under one organization, instead of four. To this end we labor, and pray, and could we just as last as reason, and religion gain the ascendancy. May God hasten the day.

THE STANDARD AND THE RECORDER.

We again call the attention of our Bishops and elders to the necessity of pushing these two journals. We verily think it can be done, and ought to be done. Where are the brethren who are willing to stand on the breach? Will they not speak out in regard to this most important matter? Let the two journals be put in a position to stand on their own responsibility, instead of four. To this end we call upon our preachers, and elders just as last as reason, and religion gain the ascendancy. May God hasten the day.

THE INDEBTEDNESS OF THE CONCERN.

Above $7,000 hangs over our head, like the sword of Damocles, threatening to fall upon our devoted heads. The present worthy General Book Steward finds he hands *full* to meet the present expenses of the Concern. He sees there are $7,000 to be paid by some one Bishops, each one of whom presides over a score thousand or more members. He surely will not look to the poor and sick of our Bishops raise an extra thousand dollars, and sweep off this debt? We verily believe it could be done in less than six months

VISIT TO GEN. GRANT BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE COLORED NATIONAL CONVENTION.

At ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, Jan. 20th, the committee appointed by the Colored National Convention lately in session in Washington city visited General Grant, at the Executive Mansion, and were received by appointment, and were received by the General. The committee was composed of the following Colored men: Bishop Quinn, Nevada, Pennsylvania; George T. Downing, Rhode Island; Wm. E. Matthews, Maryland; John J. Moore, Pennsylvania; Bishop Jacobs, Ohio; Bishop Campbell, Pennsylvania; George T. Downing, Rhode Island; Wm. E. Matthews, Maryland; John J. Moore, Pennsylvania; Bishop Jacobs, Ohio; Bishop Campbell, Pennsylvania; George R. Vashon, District of Columbia; John C. Bowers, Pennsylvania; John T. Wilson, Pennsylvania; Rev. Henry Adams, Iowa; O. L. C. Hughes, Pennsylvania, and A. M. Brown, Pa.; O. B. B. Wall, Ohio Mr. Langston, chairman of the committee, addressed General Grant as follows:

General Grant—In the name of four millions of citizens of the American Republic, seven hundred thousand electors of African descent, and three hundred thousand colored defined intendation, whose members have been reduced by assassination and murder since the close of the war, the citizens of a State elite guaranteed by Amendment law to every citizen of the United States, the right to every citizen of the United States, the right to every citizen of the United States, the right

—Some weeks ago we announced a small quantity of the raw material against the ravine of St. Alban's, London being a considerable curiosity. Subsequent questions necessitated a visit to the museum church. In another part of the paper, we give the particulars of the case; such the commencement of various English projects. It is the greatest blow, probably, that the Ritualists have encountered, and they seem quite at their wit's ends in consequence. Possibly we shall soon see very large exodus from the Established Church to Rome. We however, despise the real strength of the Romanizing party. If they had strong enough, they may make a move for a free Anglo-Catholic Church, in the sense of carrying the main part of the Church of England with them. Those who have made such an ado about the sanctity and sacramental mystery of confession will then have an opportunity of testing the real thing. Then they must do or suppress their confessions, paying the hypocrite and hide their trade for a change. Meanwhile, there appears to be no kind of authority in the Church of England to check heretical nuisance of the most vile and contradictory sort.

—A society styling itself the American Branch of the Universal Peace Association, but which would more correctly be styled the Universal Liberation and Anti-Slavery Association, held its first meeting in Washington, and unpretentiously, resolved "that all relics of punishment, both in the human and in the government, should be done away with." If only now some Universal Association would not merely resolve, but put the resolve in practice that all relics of slavery should be done away with, we do not know that we should have any serious objection to the former resolution.

THE HON JOSIAH QUINCY, addressing the Boston Social Science Association, on the subject of cereals, observed that it is effected more directly by the means of transportation than by any other cause except sun of crops. The railroad freight charges in the country now amount to more this is due to the bad management of our roads and especially to the common practice of "rushing" stock. The cries resulted in shame of indignant assertion of the people. He denied that it was possible for Western specialising combinations to keep from its immediate neighborhood. The grain crop in from its immediate neighborhood. The grain crop in the immediate neighborhood of the South of mercantile municipalities. Fall, Vandyhilt and Drew, with a few others, have the keys to the commercial gates of the West. They have created a formidable transportation monopoly.

Responsibility wafts hand-in-hand with capacity and power.

STATISTICS IN IOWA.—Iowa has a new census of 50,941 square miles, or 32,602,240 acres of land, as all Scotland. Ninety per cent. of the land area is prairie land. There are many large streams, including the Iowa, Cedar, and Des Moines rivers. Valuable coal mines exist in many parts of the State. In 1868, 2,628 tons were mined in 1860 against 66,864 in 1854. This year the State has yielded 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 90,000,000 bushels of corn. There are 11 counties, each with more than 1,000 miles in operation. The State has been settled mainly from Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania, with a large minority from the New England States. Her population is now estimated at 1,200,000.

A BATTLE GROUND.—The battle ground of Spottsylvania, Va., is now overgrown with young pines, under the name of *scrub-pine*, which is fast covering the marks of the fight. The long succession of earth-works, from which Grant's army charged, and which, held by 350 foot apart, are nearly obliterated.

U. S. SENATOR.—Hon. John Scott, of Huntingdon, Pa., an eminent lawyer, has been appointed to succeed Hon. C. A. Buckalew, (Dem.) in the U. S. Senate. Hon. Z. Chandler, of Michigan, (Rep.) has been nominated by the caucus of his party for re-election.

ALASKA.—According to the official report of Gen. Halleck, commanding the military division of the Pacific, the area of Alaska is estimated at 578,000 square miles, with a population of 2,000 whites and 60,000 half breeds and Indians. The force of the United States soldiers in charge of the Department consists of six companies, five of infantry and one of infantry. The military posts are five in number. The civil administration is divided into four nations—the Kolooschians or Sitkans, the Kenaize, the Aleutians and the Esquimaux. The nations are subdivided into tribes, each having a head chief, the principally from their places of residence. Polygamy is generally well disposed to the whites, and practicable by the Christian population, who plunder the cargoes of wrecked vessels on the coast without fear of punishment.

THE JUBILEE OF QUEEN VICTORIA is fixed by law at $1,925,000 per annum, but this amount is under her present arrangements. The sum mentioned is divided into six items, the first of which, $300,000, is the amount paid to the Queen in monthly instalments of twenty-five days, $50,000 for the privy purse, the salaries of the household. Item third, $807,000 to the salaries of the household. The remaining items, amounting to $150,000, are for the payment of civil pensions, and the augmentation of the privy purse.

A PROMISING MAN.—The *Christian Visitor*, of New Brunswick, has a letter from Richmond, Virginia, which says: "There is a young man at the Colored Theological Institute, eighteen years old, who, three years ago, was picking up old rags and broken bottles in Augusta, Ga. Now he can tell you know his letters, and is now studying Latin and Greek."

WHISKY, it is asserted, is manufactured in New York city according to the following recipe: "Common whisky 10 gallons, water 40 gallons, tincture of pellitory one quart, acetic acid one pint, sugar lead 14 grains. The alcohol in this mixture is so reduced in strength as to lose its power to be ardent. It retains the taste, which burns the palate like fire. Further than doubt, one gallon of five gallons of genuine whisky out of forty gallons of common whisky. This recipe should warn all persons against the use of such poisonous beverages.

HOT SHOW.—There has been quite a large fall of *red snow* on the Missouri river, near Leavenworth, this winter. It was not of a very bright hue, but rather a dingy red. The water of the river from melting a quantity of it presented no remarkable feature, but was similar to that produced by dissolving ordinary white snow. The singular feature in a species of sediment very similar to brick dust. This is brought down quite a ways in some regions, in by no means uncommon in certain localities. In the Arctic regions it frequently falls several times during the year. There was at one time a great variety of opinion as to the cause which produced this singular color. Some contended that it was caused by minute plants of vermillion hue, while others ascribed it to a species of animalcule. Recent macrological investigations prove the latter theory to be correct. Soon men of science have inclined to the opinion that the color is produced by purely atmospheric causes.

WILD RABBITS have become so plentiful in Australia as to threaten to starve out the sheep on the remote farms. The animal was first introduced two years ago by the Acclimatization Society, and now the citizens are offering rewards for their extermination. One farmer estimates that it will cost him $10,000 before he can succeed in thinning out the varmint, as the rabbits are considered

Religious World Abroad.

SCOTLAND.

A Pretentious Quarrel.—The Established Church of Scotland has determined to expel a certain Free Church congregation in Leith (suburb and port of Edinburgh) from a church or worship which was theirs on every principle of right, common and divine—but to which they could not show a good title on account of some legal informality. This has caused such a feeling of hostility to the Establishment as has not been known since the days of the Disruption. A sense meeting was held in the vicinity, in which Dr Buchanan ("a curate in Free Church clothes") and Dr Begg delivered highly took part. He referred in the wide-spread but half-concealed Romanizing which the Establishment had caused by insisting on every tithe of mint, anise and cummin; asserted to it by law, on paucity to the sorrowful estrangement of Free Church and U. P. pastors for the repair or erection of manses and churches for the Free Church. He declared that if such acts as the turning of a Free Church congregation into the street were enacted in, they would soon open out in a stirring or even fighting spirit in their men. Rev Wm Arnott plainly hinted at Mr Hislop's Romanizing tendencies which the Synod had given him such encouragement and countenance to put, and who was found munity to the voluntary Presbyterian churches, would not be a friendly policy as regards Scotland also. Other prominent speakers took similar ground.

The Edinburg Annuity Tax is one of the most unpopular burdens imposed for the support of the Established Church. It will be remembered that ministers and elders of the U. P. Churches in Edinburgh some years ago "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods," refusing to pay the tax, and on small sentences was raised in consequence. Rev James McGavin, D. D., of Hope Park U. P. Church, the Chancellor's doctors, and to make a speech especially to the common people on the subject. He probably became there is no knowing where a Reformed and Returning Parliament would turn off. Let us hope it may be a Parliament for Tory confiscation.

IRELAND.

The Irish Church Disestablishment Bill was more easily read a second time on Tuesday, Mr. Gladstone has extraordinary difficulties to encounter in preparing a plan. It would seem impossible that any plan could be advanced which would not alienate some of the present Liberal party. But Mr Gladstone is a man of extraordinary resources, and has the clearest discernment of the inevitable tendencies in society at the present day.—There are (says *The Catholic Bull*) rumours in the air of a coalition between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and nothing more, and giving the Church freedom, and leaving the question of the disposal of the surplus, if any, for the future. This, it is thought, would take away pleases the High Church party, and prevent the Irish Protestants from accusing the Liberals of bigotry, while the genuine are easily discussing Mr. Shaw Lefevre's plan. Others propose to give the Church a certain capital and let her live on it.

How to make up the Loss.—Dr. Morgan, of Dublin, suggests that if the *Regium Donum*, or State allowance to the Presbyterian Church, amounting to £40,000 a year is withdrawn, the amount would be more than made up, if the wages of sin were taxed, would deny themselves the use of tobacco, as the income of the Church raised at least $70,000 a year for charities, and probably twice as much for strong drink.

Dr Henry Cooke.—The funeral of the Rev. Dr. Cooke, of Belfast, took place on Friday last, and was in Ulster and was made the occasion for testifying the highest respect to be accorded to any man. Bells were tolled, and all the shops and warehouses and others were present from all parts of the province, and all denominations were largely represented. The Episcopal Primate of Ireland was one of the pallbearers. Measures have been taken to erect a monument to the memory of Dr. Cooke. It is proposed to build at Belfast for this purpose, it was proposed that the memorial should take the form of an Assembly Hall for the Irish Presbyterian Church, in which to which the Free Church Assembly meets in Edinburgh. For this purpose £5,000 has been given by Mr. and the Mayor of Belfast, who came to their a hearty response. Dr. Cooke's son, and the rumour of their purchase with a subscription of £2,000, besides £20 towards £500 for a statue in Dr. Cooke.

Liberality of Irish Romanists.—It is said that within the last eight years, Irish Romanism has expended upon convents and monasteries, £3,500,000; upon cathedrals, £1,000,000; on seminaries, £300,000; on schools, £300,000; on hospitals and asylums, £10,000.

The Martin vs Mackonochie Case.—In this case, which came before the Court of Arches in the appeal of the prosecutor from the Court of Arches, the decision of Sir A. Cockburn, the present Lord Chancellor, Sir Robert Phillimore, and Dr. Lushington, was given in favor of the defendant. The ground for the decision was that all the ceremonies are expressly ordered by the rubrics to the Prayer-book, are by that fact sheltered from illegality. The ceremonies which the defendant's party is extreme. A conference was held by them soon after the decision, and the manner of their proceedings are conflicting. It was said that they had got a general sanction of their female adherents to them; also that they proposed to send a deputation to Rome to obtain the Pope's sanction for their practices

Poetry.

THE CHILDREN.

BY RACHEL A. GOUGHTON.

When the heavens and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed:
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a meek embrace!
Oh, the sunrise that sits hallow of heaven
Shining in each upturned face!

And when they are good I'm thankful
Of my childhood too lonely to lose
The love that we learn at a mother's knee,
When we're little babes of her joys;
For the world and its wisdom made me
A partner of sorrow and care!
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows sick as a woman's,
And I shudder at losing still more,
When I think of pale cheeks and sunny,
Where the feet of the dust soon may go
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of late blowing wild;
Oh! there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the treasured heart of a child

They are links of hearts and of household
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams in their eyes;
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could bless
The kingdom of God is of such.

I ask not a life for dear ones,
All rainless as others have also,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! I would pray God for their sakes
That more than such more at the door!
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their sunshine around,
The group on the green and the flowers
That are bright every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street
I shall miss the low beating of their wishes,
And the tramp of their defiance feet.
Where the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed.

Home Circle.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

BY M. A. P.

A story for those troubled with other people's money, and for those inclined to judge harshly of defaulters.

PART II.

It was a year after the Murray trouble in Mr. Bond's church that the great notary pressure of 1857 occurred. And it was on a May morning of that dreadful year, that Mr. Norris went to the wharf to see his father off safely in the boat for New York. The old gentleman was going to look after the interests of some property he had there, the safety of which was in danger.

"Father, I hate to see you go alone to stay in that strange place with all the excitement and things were at in such a critical state here and I could only go with you!"

"Well, Robert, that cannot be you know, and I am convinced enough to take care of my self," said the father with an attempt at jocularity. But the anxious look that rested on his face every man's face at that time, rested visibly on his remarks feathers as he went on: "My only fear is they may not be able to weather the storm here You will keep me well posted I hope I shall expect to hear from you every day or at only a few."

Certainly, certainly father. And now I must be off; the boat is going to start. Good-bye. Take good care of yourself"—and with an earnest clasp of the hand they parted.

A few minutes later, and the son was startled in his business room by the sudden sound of a coming up behind and clapping him on the shoulder, with a voice unmistakably his own the very man I want." Half expecting to see a counterfeit, it was quite a relief to find, on turning around, an old friend instead.

"Why, good morning Cruthers. What's the matter?"

"I've come to your place, Norris, and they told me where you were and that you would be in soon. But I got so impatient that I came after you. The truth is, I found that I had still some money besides this paper trash that every day becomes more worthless. And being in a very tight place just now, I came to you determined to buy, borrow, or steal some of it. If I cannot command the use of some paper before Wednesday I will have to fail. If you lend it to me I will return it to you in specie on Saturday, for old Cairns owes me a bill that he must pay by then. There is no fear of my getting it from him, for everybody knows he is rich."

"You must be glad that I would willingly lend it to you," said Mr. Norris, "for old acquaintance, sake, if I could. Really, however, it seems impossible. I have been forced to refuse every dollar I could lay my hands on to keep my own head above water. I have even scraped into my house. And this little sum I hold now in reserve to meet a bill that comes due, and should be a wonder have not yet been presented."

"And may not be presented just yet," persisted the other, "your credit is so good you know. If you can, I would be glad to, and it will become of my family! Come Norris, I know you won't deny yourself when Charlie Cruthers. If you will only lend me $500—I would not ask so much more,—but I think that that Beshack'ls will be no have another fire, and if I can raise $1000 before Wednesday, I think I shall be all right."

With a resolving that it was all wrong, Mr. Norris consented at last, and as the two were near his own place of business by this time, on reaching it he took Mr C. in to give him the money.

"What is that Norris?" said the latter, pointing to a bundle of papers on the desk.

"Oh" replied he, "that emus here this way I've been looking at Bond's church notes. The Treasurer there in fact. Well, like everything else, it has suffered in these times, and when our minister's salary fell due on the first of May, the money was not forthcoming. I had contributed my usual amount and tried to raise more. But with all my efforts together with those of several others, we still fell short. We had to tell Mr Bond so and ask him to give us an 'extension.' Judge of my surprise when on last Saturday, Mr. Wilson, that ever-zeal old Englishman who lives opposite me, walked in here, and made the congregation, through me a present of that beautiful of old Mormon money. It is just enough to make up the deficiency. Mr Bond is away just now attending a meeting at Trenton Next week, on Wednesday evening, we are to have a congregational meeting, and give him a surprise. Mr Wilson says he has a great admiration for Mr Bond. But I don't know how he found out that he hadn't paid him, for he doesn't come to our church."

Dear me," said Cruthers. I never heard of anything so great. I wish he would make me a present of some of his superfluous cash. I'm doomed he made a good deal while he was down there, and a very extraordinary speculator. But he is just as mild he hasn't chosen me as the custodian of any of his money for other things. I am afraid it would prove too great a temptation for my virtue; but years I suppose is better reserved. Eh? Norris?"

"I don't know about that," said the other, half shocked. "Surely hardly, considering the bright money, which was almost as strong as gold, and yet then as more awards Cruthers is your success."

"You're a real good fellow Norris, said he, "I'll never forget this." And as he went out he put his head in at the door again to say—"You shall have it on Saturday for certain."

The Wednesday evening had arrived on which the congregation were to meet their minister and present to Mr Bond. The meeting was well assembled, although many have thought it would have been otherwise at a time when so many of themselves were suffering under financial reverses. But Mr. Bond had secured a warm place in most of his people's hearts; and as they knew he could ill afford a large gift at that time of general salary, they were the more happy that the deficiency had been made up.

Many were surprised that Mr. Robert Norris, whom of all persons one might have thought had expected to look delighted, should wear such a grave face, and that his wife and father were not there.

"Isn't your father coming Robert?" asked old Mr. Dexter who was standing near the door.

He has been in New York since last Monday's week, and was to have been home this afternoon, but something has detained him. Mr. Norris stayed at home to receive him; but if he arrives before the meeting is over he is to come in late, as he particularly wished to be here." Ah how the speaker wished that father were beside him then!

Mr H., who had been kept in the dark as to the real object of the meeting, was now informed the first prayer, and then after a hymn, during the singing of the verse Mr Norris was to lead father entered, the meeting was opened according to the customary rules for such events "—and said—established." The Treasurer. Mr. Robt Norris then, to the great gratification of the people and the great surprise of the minister read the story of the Englishman's gift. Mr Bond had barely recollected the name of the man, and none of thanks to Mr Wilson been offered, when the Treasurer rose again, and in a voice that quivered manner and said:—"I have another story to tell this evening, but one so difficult that my tongue falters in the telling. The money I have just now presented to our minister is not in the same notes that I received it from Mr Wilson. How it happens to be different I will try to explain."

In the greatest surprise at this strange announcement the congregation waited with breathless expectation for what should follow

"I am sorry to say," he went on, "how this money came into my possession. A few days afterward, a friend came to me and importuned me to lend him a sum of money. I had to or must need to keep affoat in those dreadful times by bringing into use every available dollar I had at command, and but by no at the time, a sum that I was holding as a reserve for a house bills which I was expecting to have soon to pay. Yielding to the urgent solicitations of this friend I loaned him the most of what I had, trusting that the bills he would not be called for till the next September, by which he promised solemnly to refund the money. I was not quite so imprudent in this as it appeared at first, for I still had deposits in some of our city banks, and by their means hoped to prevent on my creditors to wait at least, if the money should be wanted before Saturday" On Wednesday, as we all know, the bank suspended; on Thursday my bills were presented for payment. My utmost endeavors could not raise a single dollar, for my friend was out of the city on business, and before afternoon the whole fabric of my credit had fallen to the ground. As I was promised to return on Saturday, it never occurred to me that he would not be there to see Mr Wilson's gift for a day or two, and it would only be necessary to let the thing pass in hurry and anxiety of my mind that sophism lost its real colors. I took the money, my friend, and went to pay the debt that I would have suffered three failures to have had made against me. I don't know if I succeeded. I came in some, and with it she found when I had helped at once to pay my own debts. Any pecuniary be said he had been dispossessed and would not pay me. I don't know if he has I send to him or what I did while he was there.

"I had written to my father, at that time in New York, a very long letter containing a history of my troubles, knowing he had his own perplexities there. I now sent him word of all, and begged him to tell me what I should do. Immediately forwarded the answer, in which he acknowledged the receipt of the property he sent to stand by for Bond. The trust was a very powerful story, my friends. Perhaps it might have been thought needless for me to make this avowal as the business of the church was over, but to restore all that I had borrowed. But the memory of the part I took in the scheme to the other, for a time so, what at the time I had so little idea of falling into it myself, as any one of you may now have, that you will ever commit murder, would urge me, if nothing else had the power, to this confession.

The utter silence in which he had been blamed to, was only a prelude to the storm after he had ceased. It seemed as if no one knew what to say At last he raised himself and in a trembling asserted said: "Let us pray." The first words of the prayer, never to be forgotten by those who heard it, are the most fitting to close my story—"Lead not into temptation, but deliver us from evil"—*American Presbyterian.*

THE THUNDERSTORM.

Frank, a boy from the city, had gone to the woods to pick raspberries. As he was returning with his pail full of fruit, a cloud suddenly arose; the rain began to pour, attended with fearful thunder and lightning. Frank was horror stricken and crept into a hollow tree for shelter. He knew that he knew that high trees attract the lightning and that it was most dangerous to stand under them in a storm.

All at once he heard a voice screaming, "Frank, Frank, O come out quickly!" Frank crept out of his hollow tree, when, almost at the same moment, the lightning struck it, with a deafening crash of thunder. Leaves and bark fell from the tree to the ground trembled under the feet of the terrified lad and he seemed to stand in the midst of fire Yet no harm had happened to him; raising his hands with a feeling of awe and gratitude to his dear preserver he said: "That voice came from Heaven; then kneeled down and thanked God for it, he to be Thee."

The voice, however, called again: "Frank, Frank, don't you hear me?" And now for the first time he perceived a pleasant woman who so called. Frank hastened to her and said: "Here I am What do you want of me?"

The pleasant woman replied: "I did not mean you, but my little Frank who has been out keeping the geese yonder by the brook, and must have sought shelter from the storm somewhere about here. See, there he comes at last, out of the bushes!" Frank, the silly boy, now told how he had taken her call for a voice from Heaven The woman, however, derisively folded her hands and said "O, my child" thank God more the less for it. The voice came, it is true, from the mouth of a poor peasant woman; but God has so ordered that I should sadly and speak to you here without knowing anything of you. He has saved you from the great danger to which you were exposed.

SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

"Oh, if the sun would always shine!" said the children many days after starting day, as the sky seemed covered with lead and rain fell in torrents. There was seemed soon to be baffled for in several months scarcely a cloud was to be seen to mar the bright beauty, and, however, caused great damage to the fields and meadows the flowers and vegetables wilted in the garden, and the flax, which the girls looked forward to with so much pleasure, was hardly a finger's length

"Oh," said the mother, remitting them of their wish, "it was the rain just necessary as the sunshine Learn, how good and holy are all God's works. A wholesome truth that also for us it would not be good to have always happy days Rather must rest and gloomy days be mingled with our bright ones from time to time, in order that you may grow up like the flowers, strong and water trash. And rain and suffering are no less blessings of God to man than joy and sunshine."

DOING GOOD.

A few days ago, says a writer in the *N. Y. Times*, while travelling from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, I noticed a little boy, about six years old, passing from seat to seat, handing to each passenger a little book, after the fashion of the peddlers who go through the cars with fruits, candy and other trash. When the boy reached my seat, I found he had given me a Bible. With just a word, "Prepare to Meet thy God," and many others of a similar kind, he said, in a very distinct tone of voice,—

"Will you read a tract, sir?" and handed me one.

Thus he went from seat to seat, giving his little book to each one, and I noticed that as he went on he got more and more encouraged reading God's truth in the shape of tracts, and to the customary rules for such events "—and said—established." The Treasurer. Mr. Robt Norris then, to the great gratification of the people and the great surprise of the minister, read the story of the Englishman's gift. Mr Bond had barely recollected the name of the man, and none of thanks to Mr Wilson been offered, when the Treasurer rose again, and in a voice that quivered manner and said:—"I have another story to tell this evening, but one so difficult that my tongue falters in the telling The money I have just now presented to our minister is not in the same notes that I received it from Mr Wilson. How it happens to be different I will try to explain."

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ENCOURAGE THE YOUNG.

It is young man deserves praise, be sure to encourage him. Many a youth is on the point of driving him from the right road by want of encouragement. Encourage yourself the happiest privilege you will ever have in rewarding his labor For it is only the young who can receive much reward from men's praise; the old, when they are great, get too by and above it, and what you may think of them. You may urge them with encouragement and surround them with acclamations, but they will doubt your pleasure and despise your applause. They have never cheered them in their race through the splendid meadows of their youth; you might as well attempt to cheer the bright sparks in their faces, if you had cried but once, "Well done!" as they climbed up the first great hill their early ambition But now their pleasures are in their graves, and their ambition in Heaven They can be kind to you, you can never more be kind to them

PREACHING AND PRAYER.

An American pastor saw his preaching extraordinarily blessed. For twelve years he had a revival in his church every year He was himself surprised at such success, until one evening in a prayer meeting, one of the brethren stated that for some years he had been in the habit of praying every Saturday until midnight that on the morrow the preaching of his pastor might find its way to the peoples hearts. We should, without doubt, see more fruits of our ministerial sermons which are preached every Sunday, if every minister had one friend who took really to the heart his pastors work, and presented it without ceasing at the throne of grace.

A sermon of a Scotch preacher, John Livingston was the means of the conversion of five hundred persons in one day. Think it should be said that a large number of Christians had devoted all the preceding night to prayer for this object. Let us not forget that the Holy Spirit does not make preaching efficacious and that He is sent in answer to the prayer of faith

HOW A COMPASS AND A FIREFLY SAVED A PRISONER.

In Mr. Parton's very interesting account of the escape of Jefferson Davis from Fortress Monroe for February, is the following curious story told him by a John Chaplain boatswain:

"He said that he had been a prisoner for eleven months in Andersonville during the late war, and when he heard that General Sherman was at Atlanta, about two hundred and fifty miles off, he said to a few comrades determined to try to escape, and make their way through a tract of country in an old-fashioned watch with open face, on the back of which was a picture of Liberty. He expected to direct their course, which was nearly northwest. But, as they expected to travel only by night, they could not see it. They must they could get a box of matches, so as to be able to strike a light when they chose to look at their compass They delayed their departure for several days in order to get a box of matches, for the purchase of which they gave a portion of their rations, and which last five dollar bill He could not buy a box of matches for five dollars, nor for any other sum whatever, but he was able to get a single tiny phosphor match to start without them.)

"At last the night arrived when they got away one afternoon, and lay hidden until dark in a swamp, when they started and at a great pace through the woods, and came about midnight to a river which seemed to them to go, so nearly as they could guess, exactly northwest. 'Comrades,' I say, 'that is right on, and, if it did not, it would be useless to cross and death. The night was not very warm, but they must stay where they were, clocks, else the friendly North Star would have guided them. Morning came, and as soon as they were to get on, they stood for their compass, and found it had stopped, and debating the great question upon which their lives depended. But, the more they talked it over, the more convinced they were it came, and now they bitterly regretted their impatience in not waiting for a box of matches.

"There were a great number of fireflies flying about. A lucky thought occurred to one of them, and he told it to the rest of the story. He caught a firefly, and taking it between his thumb and finger, held it over his compass. Imagine their joy when by the aid of the insect gave them plenty of light for their purpose, and they were able to see the hour of day to discover that the road led straight to the Union army. The light of Israel brought them safely to it."

Admirable invention! I often wonder that a thing so much used as a box of matches is so simple, and cheap. It is nothing but a needle, a priest, and a pill, which you take by your fingers, and carry in your pocket, or drawer, or on your table or chimney-piece. Yet, small and trifling as it is, a box of matches is more than a match against the middle of the ocean without a compass would consider it a great favor to be able to buy one for many thousand dollars.

SUBMARINE EARTHQUAKE IN THE ATLANTIC.

Captain Christie, of the bark *Euphrosyne*, arrives from Rio de Janeiro, on the 26th inst., which, that when his vessel was in latitude about 16 40 S. and longitude 29 30 W. she suddenly became oversweet, with dense black looking clouds, and in all directions was heard a noise resembling the discharge of heavy artillery, while the sea became tossed and confused. The shock was very distinctly felt, and added to peculiar significance. The compass vibrated in the most violent manner, polarity,—a sure sign that a terrestrial disturbance of great extent and violence was in progress At the same time, a column of steam from the heavens,—a phenomenon which can hardly be accounted for except the explosion of submarines disturbance, unless we suppose that having come in contact with a volcano, while the sea became tossed and confused. The shock was very distinctly felt as well as heard. Both this and the previous shock were felt distinctly to submarine action as to remove all doubt which might arise in regard to the appearances of meteors. The intense heat of the water rendered it impossible to approach it, as it was literally driven the fish away from the neighborhood, causing large quantities of those which happen to be killed by the shock from which the burning matter is being emptied. Captain Christie is confident that a volcanic action of the sea continued during the night, and that the disturbance became clear and settled

When on the island of St. Helena,—it is said a volcanic island—the sun very far from the scene of the disturbance whose effects were experienced by Captain Christie, we cannot but recognise the fact that the submarine volcanic action which has been felt at Ascension and St. Helena belong was in action at the same time, and that the extent of the region of disturbance to which the submarine explosions of Captain Christie belonged is justified by the recent phenomena It would be interesting to inquire whether any about or reef has been raised where the disturbance took place. The bed of the Atlantic has been surveyed between Ascension, St. Helena, and Ascension, would seem to be subject to the action of forces which the bed of Ascension and St. Helena belong was in action at the same time, and that the extent of the region of disturbance to which the submarine explosions of Captain

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Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Editor.
William C. Banton, Assistant Editor,

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 6, 1869. Vol. IX. No. 4. New Series. Whole No. 406.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Is published every Saturday on behalf of the AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. JOSHUA WOODLIN,

Editor and Publisher,

No. 631 Pine Street, Philadelphia

Terms: Two Dollars per annum, invariably in advance. If not paid in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents will be charged. Money sent will be at risk of the publisher, unless sent by registered letter. No paper will be sent to a person, or two dollars and twenty-five cents charged, unless the money is received. Persons sending money will receive a receipt, otherwise a copy of the December number will be sent.

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A yearly advertisement will be inserted with the character of the paper, by a line (nonpareil), will be inserted at the following rates:

One square (Nine lines) one month	$1 50
One square (Nine lines) three months	3 00
One square (Nine lines) three months,	4 00
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Poetry.

THE GUESTS OF THE HEART.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And airs with it from clover mead
The dead and the dying leaves;
While afar in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the low voices of Love
Come borne on the wind of the Autumn,
That thrills pine and swells.

They rail and they answer each other—
They answer and mingle again—
The day-dead and the night-born
Make harmony, sad as the voices
As the voices of seraphic angels
In some solemn regions of heaven
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
Floats down to the valley below.

The shadows, the fire-light of even,
The sound of the dreary wind-blown
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time,
The slumberous tales of seclusion,
From storm and intendere aloof,
When I feel where we lived in the midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings,
To tales of wanderers home,
Or, war in the regions of fancy
Imagine on earth pitching to roam,
Yearly on the fire-light—
The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I love with a love that is tender
Will seek up through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart—
Deserted, I should not be lonely;
There still would be guests in my heart.
The form of a friend could I picture
The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander
And there I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and the sorrows of time—
Who sang the last song of the angels
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, O evening of autumn,
Your rain may around me fall;
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
My heart holds a feast with them all.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE NATIONAL ADDRESS.

We present our readers with the Address issued by the National Convention of colored men, lately held in Washington. We hope that its length will not deter any one from its perusal, for by all means we hope it may reach every man in the country. In the letter of Bishop Payne, to which allusion is made:

Address to the Colored Citizens of the United States.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—We, your representatives, now, in session in this convention, in calling attended to the business which you, in fraternal trust, confided to us, respectfully beg leave, at the conclusion of our labors, to address you on the vast amount of duties appertains to the condition which we now occupy here in the land of our nativity, and to the duties and responsibilities which are, in consequence, devolved upon us, to order that we may aim to that equal, and noble in the eye of the law with our other fellow citizens which we of right aspire to, and which we of right ought to enjoy.

At the outset of our address we would devoutly call upon you to join with us in thanks to Him in whose hands are the destinies of all His creatures, that, through the instrumentality of providence, we speak to you under far different circumstances from those to which you have been addressed by your assembled representatives at other periods of our history. Once you were called upon to labor for the overthrow of a gigantic system of oppression, which held in its unyielding grasp more than three millions of our kindred, and for the rescind tion of our own status in citizenship in these United States of America. Now we are summoned to congratulations with you that throughout the broad domain of our beloved country, from the St. John's river upon the north to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic border to the Pacific coast, the grand anthem of liberty is intoned with a harmony unbroken by the discord which would be caused by the waving of even one unhappy slave. We can do so, too, with a conscious sense that we are not alone in this, but we were then, in the light of good omens, that the American people have spoken through their representatives in Congress, and enacted that "all persons born in the United States, and not subject to any foreign power, excluding Indians not taxed, are hereby declared to be citizens of the United States." This, fellow citizens, we have reason to rejoice in the fact that the past has had its triumphs for us, but our condition in the present, together with the duties and responsibilities which it endorses upon us, demands our attention, and of that condition, of those duties and responsibilities, we would now speak

As to our condition, we could not dwell long upon that, for you understand fully the necessity which prompted you to send us to meet together in convention. You know that our citizenship, recognized as it has been by statutory provisions, has not secured for us throughout the different States of the Union those franchises and immunities which are the pride and boast of our fellow citizens of the white race, in consequence of which we are deprived of many of the rights and the privileges so various in their character as to render enumeration impossible to be called upon to endure. But, let us not be disheartened, in view of these grievances. Let us remember that

> Above
> The cannel lathers much the hand of God,
> And the wolf finds in him no shelter hastened
> In vain let such examples be, to deter
> Things at attempted, yet prepared unattempted.

Raiders and shrink not, we of nobler clay should longer it be said of us, as of a day,

> Let us gird ourselves up manfully, and content for the removal of those grievances, in the firm and confident belief that the same God who has conferred blessings upon us in the past, will be equally propitious and in the future; and that, as He raised up for us, then, hosts of sympathizing friends, to follow the leadership of a Garrison, a Gerrit Smith, and an Abraham Lincoln, so He still accords to us such friends, in every duly increased in number, and bearing so many illustrious names that to single out any two or three from that sparkling galaxy would seem invidious. Suffice it, then, to make mention of those honored names serves in a like manner to us, as the very stars, by which they shall ever be cherished endearingly in our hearts, to be looked upon to the grateful remembrance of our latest posterity. God grant that each one of the possessors of those names may long be spared to us, and that the day may be far far distant when we shall be called upon to lay him away, with tender hands, and with tearful eyes, by the side of his fathers, and in on company—the ever-to-be-lamented Thaddeus Stevens.

But, fellow citizens, let us not forget, in our grateful recognition of those efficient services for our benefit and behalf, that the all-loving Father allows them to us only upon the conditions that we labor ourselves and unitingly in our own behalf. He may, indeed, send His Messiah to us in the "day, the truth, and the life;" but every day He requires us "to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling." Still, His promise, that twenty-five shall be raised up to every one doubt, is that guardian of success which secures us, if we only toil faithfully unto the end. Then let us not be found wanting in the crisis of our fate; but let us firmly and unflinchingly address ourselves to the duties of the hour.

In our present condition we are an unjustly degraded people; for we are stripped, more or less, in every State in the Union, of privilege and franchises which are fully enjoyed by a portion of our white fellow citizens. This ostracism of us, without any crime upon our part, urgently demands redress at your hands, and we confide in you to secure our immunity against any future encroachment upon our liberties. The assurment of all political assperience points to but one reasonable and that is, to render the right of suffrage and of eligibility to offices as universal as the necessity itself. We all understand fully the importance of the right of suffrage; we know that it is the dearest treasure in the gift of any government—the strongest weapon in the procession of the subject, repelling the approaches of despotism and guaranteeing the possession of all other franchises—a key-stone, in fact, in the pressive language of Whittier—

> " Exercise a freeman's will,
> Nor fear to lift your hand to God."

Now, to deny such a right to our class of citizens while it is conferred upon others is not a good reason for such a discrimination, and is manifestly unjust and anti-republican. Let us, then, in the premises, appeal to Congress, reminding it that the Federal Constitution, in article four, section two, declares that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." Let us urge upon that honorable body the necessity of giving to the loyal people whom it represents that, in securing the definition of this great "republican," we are not, as stripped, either by ordinances assumptions of power for the purpose of disorganizing manifest treason from letter relying it to the light derivation, in the Declaration of Independence—the Magna Charta of our liberties—that, securing safe, Grecian and Roman precedents as well as those of medieval Europe and of the fathers of our own fraternity, in the correlatives of the right to be represented thereon. Let us appeal to the reminder that most of our State governments are more aristocratic, in some instances, because cause by them the insignia of (nobility), republican stability are conferred upon the many while they are withheld from the few. And, in making this appeal, let us insist, as we rightfully may, that the same citizenship and upon the promise of determined manhood and loyalty manifested by colored men as different periods of our national history, and especially during the late rebellion. Even if the black soldier's presence at Red Bank, Milliken's Bend, Fort Wagner, and at New Orleans during the war of 1861, in forgotten, nor the gallant bearing at Port Pillow and before Petersburg will deserve to be remembered by the country, for which he gave the highest assurance of his love, and which he hopes will yet prove grateful for his devotion and his sacrifices.

We had purposed, fellow citizens, to have invited your attention to the importance of education, and of establishing and sustaining schools and colleges among us; and also to have presented the subject of the great necessity of cultivating habits of industry, and of acquiring of engaging in agricultural, manufacturing, and mechanical pursuits, and economizing and saving our earnings, and of becoming proprietors of the land. But these topics have been so eloquently treated by the late Bishop Daniel A. Payne, in his letter to this convention, that we cheerfully refrain from saying anything further thereon, and content ourselves by referring you to that able production, as published in the minutes of this convention.

And we shall now conclude by entreating with a Cato-like persistence to the all-important subject of universal suffrage, and reiterating our entreaties that each and every one of you, fellow citizens, make that matter one of personal moment, and never cease in his endeavors, by petitions and memorials to Congress, to secure its triumph until that triumph is so accomplished fact. Then, indeed, shall we confidently look forward to the prospects of a bright and glorious future for our country. Then will she, proud of the many and diversified faculty and talent with the governments as nations in their character as the latter, be enabled to fulfill be so called upon to endure. But, let us not be disheartened, in view of these grievances Let us remember that

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Raiders and shrink not, we of nobler clay should longer it be said of us, as of a day,

> Let us gird ourselves up manfully, and content for the removal of those grievances, in the firm and confident belief that the same God who has conferred blessings upon us in the past, will be equally propitious and in the future; and that, as He raised up for us, then, hosts of sympathizing friends, to follow the leadership of a Garrison, a Gerrit Smith, and an Abraham Lincoln, so He still accords to us such friends, in every duly increased in number, and bearing so many illustrious names that to single out any two or three from that sparkling galaxy would seem invidious. Suffice it, then, to make mention of those honored names serves in a like manner to us, as the very stars, by which they shall ever be cherished endearingly in our hearts, to be looked upon to the grateful remembrance of our latest posterity. God grant that each one of the possessors of those names may long be spared to us, and that the day may be far far distant when we shall be called upon to lay him away, with tender hands, and with tearful eyes, by the side of his fathers, and in on company—the ever-to-be-lamented Thaddeus Stevens.

But, fellow citizens, let us not forget, in our grateful recognition of those efficient services for our benefit and behalf, that the all-loving Father allows them to us only upon the conditions that we labor ourselves and unitingly in our own behalf. He may, indeed, send His Messiah to us in the "day, the truth, and the life;" but every day He requires us "to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling." Still, His promise, that twenty-five shall be raised up to every one doubt, is that guardian of success which secures us, if we only toil faithfully unto the end. Then let us not be found wanting in the crisis of our fate; but let us firmly and unflinchingly address ourselves to the duties of the hour.

In our present condition we are an unjustly degraded people; for we are stripped, more or less, in every State in the Union, of privilege and franchises which are fully enjoyed by a portion of our white fellow citizens. This ostracism of us, without any crime upon our part, urgently demands redress at your hands, and we confide in you to secure our immunity against any future encroachment upon our liberties. The assurment of all political as

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 6, 1869.

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Miscellaneous.—Proceedings of the Fifth Annual Conference of the South Carolina District—The Thanksgiving Festival—Poor Dear Disciple, whip Cracker Nothing"—Quinine!—A Roman Catholic Clergyman—Spain and the Pope—Missionary Items—Sleeping in Church.

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FOURTH PAGE.

Poetry.
Miscellaneous.
Advertisements.

☞ *5000* New Subscribers Wanted. Mail $2 25 to 631 Pine Street

☞ Any member wishing a Hymn Book or Discipline, let them send us 50 cts. All of our ley members ought to have them.

Each of our ministers is hereby requested to favor us with a sketch of his birthdate of conversion, entry into the ministery charges over which he has presided, present location, &c., brethren please comply with this request will send articles marked, "Minister Elected," addressed to Wm. C. Benton, office of *Christian Recorder*, Philadelphia, Pa. tf

NOTICE.

Will all the dear friends, at home and abroad, please send to the Editor whatever matter they may wish to be inserted in the *Recorder*. tf

LAID OVER.

We are compelled to lay over the A. M. E. CHURCH IN WEST INDIES next week's issue, when our brethren may look for a full column.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES

We would still call the attention of all our preachers and superintendents to our S. S. libraries. Send on your orders for them, brethren, but be sure and accompany it with the cash. *It will be impossible to fill any orders after the cash.* Send an old order with the cash, and we will sell you libraries as choice, and as cheap, as can be purchased anywhere. Let all our schools act accordingly. 1 mo.

OUR MINISTER'S LIBRARY.

Its cost is $20.00. It has 28 volumes comprising 11,450 nearly printed pages, with a number of handsome steel portraits. Volumes 1 to 8 constitute the cream of the Evangelical literature of the 17th century; volumes 10 to 12 are works of kindred spirit in the 18th century; volumes 13 to 16 are admirable treatises on the ordinances of Christianity; 17 to 20 sterling Christian casuistry, and 21 to 26 D'Aubigne's history of the Reformation. 1 mo.

WHOSE IS THE FAULT ?

"Bishop Amos remarked that the weak place in regard to our contributions was not in the churches, but in the pastors' hands.

So says a circular emanating from the Mission Rooms of the M. E. Church. The fault is not with the people, but with the preachers. *We think Bishops & other churches beside the M. E. ons truly say the same*

HO ! FOR NORFOLK. PORTSMOUTH, &c.

The Editor proposes within the next fortnight to visit the above places and their vicinity

He will bring hymn-books, Disciplines, &c

Let the friends prepare themselves.

Those unable to get to the city at least one hundred new cash subscribers, and with the help of Bros Schureman and Washins, we feel confident of success. Our skies are brightening, let the friends rally to our support

BISHOP D. A. PAYNE, D.D.

The high compliment paid to our Bishop by the National Convention is certainly most gratifying to every member of the A. M. E. Church. To have one's name called, in the National Address of a people numbering millions is surely a high honor, but for a National Address to refuse to speak in regard to the most vital matter; and do so, on the ground that each individual has already spoken upon these, exalts that individual to the very highest rank of honor It is tantamount to saying that his words of counsel and advice are as potent as the words of the whole Convention. May the shadow of our good Bishop never grow less

Revival meetings at Bethel Church, of four weeks' duration, terminated on last Sunday night. The meetings were remarkable for general good order.

Several professed the religion of our Lord. Bro. Durrell has been unabled to add a goodly number to his roll of membership

CHURCH ISOLATION.

Is not the African M E Church too much isolated from the great bulk of the Church of Christ ? Are we not *practically* alienated from it? Do we sufficiently feel the need of "communion of the saints"? These questions thrust themselves upon us when we considered the fact, that as a Church, we are not identified in any of the great movements, which have for their object the redemption of the world

(a) There is the American Bible Society It is composed of members who come from every branch of orthodox Christians, and its is doing a glorious work for God. The Bible is printed in scores of languages, and sent abroad into every land. In this work the Christian souls of every name rejoice They meet together as the followers of a common Master, shake hands, and take counsel together in the good work going on In the dissemination of the Bible to the heathen, the A M E Church has no "lot nor part." Say not that we are too poor Surely if we loved the salvation of the heathen, as we love laborers, we would have a hand in the matter. Christ gave up *all* for us Cannot we give up some hateful *daisy* for Him ? The early Christians, with the spirit of Paul "counted all but loss for loss" Cannot we accept *some* things ?

(b) There is the American Tract Society. It, too, is made up from the ranks of the Christians of every name Those have banded themselves together for the purpose of flooding the land with wholesome reading. Hundreds of thousands of Tracts are distributed every year; while their papers go to thousands of households. The second thing is also a doing is laudainable The erring are brought back, the dubious are reclaimed, and the strong are made yet the stronger, and all by the agency of its publications In this Christ-like work the A M E Church has no hand We are not a party to it, practically, she exclaims nous, when they are printed A work that Christians of other names aspire to do, our A M E Church treats with contempt.

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But as a general measure it can only be applied by the Cuban people, and in the fullness of its congressed rights, can, by means of provisional effects, dictate the most suitable provisions for carrying it through to real advantage, both for the old and the new citizens.

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"Our girls crinkle their hair after the natural curliness of their sisters looks Terrible ! terrible sound of coming wrath ! Hair-breadth ! The hour is not far off when the white hand husband shall boast of the dusky beauty of his wife and the Caucasian wife shall admire the unbleached complexion of her husband as the highest encomium of the present ruling shibboleth of taste as the opposite of bright girl."

And again, the negro "is of the very composition of the soul of our Lord—equal of the Lord himself.

"This is wild and foolish talk"

HOME FOR AGED COLORED PERSONS

Perhaps many of our readers are not aware that there is located in this city at 320 North Front street an institution whose object is to afford a comfortable asylum in old age to such deserving colored persons whose age and infirmity render it difficult for them to support themselves, and who after a life of industry and sobriety, find themselves at last dependent on the charity of others for assistance. Many persons have not been so large as might have been expected in a city like Philadelphia, noted for its benevolence, but we hope they will be induced to do so much good as they could with the funds in their hands During the past year, no less than thirty aged women (one of them as old as 108 years) have been cared for, and their declining years made comfortable and happy, which otherwise would have been Very many applicants await admission. The design of the institution is a noble one, and we trust that its claims will always be liberally responded to, to enable contributions from our citizens towards the worthy object. At this season of the year it is peculiarly fitting to call attention of its congressed rights, can, by means of provisional effects, dictate the most suitable provisions for carrying it through to real advantage, both for the old and the new citizens.

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HAVEN vs. CROOK

We slip the following from the "Methodist" of last week. We insert it with the simple remark that we hope they will continue to publish the speeches until the question in dispute is settled.

Last week's *Independent* contains a sermon by the Rev. Gilbert Haven, D.D., entitled "Past and Future." One passage of the discourse shows that, in the effort to overcome "color prejudice," Mr Haven goes over to the opposite extreme. We quote. "Our feelings of aversion will change to feelings of regard The complexion at which we now profess to revolt we shall look upon with pleasure. We shall see in Hebrew beauty the bower to Egypt We shall say. What a rich complexion is that! How delicate, how full, how clear—perfect How full of vitality and ghilly blue

Conferences, Missions & Institutions, Missionary Money, H. D. Edwards, Book Concern, James Johnson, Bishop's Support, Wm. M. Thomas, Book Concern, B. H. Williams, Superintendency, J. T. Baker, Widows' and Orphans', Simon Miller, Deficiency, Abraham Weaver, Wilberforce, H. H. Carr, Church Extension, C. Smalls, Statistics, Wm. H. Brown, W. D. Harris, R. H. Cain, M. B. Saulters, Wm. E. Johnson, Wm. M. Thomas, Abraham Weaver.

On motion the Bishop was empowered to appoint a Committee to publish the Minutes of Annual Conferences, and the Rules of Order.

Rev. W. D. Harris, Wm. H. Brown, Adjourned

SECOND DAY.

Monday, Jan 25, 1869

Conference met at 9 A. M., Bishop Brown in the chair, opened by reading 119th Psalm, 163d Hymn Prayer by Rev Wm. H Thomas. Roll called, minutes read and approved.

Committee on Examination was announced, first and second year's studies as follows: For first Committee, Wm H Brown, John Quinn; second year, A. P. Carr, Wm. L. Ball, C. Smalls, third year, R. H. Cain, M. Campbell, James Ball.

THIRD DAY.

Tuesday, Jan 26, 1869

Conference met 9 o'clock, A. M., opened by usual prayer, Bishop John M Brown presiding. Religious services were conducted by Rev. Charles Contee, Rev. Ball. minutes read and approved—*Missionary Record.*

THE TRIBUTES AND THE PRESS.

The great prominence given by almost the entire daily and secular press, to theatrical amusements, seems to be utterly out of proportion to the tastes and wishes of the religious classes of their readers Without doubt, the support of those papers comes from the sedentary, unemployed, and fashionable part of the community; those in Philadelphia, for instance, who throng the three or four hundred Evangelical churches of this city on the frequently one or half a dozen places of theatrical entertainment in our city The patronage of this motley, idle, and fashionable and strong ruling class is mixed from the subscription lists or the advertising columns of our recognized secular press, while the great number of the really active, working church going people, are scarcely the shrifty, intelligent class, without which no paper could live. Our religious people, as a secular paper of standing, without its special department of dramatic criticism, so managed as to put down theatrical performances, and denounce prominently before the public than perhaps any other matter that appears in its columns The phase of this disgraceful tendency to a new order, every change and novelty are followed up, chronicled, and analyzed with a zest equal to that shown in the progress of the prize struggle. The amount of puffing which the trashy, sensational, sad indecent performances on the stage receive is simply astonishing. The press is almost unreliable; not to speak of sensational ill-tumored threats, or longer disturbs against the clergy and religion, which are the common with the critics as to the good or evil tendency of the whole thing. Thus, as utterly fictitious sentiments are given to the theatre, and the sentiment of the community is wholly misrepresented.

Is it not high time for a change? How can our secretaries quietly see such glowing allurements to dissipation fall every day under the eye of clerks upon whose integrity depends the life of their business? Why should Christian people consent to be so grossly misrepresented, and to be the tool of our fashionable society, and imperil by those agencies, which only exist by their patronage? Why not make their sentiments so apparent, that the press may not be compelled to be the organs of theatre managers, may be limited to the patronage of those managers and their friends: while the clergy may find a suitable corner for the mention of the Black Crook, the White Fawn, and all that sort of thing, among the Sporting and Dramatic items, under the general heading of Vice and Immorality? And we verily believe that, in so doing, they will be more consistent with the principles the actual state of public opinion than they now do.

DOES OUR DISCIPLESHIP COST US ANYTHING !

While religion is not purchasable by self-denying services or sacrifices as a meritorious cause, neither is it completely connected with the latter as an essential condition. It has sooner place to the gospel than a profit. Counsel, however nice, does not assume the form of command, but only of advice; pressure to this idolatrous spirit away from its idols, to quell and overmaster and can away the lusts of the flesh; and to bring it into subjection; to break the idolatrous spirit with all that is evil; to oppose the prevailing tendencies to sin in the individual and in the world of the world, to stand as a witness for Jesus, a living epistle, that men may read every day with the characters of Christianity, and no reproach upon the dear Lord and no harm to his precious cause; to have the life of God in the soul; a desire to please him, to keep conscience all worldliness and selfishness and earthliness, and pushing us out to all that is heavenly and divine, to be like Jesus, to be a Christ-like spirit and with Christ like fidelity and constancy in this utterly Christ like world; surely this is the very essence of discipleship. And there can be no real spiritual life where this is not sought to be done.

Yet self is the essential law of the gospel "Take up thy cross daily," is Christ's command to every believer

"Deny thyself" strikes the very centre of the narrow way of life It is written in letters of living light all along and on either side that narrow way, clear up to the gate of the city of heaven, and all who enter that gospel with all its freedom and with all its joy, pressing rest to the weary and bounty for sale and glorious for inheritance, as unrivalled a seem-regret, God-bearing, burden-imposing gospel It is *the gospel of the crucifixion.* And its crucifixion is not only of Christ, it is crucifixion to us human hearts and lives—the crucifixion of sin and self—the crucifixion of pride and lust—the mortifying to God at a cost. "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple

It becomes us to inquire whether we have and adore and obey a religion of this great gospel condition. Does our christian discipleship cost us anything? Do we know anything of daily, self-denying toil and labor? What does the Church think about this? What do the indulgence loving, ease consulting, worldlion forming, pleasure taking Christians think about it. Let us be upside, and not lose the force of the truth in generalities.

Apply this law of self denial to Christian benevolence By what rule do we commonly decide the amount of our liberality. How many sacrifices to the church, continuing to give up to the point of getting at a sum—and giving compasses the denial of some cherished gratification? may, indeed, push economy to give us all the least of their contributions to the Lord's treasury, but it shall feel it, but I will not offer what is worthless to me. Some of God's poor do it. There unrepented notes, grass of want, most generally exemplify this opera of Gospel nullification. But of the Church at large did it, what a grand impression Christian discipline would have on this country and the world

Again; apply this law of self-denial to Christian work There is such work—needed work—that wants to be done—and must be done, or we must die Work with a cross in it Work that shall wear the brow, and into the muscle, and go against natural inclination, and nourishing to rest of easy desire and brave shower of a rainy Sabbath, and continue with God's truth the impression and the memory of a work done and our chosen wrestling pleasure and season of sore conflict, instead of fulness of lame and lazy and affording portion. We do work when we have a natural taste for the work But what if it be self-denying work, to do which stiff our sensibilities, and push us out of our accustomed path of self-indulgence, and send us to God for help? We can pray, when to pray is simply to go through the form of words, and to put our heart in the rest. But the ones that have moved God, have been at some expense of toes and effort and thought, and strong crying and tears in their praying after that sort?

Worldly work has self-denial enough, should it be done in a spirit worthy of it? Is not the Church of the living God, of all places, where it should be most manifest? And how, if we be truly possessed with the Spirit of the Master, ought it not to be led to *cheerful* sacrifice?

Religion is here And God is here And he is worthy of honor or love, devotion in God, and God in him And love's divinest office is to suffer And the obvious expression of all this was when the Heavenly Saviour took up his cross saying "Lo, I come: I *delighte* to do thy will. Oh my God" Can we stand blessed and folded about in the soft fleece of His, and yet know nothing of the self-denial for Him? Can we expect all the benefits of his cross, and yet carry as cross? Ah, we should be ashamed of ourselves in our smooth paths, and forever avoiding rough places in all that relates to work for God Burden bearing and self-denial are the very life of the gospel, and the very essence of discipleship. Without these it is dead, and the very form of godliness is denied. Without these, the Christian is not a Christian, and the Church is not a Church. Without these, the Christian is not a Christian, and the Church is not a Church. Without these, the Christian is not a Christian, and the Church is not a Church

people and supervised printing. Abolitionists, anti-Sabbatarians, and secular papers are also flaked—the folks always being encouraged to leave introducing the sentiments of the entire Church. There are nearly 70 papers who are taught freely, printing drawings and Chinese literature. The Bureau of Chart, Type, eighty individuals in various parts of the empire. Each number contains from 2,000 to 10,000 characters.

Presbyterian in China.—A missionary in Tientsin reckons up that over Wesleyan hospital in Peking, in fifty-three months, there were given eight six hundred and thirty-eight medicines, and 1,000 have been treated in dispensary at home. Hundred and fifty-eight missionaries have been sent out by these societies, and have labored from thirty to forty years, sixty-three for ten years, and two hundred and twenty less than five years. They have represented fifty-six different societies, seven in England and America. Four months time of the fifty-two missionaries Chinese, some ten ministers of the New Testament, three hundred and forty-eight religious and how hundred and fifty-one native classes in Christian, and two hundred in English-speaking Christians have been there are in China.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

A good deal has been said lately about sleeping in church, too casually and in a fashionable manner. There may be some cases of misdemeanor to be noted in becoming famous in the ordinary sense. We think, the exceptional cases.

Sometimes there is physical debility, or nervous exhaustion, which indeeds sleep as soon as the body is in repose; sometimes there is a mental constitution of the body which defies the best intentions; such cases indicate the propriety of being cautious and discriminating in our strictures upon the annoyance.

And then there are often causes external to the sleeper, that must be considered. Often there is defective ventilation, or especially in the internal condition of the room, that would indeed sleep in a warm, close time, we are sorry to say, the somnolency in the pew comes from the pulpit. There is something contagious in drowsiness, and there is no use of lecturing the pew, if the pulpit is soporific. We should go to the root of the matter. If pulpits monotonously, the pulpit is awaken and living, there will be no somnolency in the pew.

Our friend L. W. H. has sent to the following historical fragment, translated from *Chretien des Etats Unis*—a publication for use one of any churches that may need the corrective suggestion.

How people are kept awake in the Jewish churches, in the 19th century.

A Belgian paper publishes the following royal ordinance which, under the reign of Charles VIII., predecessor of the present king, was issued, May 31th, 1486, and directed to the directress of Ashses.

"Having informed that the number of those was slept in the churches during divine service has increased to a considerable extent, we have designed to devise by which each congregation shall appoint a few men whose duty it shall be to go into the body of the church in order to keep the church-goers awake. To this effect, these men shall be furnished with a long pole surrounded with a piece of leather wherewith they shall touch the heads of the sleepers."

Religious Intelligence.

Ministerial—Rev. Cyrus Sturgeon, one of the most earnest and self-sacrificing ministers of the Presbyterian Church, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Rapine Ohio, on the 7th inst. He was in his seventy-fifth year. He was born in Ireland, but in the Carolinas, where the labors of himself and his neighbors were largely blessed. Soon after the revival, the children were gathered into schools, churches were set up, the gospel preached far and wide, and all the appliances of Christian civilization were introduced. Mr. Sturgeon came to this country (the Western) in 1800, which cast in Rockchester. He was established as a minister of the Presbyterian Church he attached himself to it. For several years he has been in very feeble health, attending the translation of portions of the Scriptures into the Chinese language, which was published by the American Bible Society.—Rev. J. H. Jones, pastor of the church in Chantilly, has been settled recently through a sleeping car falling great bodily injury in a wreck on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad.—Rev. S.F. Wilson, D.D., of Rock Island, has been appointed pastor of the church in Galesburg, Ill.—Rev. Henry M. McCracken has accepted a call from the church in Lexington, Ky., and expects to enter upon his duties about the 1st of January.—Rev. Dr. Lindsley, D.D., has been dismissed by the Presbytery of Lincoln, Neb., to accept a call from the church in Pittsburgh, Pa.—Rev. James Sloan, D.D., of Waynesburg, Pa., has been re-appointed to preach from all across the Presbyteries of Roanoke of the Synod.—Rev. Loyal Young, pastor of the church in Portland, Oregon, has resigned a commission call to the church of McKee port, Pa., with a salary of $3000, and assumed his pastorate.—Rev. Stephen Remington, of Fort Wayne, Ind., has accepted a call from the church in the city of Richmond, Virginia, where pulpit was vacated by the removal of the Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, who has extended a call to the Rev. Thomas L. Preston, D.D., of Louisville.

Churches—The St. Louis Rev. Dr. Brooks' church has received 150 persons since last autumn, 100 of them on confession upon the first day of the week "assembling as God has prospered him." Rev. Dr. Brooks' church has given, annually in small weekly installments. This gives a total of $1,000 annually, which is not large, but which continue to be united, though it is answered that the church is not able to give more in all.—The Board of Domestic Missions has established a Sunday-school Territory in Texas. The Rev. Mr. Wilson, formerly of California, has been appointed missionary. Each group to be formed shall have a Sunday-school. Christian Advocate says: "The new Presbyterian church, St. Louis, was dedicated on Sunday last. It cost upward of $80,000, with not a dollar of indebtedness upon it. The membership of near one hundred is composed of 112 and a School Presbyterians and Congregationalists. The attendance now is 200. Rev. Dr. Brooks and Rev. Dr. Nelson Rounds are very fine. In their ordinary prayer, and reform the Church, is equal to the very best in the city or west."

Reformed Churches in New York: The annual meeting of the Reformed Church in America, formerly Presbyterian, have twenty-four churches, and have a membership of 5,000. Rev. Dr. Brodhead, Jr., the church is vacated, and one thousand dollars per annum. The school falls a little below the standard, with no twenty-one churches, it almost ought to be doing by its fourteen schools. There are eight other Sunday-schools connected with the church, which are not reported. The Rev. Dr. Brodhead, Jr., is the pastor of the church, and Reformed Presbyterian Church, which he has served for twenty-four years. Dr. Brodhead is a native of Pennsylvania, and has been a minister of the Gospel for forty-two years. He is a graduate of Princeton College, and of the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He

Poetry.

DANTE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The following lines were written about the time of the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante, which was celebrated in various parts of the civilized world in May, 1865. If they have any interest for the reader, they will owe it to a good degree to the recent admirable translations of Dante's great "poem, which have familiarized the American public with the character of his mind and what he did for human age and changes which are evident in the translation of the entire work by Longfellow, in which the naked grandeur of the original is reproduced with a severe fidelity, and that of his shorter poems by Charles Eliot Norton of the same and spirit of its rendering.

The allusion in the last stanza of the three lines given will be readily understood to refer to the history of our own country for the year 1865.

Who, clad in gloom of the dark ages,
That spring beneath our careless feet,
First faced the shining stream that rivid
The gurst of life-unsating as of earth
With awe we utter Dante's name.

He ranseribe, since she gave a birth,
Here come and friend d' ar ar gaze,
The richest harvest reaped on earth
Crowns the last century's closing year.

Atlantic Monthly

Home Circle.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

LITTLE PETER; OR, NOBODY WAS SHE
SORRY FOR BESSIE POLITE

I am now an old pastor, and as I preach my last sermon, I look over the crowds of my people, and see the wrinkles and gray hairs of the old, and the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of the young, and I remember that I have been preaching to them for more than forty years. I have seen them grow from childhood to manhood and womanhood, and I have seen many of them go down to the grave. I have married them, and I have buried them. I have seen them in their prosperity, and I have seen them in their adversity. I have seen them in their joy, and I have seen them in their sorrow. I have seen them in their health, and I have seen them in their sickness. I have seen them in their strength, and I have seen them in their weakness. I have seen them in their life, and I have seen them in their death. I have seen them in their beauty, and I have seen them in their deformity. I have seen them in their purity, and I have seen them in their impurity. I have seen them in their righteousness, and I have seen them in their sin. I have seen them in their faith, and I have seen them in their unbelief. I have seen them in their hope, and I have seen them in their despair. I have seen them in their love, and I have seen them in their hatred. I have seen them in their charity, and I have seen them in their uncharitableness. I have seen them in their meekness, and I have seen them in their pride. I have seen them in their obedience, and I have seen them in their disobedience. I have seen them in their humility, and I have seen them in their haughtiness. I have seen them in their temperance, and I have seen them in their intemperance. I have seen them in their chastity, and I have seen them in their unchastity. I have seen them in their honesty, and I have seen them in their dishonesty. I have seen them in their truthfulness, and I have seen them in their falsehood. I have seen them in their generosity, and I have seen them in their meanness. I have seen them in their kindness, and I have seen them in their unkindness. I have seen them in their gentleness, and I have seen them in their roughness. I have seen them in their patience, and I have seen them in their impatience. I have seen them in their forgiveness, and I have seen them in their unforgiveness. I have seen them in their mercifulness, and I have seen them in their unmercifulness. I have seen them in their heavenliness, and I have seen them in their earthliness. I have seen them in their spirituality, and I have seen them in their carnality. I have seen them in their Christianity, and I have seen them in their unchristianity. I have seen them in their godliness, and I have seen them in their ungodliness. I have seen them in their saintliness, and I have seen them in their sinfulness. I have seen them in their heavenward progress, and I have seen them in their backsliding. I have seen them in their growth in grace, and I have seen them in their declension in grace. I have seen them in their fruitfulness, and I have seen them in their barrenness. I have seen them in their usefulness, and I have seen them in their uselessness. I have seen them in their zeal, and I have seen them in their lukewarmness. I have seen them in their fervency, and I have seen them in their coldness. I have seen them in their prayerfulness, and I have seen them in their prayerlessness. I have seen them in their faithfulness, and I have seen them in their unfaithfulness. I have seen them in their hopefulness, and I have seen them in their hopelessness. I have seen them in their joyfulness, and I have seen them in their sorrowfulness. I have seen them in their peacefulness, and I have seen them in their unpeacefulness. I have seen them in their heavenly-mindedness, and I have seen them in their worldly-mindedness. I have seen them in their Christ-likeness, and I have seen them in their unlikeness to Christ. I have seen them in their life, and I have seen them in their death. I have seen them in their glorification, and I have seen them in their condemnation. I have seen them in their salvation, and I have seen them in their damnation. I have seen them in their heaven, and I have seen them in their hell. I have seen them in their eternity, and I have seen them in their eternity. I have seen them in their eternity, and I have seen them in their eternity. I have seen them in their eternity, and I have seen them in their eternity

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Editor.
William C. Banton, Assistant Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 13, 1869. Vol. IX. No. 5. New Series, Whole No. 407.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. JOSHUA WOODLIN,

Editorial Book Rooms,

No. 631 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Terms.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern, or subscribers, only to be addressed (post paid) to the Book Agent, as the paper must be discontinued, but if no notice be given, the paper will be continued. Subscribers desiring to have their papers changed to another post office must always be particular to mention the name and post office to which it has been sent. Postmasters are allowed to forward free of charge.

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One square (ten lines more) one month	$1 00
One square (ten lines more) three months	2 50
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Ten lines over counted square.

Poetry.

A DREAM OF HEAVEN

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SORROWFUL-EYED FAIRY."

O, mother, come to my bedside,
For God is here has given
The brightest happiest dream to me;
It is not here coming from heaven,
So mother, lay your hand in mine,
And sit beside me there;
I am too much to talk about,
I love to feel you near.

I and some little friends of mine
Seemed walking out together,
Along the path of flowery field,
In glad, warm, summer weather;

Till to a garden bright we came,
With arbors o'er it bowed,
Which made sweet music as they turned
To let us enter there.

And flowers of every form and hue
Grew all this garden o'er;
But flowers so low, so bright, so sweet,
I never saw before.

And one your Saviour was there,
Who first did gather weeds ago,
And many more, I've heard you say,
Though great pain and sorrow he had,

But now no tears are in their eyes,
No pain is on their brow;
You would not think they could have wept,
Were you to see them now.

With golden crowns upon their heads,
And robes of dazzling white,
They smiled but had no welcome there,
Into that garden bright;

And showed us golden crowns and robes,
Which when we day should wear,
But not upon the earth, no, there,
Had passed our trial here.

But, mother, all those lovely flowers,
And all which have no smell,
But make not half the blessedness
Of that sweet garden home;

Nor yet the robe of snowy white,
The golden crown for me,
Nor yet the band of blessed friends
Who welcome us in there.

But the Lord who loved the little ones
Walked through that happy place,
I heard His voice, He spoke to me,—
Mother, I saw His face.

And I am, oh, so happy now,
Dear mother, weep not thou;
I know He has a crown for you,
And you will come to us.

O, not only are I cannot grieve;
For what are death and pain,
If we may only bear that voice,
And see that true again.

BISHOP PAYNE'S LETTER TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

To the National Convention of Colored Citizens of the United States of Washington, Assembled.

MR. PRESIDENT, MES, BRETHREN AND FATHERS.—The numerous duties of my double office, with repeated and prolonged absence from home, during the past Autumn prevent my presence among you now, and therefore, by proxy, I address to the body of my letter. Perhaps, at no period of our history was it so needful that the voice of colored Americans be heard, addressing the State and National Legislatures, and concerning our brother, than at the present time. Its unconstitutional Statute, we enjoy the rights and immunities of American citizens, excepting Georgia, whose mobocratic Legislature, by a vote, violates of every principle of natural, moral, or political law; raised out every one of its colored members; but such as might be mistaken for white men. In proportion of the South-ern States where the whites are in majority, is the life of a colored person safe, otherwise, he or she exhibits both in word, and deed, the spirit of a slave. In all the Eastern States emancipation, and in all the West ern, excepting two, the heel of the *oppressor* is still upon the neck of the colored American, that is to say, he is deprived of the *Elective franchise*. Now the step between this species of oppression and serfdom, or slavery, is short and quick. The man, the State, the Nation, that does this is an *oppressor*; and when this oppression in based upon the color of a man, or the race from which he sprang, it assumes the form of an *outrage against humanity itself, and blasphemy against God*.

These are sufficient reasons for assembling the intellect, the learning, and the piety of colored Americans at the National Capitol, *annually*; until the whole Nation, conscious of the truth that the rights of *all*—the most despised as well as the most honorable, are religiously guarded by the shield of justice, and that this shield is upheld by the *omnipotent Hand*—shall compel every State in the Republic to so change its organic laws, and its after legislation, as to honor *God* in the person of man, because he is made in the image of God.

Then, there are evils among ourselves to be corrected. The domestic—the conjugal relations of colored Americans having been in turbed and broken up by the *Lords of the Lash*, have left the majority of us, in a most despicable condition—so that we find our selves incapable of guidance—of authority qualifi d to train our sons into a noble manhood and our daughters into a noble womanhood! There is, also, the ignorance in which slavery has left the masses—the form of which is manifold, and then, there is also the abject poverty into which oppression, North and South, has plunged us. These are evils which can be removed only by self development. It is true that God in his unspeakable mercy and marvellous providence, has raised up friends to aid us in this work, and we welcome. He will multiply those friends—but the complete removal of the evils enumerated, must be the result of manhood, *from within*—from us ourselves, without; but from within—it is like the growth of a tree, the result of self-development.

Now, the means of this improvement are threefold; education, piety, wealth. The masses must be educated, and this must be insisted on, not only in the lecture-room but also in our social circles—around our firesides—and in our public gatherings. As the minister of religion, who neglects to plead the cause of education, systematically, privately, publicly—is not a means to say he is unworthy of public respect, still less of public confidence. Every man, woman, and child must be urged to self-improvement, must be brought under the plastic hand of science and philosophy—and they must be kept there until a radical change shall have been made in our mode of thinking, speaking, acting.

Then, there is the *property-acquiring power*; this must be considered, examined, analyzed, cultivated. From childhood must our people be taught to save their cents until they become dollars, and to convert those dollars into lands, houses, cattle, horses, and every other species of live stock, and those into gold and silver; not indeed, to gratify the *mean ambitions of the Miser*—nor the lusts of the man of pleasure—but to erect Halls of science, Colleges, Universities—to send the missionary with the Bible into heathen lands, and to create for ourselves a civilizing power in the Republic, and an enlightening force in the world.

But, mother, all those lovely flowers,
And all which have no smell,
But make not half the blessedness
Of that sweet garden home;

Nor yet the robe of snowy white,
The golden crown for me,
Nor yet the band of blessed friends
Who welcome us in there.

But the Lord who loved the little ones
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Mother, I saw His face.

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For what are death and pain,
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But, to secure such grand results, we must be an upright race—a race fearing God, and *keeping all his commandments* obeyed—*carried true* must a people be to principle and correct parties—but *to the God Men*. The Eternal has given him to Humanity to be its Leader and Redeemer—and whosoever will be the *Races and princes, nations and thrones*—true and fait ful to Him, or frowns upon them. Through Him we triumph—separated from Him we shall always be more than conquerors.

You see, gentlemen and brethren, I have joined the secular, with the religious—the physical to the spiritual—wealth and riches to the salvation nor principles of parties—but *to the God Men*. The Eternal has given him to Humanity to be its Leader and Redeemer—and whosoever will be the *Races and princes, nations and thrones*—true and fait ful to Him, or frowns upon them. Through Him we triumph—separated from with

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 13, 1869.

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EDITORIAL.—The Reason Why Protestantism seems to be a Failure—"I will rise betwixt him and me in faithfulness."—Hosea 11. 20.—Speak to that Proud—Genius of Protestantism.

SECOND AND THIRD PAGES.

EDITORIAL.—Why a G.?—Hayti at Dominica.—Our Mission Work—What our Foreign Brethren think of Us?—A. M. E. Church Now.—Periodicals, Papers, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.—American Humorists.—The Church's Standing Miracle.—Expectations of a Messiah.—The Unchristian Abomination of Exclusivism.—Moscow Topics.—The Unreserved and Immediate Surrender.—Revival Measures and Revival Preaching.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

INTERESTING WAYFES.

NOTICES.

MARRIAGES.

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FOURTH PAGE.

POETRY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

$5000 New Subscribers Wanted. Mail $2.25 to $21 Plus Strut.

☞ Any member wishing a Hymn Book or Discipline, for their own, need no $6 cts. All of our lay members ought to have them.

NOTICE.

Will all the dear friends, at home and abroad, please send to the Editor whatever matter they may wish to be inserted in the *Recorder*.

If

PERSONAL.—We regret to learn, that during the sitting of the South Carolina Conference, Bishop Brown was so ill as to compel his absence from the session. Rev. A. T. Carr ably presided.

WHY IS IT?—The *Jewish Messenger*, the organ of the New York Hebrews, comes to us with the name *always folded* in, so that, until it is opened, it cannot be told whether it is. This is done to outwit any postmaster, whose anti-Jewish proclivities might lead him to suppress it to the more loyalty, rather than to the inspiring subscriber. We have decided thus to do in regard to the *Recorder*, with the hope that we may so successfully outwit the anti-negro postmasters which Andy Johnson has given the country. There are not a few of them; and they already feel their prejudice to lead them to defraud many of our subscribers out of their papers. We assure our subscribers that we spare no means to have their papers reach them punctually. Our skies are brightening. Only let our friends rally to our support, and run up our subscriber's list. We have counted our list for the first time since we have been elected into office, and at this time you see us, inquire. Will not each one of our preachers send us a new subscriber?

HAYTI AT DOMINICA.—Thursday, Feb. 1st, was a notable day in the Senate, occasioned by the introduction of the following:

Mr. Orth introduced the following joint resolution, and moved the previous question on its passage, remarking that he did so with the view of a large majority of the Committee on Foreign Affairs:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives, That the people of the territory of the Dominican Republic shall, on application of the government and people of said Republic, be admitted into the Union as a Territory of United States, to be called the Territory of Saint Domingo, on the same conditions and in the manner following:

First. The people of said Dominican Republic shall adopt a republican form of Territorial government, by delegates in convention assembled for that purpose.

Second. Action by the people shall be with the consent and co-operation of the existing government of said Republic.

Third Such form of government shall thereafter be submitted to the Congress for its approval.

Fourth. The admission of said Territory shall be made void in view to an ultimate establishment of a State government, republican in form, in and over said Territory, in conformity to the Constitution of the United States, with the approval of Congress.

It will be noticed that the territory of the Republic of Hayti is not included; but we doubt not, that ere the proposition is consummated it will be embraced.

Shall this island become a part of the domain of the great Republic? Shall the two independent governments of Hayti and Dominica be dissolved, and become united in the American confederacy? Shall the countrymen of Toussaint be taken by the hand, and be accounted American citizens? With all our heart we say, *Yea Lord, and Amen*. Shall we be educated at the flow of human blood, yet we rejoiced at the flow of war, for we were persuaded that it was of the Lord, and that it meant liberty, we rejoiced at Fremont's Missouri Proclamation, and Hanley's South Carolina Edict—each giving liberty to the oppressed; and we hailed the final First of January Proclamation with tears, and prayers, and laughter. And wherefore were we thus delighted? Because we viewed all these as evidences that our long night was passing away, and that the morning approached. Akin to these is the proposition to sanctify the years and siriptue over Hayti. Deeply persuaded that it is of the Lord we heartily acquiesce in the proposition. The annexation of Hayti is but a continuation of the good work which God has begun to do for the Negro and for the world. The uplifting of black humanity to God's purposes without a doubt. No, elected for ages by men, in these last days tried Himself hath taken it in hand, and how much like a Lord hath He worked Questions at which the greatest of human statesmen were perplexed He instantly solved, and a work regarded as impossible he has done, like the dew of the morning He dispelled. The work still goes on, the proposition to annex Hayti is but the shadow of another step in the immortal drama. Let the substance of the shadow be not long delayed. The Haytians and Dominicans and the peculiar people which compose it would give Let us sum up a few of the beneficent results.

(a) Civil war would cease. No longer would the streams of their fair valleys be tinged with their children's blood

(b) The spirit of anarchy would cease. Turbulent spirits would know that the sword of justice was unsheathed

(c) Trade would revive. The stability of the government would ensure protection to invested capital.

(d) Common schools would be opened. Children would no longer grow up to ignorant manhood.

(e) The Bible would have free circulation, and men would learn to walk in the light of it.

(f) The religion of the Bible would have fair chance. In the free fight, truth would not be manacled nor tripped.

We might continue the enumeration of blessings, but "time would fail us." In view of them we say, God speed the annexation day.

OUR MISSION WORK.—Our mission field is broadening and deepening in importance every day. Soon the high noon of the harvest will be at hand, and if we enter not in and reap it down, it will be lost to us. Other hands will reap it, other granaries will receive the harvest, and other hearts receive the Master's plaudit, well done good and faithful servant.

(a.) How stands it in the South? We ask not, are we still gaining adherents to our cause? but rather, are we keeping at that we have previously gathered? and are we getting in working force? In the action of the M. E Church South, will, undoubtedly, try our strength, and the strength of our our allies as well. From a state of unity and peace, the M. E. Church South has proclaimed war against us Unwilling to be bound by her to our own detriment, and to the detriment of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but rather to be free to labor for the Lord among her members, Go to the A. M. E. Church; but cause them to stop, and assume high promises of what she will do, no longer signs her churches over to us, but rather is receiving back to her communion those of ours.

The question is, Will our Church awaken up to the necessity of strengthening our Southern Department? That must be answered. While they are out preaching heed must be given to their wives and little ones In the meantime, in our Annual Conferences in all our Conferences North and South be put to such working order that all our home work will become such as to be permanent, but productive of a goodly surplus. This brings us to consider

(b.) How stands it as a Church in regard to Foreign Missionwork?

We must engage in the work of Foreign Missions. Our white brethren are doing so as well as our ability, is to be the test that God will apply to us. Full we here, we fail in everything. Our Missionary Society is occupied but a *negative* position We have never yet risen to the high work imposed upon us the Christian Church, to carry the gospel to the world to Christ. Our only salvation hath been that we had the will. This is what has preserved us to the present day in life. The going of our Daniel Usher to Africa, and Richard Robinson to Hayti, were mighty sense in the years of 1824 and 25, and none were they our saviours. The Lord has given us fifty years training, and now we are prepared to send out a host more than we have ever sent. Let the A. M. E. Church awake! Let the Spirit of the Lord is heard hearing up volunteers Prepare, for the day of battle is approaching Every indication of God's providence leads us to believe that God is going to make short work of the Devil—that the conflict with paganism and error is to be sharp and decisive. Let our whole Church awake

WHAT OUR FOREIGN BRETHREN THINK OF US.

We slip the following leader from the *Liberator*, published at the city of Georgia town, Demerara British Guiana, S. A. It shows that our struggles and our triumphs are not monopolized by our kinsmen who live beneath the British flag. We can presume to speak for the Liberator. Blessed people, when we say that, it is not their purpose or purpose to degrade the race. Thirty years behind our British brethren we yet urge them to hurry up, if they do am ready us to overtake and pass them in the chase. However, we are hopeful of success, and the same fight. May victory crown each of our efforts.

Serious apprehensions were entertained by a vast number of people in every part of the world respecting the results of the emancipation of the slaves in the Southern States of North America. That was undoubtedly asserted in England and elsewhere, that the emancipation proclamation would lead to the Northern States and crowd their cities with emancipated slaves, that a servile insurrection, and slaughtering throughout the South, murders their quondam Masters, violate their wives and daughters inaugurate a reign of terror, and establish a pandemonium in those countries in which the elements of peace, security, happiness, and a Saturnian Reign of terrestrial bliss The Emancipation was successfully consummated—there were no conflagrations—no violation of female honor or virtue—no stampeding to northern cities—no vagrancy! Things took their course and, despite all opposing influences, have been completely confounded the ominous forebodings of those who would have been ecstatically jubilant had the Freedmen of the United States fulfilled the valetudinarian of their evil wishers. The freed people claimed only to be let alone—they only requested the track as their way to be cleared of the obstructions put in the path by their very good friends. Can ancient or modern times exhibit a more magnificent spectacle than that of four millions of disenthralled human beings just let loose from bondage taking the shaping of their destinies into their own hands and suddenly rising to the dignity of manhood, capable of understanding and discharging the responsibilities of Freedom—after being upwards of two hundred years the victims of degrading "serfdom" Effects—as grant, eighty per cent, wondrous? The sceptical nations of Christendom and those who sprouted dynastics and finally fixed them upon their reins, can show nothing compar able in intelligence to the progress of four millions of men and women out of the dust and ashes taking their place by the side of those who could never be brought to understand that they were immortality clay—all their behests were capable of understanding and manfully and faithfully performing the duties of citizens! The facts are patent to the world, who can gainsay them.

(c.) Domestic schools would be radically different from their brethren in the United States of America in that they cannot be pointed to as one who are capable of doing for themselves as the North American Freedmen have done and are successfully doing for themselves. It is said that the people when freed would not work—that they would become chronic beggars and be a sore burden to the State The events which are transpiring in those southern States are indicative of the greatest possible progress in industry, intelligence and providence of those people.

In that country everybody must work in order to live, and that too, unremittingly, otherwise beggary must ensue, and in this respect the people take a lead out of their book, imitate and follow their example, and acquit themselves with credit to themselves and with the performance of a high duty as God has imposed upon them.

We have thrown ourselves in the forefront of the battle for the right, and we shall be to live in—it will in time prove itself to be to all those who may now heedlessly manner of their presence.

At this festive season when better comprehensive and liberal, we can only say that the people thus directing their attention to the education of their children in a way who but a few years ago spent their Christmas holidays in the enactment of scenes which we can see our former counsels with more gratified wrestles than the exhibitions to their children of the disgraceful scenes of debauchery made by those people whom we had custom to the race of slaves, during a long term of thirty years? We think not. We have done nothing to put ourselves in a position to be at this period when people's hearts are open to the sensitive and the mind is in the most receptive able of gentle and pleasing impressions, a word "in season" Silly spoken may have an effect which no other time would fall to send so strong ground.

A. M. E. CHURCH NEWS.

Bloomington, Ill—Rev. M. Patterson writes: "We are having a glorious revival, ten have professed religion, and twenty have joined the church."

Washington, Pa—Rev. H. J. Rhodes writes: "The Sabbath school goes two sabbitions in Library Hall, the profits amounting to $60.70. Our society is out of debt, has being the balance of salary to which I was entitled at this point. I have been on this circuit but one year, and for the first time during ten years of ministerial labor, I have received my all unless before it was due. My thanks are due the exhibition committee, the scholars, and those who assisted."

Oswego, N. Y—The church at this place is in a prosperous condition. Rev. Mr. Lee and of Mrs. Jerusha Newton, aged 26, and Mrs. Violet Stephens, aged 104

Baltimore, Md—Rev. D. W. Moore writes: "Our church has closed after having contracted it three weeks We wound up by a presentation of an ice pitcher, waiter, and silver spoon to the pastor as an ice cold for concert. The President of the Fair, Mrs. H. Wayman, and the Ladies aiding her, conducted the exhibition in a manner which was admirably, that success was almost certain ere the Fair closed. The President and her first rate on assisting by the Ladies in recommendation, for their assistance, given to the Trustees towards raising means to meet the church's wants? Let the A. M. E. Church awake! Let the Spirit of the Lord is heard hearing up volunteers Prepare, for the day of battle is approaching Every indication of God's providence leads us to believe that God is going to make short work of the Devil—that the conflict with paganism and error is to be sharp and decisive. Let our whole Church awake

Galesburg, Ill—Rev A T. Hall writes: "We are holding revival meetings, twenty-one have professed religion, and seven have joined the church, and seateen are now anxiously inquiring the way of salvation."

Memphis, Tenn—M. L. Atkinson writes: "By the way, we have a revival in full blow in his church. With such leaders as the Dr. the A. M. E. Church will make progress Many converts are to be baptized on Sunday."

Frederick, Md—Rev J J Herbert writes: "We have had a revival in this city which is a most powerful manner Five weeks ago we commenced a protracted prayer meeting every, we were fully engaged, and the result the church, at the close of four weeks. On the 4th ult., Rev A. H. Green paid us a visit, and by a vast number of people in every part of the world responding the results of the emancipation of the slaves in the Southern States of North America, that was undoubtedly asserted in England and elsewhere, that the emancipation proclamation would lead to the Northern States and crowd their cities with emancipated slaves, that a servile insurrection, and slaughtering throughout the South, murders their quondam Masters, violate their wives and daughters inaugurate a reign of terror, and establish a pandemonium in those countries in which the elements of peace, security, happiness, and a Saturnian Reign of terrestrial bliss The Emancipation was successfully consummated—there were no conflagrations—no violation of female honor or virtue—no stampeding to northern cities—no vagrancy! Things took their course and, despite all opposing influences, have been completely confounded the ominous forebodings of those who would have been ecstatically jubilant had the Freedmen of the United States fulfilled the valetudinarian of their evil wishers. The freed people claimed only to be let alone—they only requested the track as their way to be cleared of the obstructions put in the path by their very good friends. Can ancient or modern times exhibit a more magnificent spectacle than that of four millions of disenthralled human beings just let loose from bondage taking the shaping of their destinies into their own hands and suddenly rising to the dignity of manhood, capable of understanding and discharging the responsibilities of Freedom—after being upwards of two hundred years the victims of degrading "serfdom" Effects—as grant, eighty per cent, wondrous? The sceptical nations of Christendom and those who sprouted dynastics and finally fixed them upon their reins, can show nothing compar able in intelligence to the progress of four millions of men and women out of the dust and ashes taking their place by the side of those who could never be brought to understand that they were immortality clay—all their behests were capable of understanding and manfully and faithfully performing the duties of citizens! The facts are patent to the world, who can gainsay them.

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PERIODICALS, PAPERS, &c.

We have received the message of Gov Reed ok Florida We quote: "The newly enfranchised citizen of color sits side by side with his white brother in the jury box, and in the cabinet, the halls of legislature, the jury box, and in the boards of commissioners—occupies the judicial ermine and presides the decrees of courts, without sacrificing violence, or occasioning asperity." May the United States State continue to increase and multiply.

The American Missionary, for 1869, No. 2. The February No. of this little monthly comes to us full of news in regard to our brethren in the South From it we learn that the good work of education is going ahead all through the South. If our colored people of the North be not mindful, we will have to take a back seat to our Southern kin. To-day they have their school houses, and so good, if not better, teachers than we have, with a zeal for knowledge that we do not possess.

The Musical Independent, is the name of a new monthly Magazine published by Lyon & Healy, Chicago, Ill. On the whole we like it, and in every sense, it promises to be a first class magazine, and to the musical amateurs of our country, it will be invaluable, and economily. Our country needs more of this musical element. American civilization is in danger of running into mere materialism, and anything that tends to give play to the finer sentiments of our nature should be encouraged. Let the people support this paper and speed to this, and we wish it a hearty God speed.

The Christian Statesman. In this country, where every man is a politician, every man should strive to give the Christian States man a universal circulation. Ably edited, and in appropriately small size, no one can ought to be the companion of every man who wields a ballot Send $1 to us office, 1327 Girard St. Address, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Little Corporal Friend Sewell, the editor and publisher of this interesting little Magazine for children, has a large influence his readers of the "A Co." he has established himself We have only to say of the Little Corporal, what we said of the Child's Paper Dongless—"If a half nigger can make such a speech, what can a whole one do?" If Sewell himself could make such a juvenile Magazine, what will Sewell do do? Success to the new company, say we; may it be indeed like the light-house of which he speaks, "Shed light on the path of life."

Guide to Holiness February. It looks well, and many parts of it read a great deal better. Thank God for the consecrated Christians who oppose the doctrine of holiness, annexed by this monthly, would greatly increase the power of the spirit in their trial. "Try me, and see, saith the Lord" Terms of Magazine $1 25 per year.

American Sketch Book. This goodly publication is the Farmer's Bible, and as we wonder as a Christian who has not a bible, so we wonder at the Christian farmer who has not the Stock Journal The one teaches us how to live, the other how to farm; each is equally necessary in the sphere. Let any farmer, who would improve his stock, enrich his land, and increase the production of it send $1 to J. W. Lyon & Co., Parkersburgh, Chester county, Pa

Peters' Parlor Companion for the Flute, Violin and Piano; and *Peters' Monthly Visitor Here*, are something in the musical and musical gems, $1 per annum, each New York: J. L. Peters, 198 Broadway

At a recent meeting of the Fruit Growers club in New York, the introduction of several bottles of American wine, for examination, aroused a brief, but spirited discussion, all apparently on one side The Chairman was of opinion that our fruits could be put to a better use than by distilling them into some of brandy A Mr. by Bullock spoke up, and moved, for the sake of the women who were admitted to the Club on equal terms, and not for a few hours only as at the Horse exhibition; and who were opposed to whisky tobacco, and other abominations, that all alcoholic liquors, in whatever shape, be banned henceforth and forever from the Club. The motion was carried with applause

AMERICAN HUMORISTS.

In a recent number of "Gassell's Magazine" we find a very sensible and complimentary article on American Humorists and Humories The English and Continental writers are beginning to admit the possibility of an American writing a book About twenty years ago a student from the United States at Halle was highly insulted by the sneers of the theological professor at American scholarship The student, in an argumentative discussion, ventured to quote the authority of an American Commentator, in explanation of a disputed point of criticism, the professor laughed outright at the very idea of an American exegete, and the students joined in a general merriment at the proposition But the time for such derision is past We have Bibliiotte to-day who would be a credit to any country, and a most theological professor of Halle. The English used to taunt us as having no great Epic poet. It is true we have none, but neither has England now As to the prose, we think we have a poet who has no translation in any country. Our poetry certainly will give a higher place in the realms of poesy, than is now awarded to Tennyson, in the post lauriate, so sweet and musical in song

This writer, after some what compliment allusion to our humorous list of writers, says, in any noteworthy historian, philosopher or poet, gracefully admits that now our native humor is flowing with new rapidity and exuberance which corresponds with the political growth of the country; and as the country is varied, so our humorous writers in almost every department of letters who may reasonably be ranked with the best examples of English authorship So we think But what we especially like in this English critique upon American Humorists, is his nice discrimination between such men as Lowell and Holmes, on the one side, and Ward and Nasby on the other. While the former are humorists because of the former, he is very severe and caustic upon Nasby and his kind

We bet this writer says of Holmes and Lowell as humorists and satirists in eminently just. No one who has ever read the Biglow Papers, or the short satirical poem on a Massachusetts politician, or some of Holmes' poems, will think the reviewer has passed too high an encomium on Lowell, the accomplished professor of Literature in Harvard University.

We detest but one sin in this review, and that is one of omission. Why has the writer made no allusion to Nathaniel Hawthorne —a name that deserves the first place in that band of humorists whose beautiful depth of tenderful feeling is the very essence of mirth, in grace, delicate keenness of satire—in a felicity of touch which often surpasses that of Addison, in a delicacy of insight which at times deeper than that of Shakespeare himself. Hawthorne is often too fine for criticism or popularity. The brilliant atoms fly over, and glance light on beyond us, like the sunrose of their ethereal light lit beyond our analysis

"And on speed of mere words
To hunt upon their shining trails."

No doubt these humorists, have their nose in life, but in the higher walks of life, where sportive and sparkling beings, whom genius has left among us. They warm and illumine it with the sunshine of their presence, they glide in through the open doors of the heart, and gladden the friends of home. What we only need in America is more humor that will satirize the obtuse, and fooleries, and shoddyisms of our fashionable life George W Curtis, the Harry Edgerton of *Harper's Magazine*, has done something in this line to the "Potiphar Papers," the object of which was put into the mouth of Thackeray's Yellowplush "Snobs of England." We do hope that America may yet have a Thackeray, to expose the shoddyism of the kingdom, soldier and mining bellow, with all the hollow nesses, sycophancy and snobberies of their "respectable," and fashionable society.

THE CHURCH'S STANDING MIRACLE.

"All the variations of texture in her soldier coat perfect, and unchanged, from the days of Aaron's rags to a dungaree, are alike to the changeful shadows of Jewish history, which have passed over that solitary hour when He who stands at the right hand of God intercedes for sinners, and the loving heart of a repentant believer."

Such is the glory of the Church, every day and every hour, a miracle of a character so open and unquestioned, so beneficent in its effects and so Divine in its origin, that we have hardly names enough for the forms of the earth or the stars of the sea. He who wrought these mighty signs of the firmament, He who has made still greater things than these Nor has it any thing to do with that during throes of priestly power, when the Church's miracles, and the marvels of local and drugs at wars are lyingly declared to be changed into the veritable body and blood of Christ, and when the Church is upheld by in the divinity of those calling themselves the Church, before can on believes in a miracle, which rests in itself or endures whatever of being such

Not do we refer to the continued existence of the Church in the midst of a sinful world, full of opposition, often raging with the fiercest fire often seeming to bring the gales of hell into the very bosom of the holy, finding it fraught on a root and unable to prevail against it, having it strong arm and trusted, and hearing its Scriptures more authoritative and better understood, as the result of every attack upon them. Indeed, many a experimental character which must and glorify the inner history of the Church itself

We refer to the Church as appearing We mean the outside wonder to the moral nature of men, the healing of the public the leprosy, the famine, the blackest darkness and deafness the fever and the lunacy of sin We mean the stilling of the inward tempest of remorse, of the struggles of selfishness and duty of personation with conviction of the love of the world with the pleadings of the Holy Ghost of the fountain of the sin with the darkening hope of pardon through a Saviour's blood. We mean the summoning of souls from the tomb of carnality, of self-righteousness, of unbelief, from dead ness to trespasses and in sins to a resurrection more marvellous and more needful than the resurrection of the body

Although man's part in the work of conversion is definite, simple, and of the highest importance and necessity it is man the less a miracle. The owner of the withered hand was ordered to stretch it forth but a miracle was wrought as with the whole force of the human will, he obeyed the command. And the converted sinner, best of all, knows that the change in which all the active powers of his soul were engaged, is a miracle of grace

To be born again; to be born of the Spirit, after being born of the flesh, is to result from that total catastrophe of our moral nature, the fall, to the beginnings of a life of perfect purity and holiness; to have the power of selfishness broken up, and that of love put in its place, to have the tyranny of the world and the idolatry of covetousness replaced by spiritual-mindedness and breathings after heaven; to see the short but rose beautiful, the mine become liberal, the drunkard become temperate, the profligate become a man of prayer; to see whole locations, great, immoral, savage communities become orderly, Christian, praying people, to see the reign of misery, blood-thirsty chief of such a people changed into a lamb, and filled with zeal to make known the love of God to others; to see whole districts of the vilest and most unclean neighborhoods of our great cities rotate round to clean streets, orderly, well-ventilated and comfortable for life and the next, by the power of the simplest Christian appliances—these are the miracles built like the Church, and wrought with her down from apostolic times, and they are the everywhere visible proofs of her divine origin and authority

To many a one, the Church is a miracle of timely, and of the claims of its institutions, you need not study dry volumes of evidences. You find, but stated in living facts in the history of the Church and its ministers at home and abroad; you need but look around you and behold the Church in your midst, and you have a sure and real of all men; you need but experience in your own heart that blessed change, which carries with it the witness of its own existence, and the Church is most faithful logic of the schools. It is these miracles, which never cease, that give the world the most settled conviction, after all of the truth of Christianity, and that render the persistent of tacts of infidelity to undermine its foundations so supremely vain.

Christian worker! take courage. The laws of God's world of grace are so arranged that the result of faithful working there shall ever be miracles. Continue to plant and to water, and God will give the increase. Thank God! He is doing it to-day.

EXPECTATIONS OF A MESSIAH

BY REV. T. D. COLLINS.

It is a great mistake to suppose that only a Judea was the anticipation of a divine being cherished. Buddhism, and Teaism, and Brahmanism, and the whole host of other varieties of Divinity, wedding humanity to heaven. Plato, after visiting Egypt, and drawing knowledge from all available sources, confessed that he looked for a divine Teacher.

Twitin, a learned Roman historian, informs us that, throughout the East, it was a very general expectation, that about the time of the reign of Cæsar Augustus, a king was to appear in Judea, who should become the ruler of the world in the Pillars of Hercules to the Ganges of India

This was a very natural expectation of the times, and ordinarily given by the Jews in the surrounding nations. Wherever they went, they dropped the seeds of this great prophetic truth which found the hearts of men, which Israel had taught it in Egypt, and Daniel in Babylon. It was inculcated by writings, by sermonules, and by public teaching, and was a common topic in heathen nations From the time of the Babylonian captivity, some 607 years before Christ, the Jews lived and ordinarily mingled with the provinces of the great Persian monarchy, as we learn from the Book of Esther, where, in one Book, Shushan, Persia, Media, Elam, and other

The return of the Jews to the Holy Land, from these captivity, they rapidly increased. Jealous being too small as a field of enterprise, or the region of those free, and even beyond, the Jews went, and every where made converts to the Hebrew Faith—*belief in a crowned, invisible King*, and a promised Teacher, Saviour, and King

Apyrion, in an oration to the Jews, delivered before their final dispersion, and, of course, before the destruction of Jerusalem, says, "There is not a nation upon earth where some of your countrymen are not to be found. If you will but look upon the habitable globe, you will find Jews, all of your race that reside in other places will be destroyed, and this every great city of the world will be filled with blood."

Philo, in one of his orations, declares, "The Jews are dispersed throughout *all the world*, and there is not a country, whether inhabited or Asia and Europe,—in the islands of the sea, and on the continents." And even Cicero, in one of his amusing orations against Flaccus, says, "The Jews, declared, that—the gold which the Jews sent to their temple at Jerusalem, was forwarded from Italy and *from all the provinces of the Roman Empire*." This brilliant testimony accords with the account given in the Acts of the Apostles, regarding the assembling of many nations gathered at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. "There were dwelling at Jerusalem, Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers of Mesopotamia, and in Judea and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians."

There never was, in the history of the world, a more generally received anticipation, extending from the banks of the Tiber and the graves of Ninevee to the Indian Ocean and the plains of China, than that which awaited the birth of Christ in Judea. There is nothing like it in the modern times, except a somewhat similar expectation of Christendom, and of some heathen es-

THE UNCHRISTIAN ABOMINATION OF EXCLUSIVISM.

Extraordinary demonstrations of sorrow manifested by the sects at the mission of forms, the joint and titles of the sects, and the ruin and fall of Christian people, calling themselves, and on the Christian world, are occurring properly, Evangelical.

A Boston correspondent writes:

"The 'silver communion' question is hardly touched by the sects. Methodist Baptists, and the 'loyal to principle and truth' are only to carry their point with the more vigor Cases of discipline are now being talked of, and proceedings actually with 'the unbaptized.'"

The *Methodist Protestant Recorder* (New York) says—

"We are informed that the Fifth Avenue Baptist church of this city, on Friday evening, last, refused communion to a member of the fellowship from Crammond Kennedy, for holding and practicing infant baptism and for being a member of the church at Jerusalem, as described in the Acts of the Apostles." This is prompt and definite."

We have noticed, for many years past, as the "Boy preacher" among our Baptist brethren. Recently he has declared for communion with unbaptized members, and for which gross offence against the sect-spirit of his denomination, one after another of the churches are east. Now, we say to our sister church at Jerusalem in Jesus, rather him a heretic in the eyes of our modern Pharisees Where, according to such a construction, was Peter, Philip, Roger Williams, Robert Hall, and Mr Spurgeon?

If a writer in the same paper urges that baptized (i. e. dipped) persons and members of other than Immersionist churches cannot be admitted to communion:

Then we say that the Church membership—they do not belong to a loyal constituency No one is to believe, as every Baptist does, that "a Church is a congregation of baptized believers, can consider a Presbyterian organization a Church."

Talk of Popery or Pope Plus after this!

MINOR TOPICS.

—What the Roman Catholics would like to do in the way of proscribing the freedom of the press, and what they would do if they could actually are doing, is certainly much below their wishes and plans,—in fact, if we are to believe the testimony of their own papers, they are very poorly off and wide the expectation of this *race*, which showed spring forth from Jesse, at Bethlehem which should be born of the virgin Mary, and to which the Gentiles should look for truth and salvation

—Since the return of the Jews to the Holy Land, from their captivity, they rapidly increased. Jealous being too small as a field of enterprise, or the region of those free, and even beyond, the Jews went, and every where made converts to the Hebrew Faith—*belief in a crowned, invisible King*, and a promised Teacher, Saviour, and King

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—Episcopacy in Australia.—A portion of the anti-ritualist party in some part of Australia have formed what they designate a "Free Church of England," and have elected a bishop. He went through a form of consecration, took the oaths of supremacy, and on the following Sunday held a general ordination In Sydney, New South Wales, the Episcopal Church is now

Independent of the State, and do not receive any State aid. He clergy and laity are now busy in framing laws for the direction as a free Church. Six bishops have been elected to act with the bishop in the trial of heretical or immoral clergymen. It was decided that parishes have the power of having their clergymen appointed by a board of ministers elected by the Synod (the name of the chief power among and over them.) or by such a board elected by themselves. It came out, in the way of discussion at the meeting of Synod, that the total income of the Diocese is about £50,000, and the stipends of the clergy £21,412—£1,000 less than was passed a hard yet serious for such emolument.

—As usual the greatest services to the cause of civil and religious liberty in Spain, are being rendered by its foes. By tendering their resignations they are stimulating the people and the provincial governments in their purposes of reform, and hindering, if not utterly preventing, any successful effort at reaction in favor of Popery, which might naturally be expected to attend the restoration of monarchy. A Madrid telegram of January 27th, informs us that the Governor of Burgos was assassinated while carrying out some orders of the provisional government. The convents, libraries, archives, and works of art possessed by the churches, as the property of the State. This fanatical act induced the Provisional Government to declare the autarky of all religious bodies before the civil law. This decree was unanimously, and, it is believed, expresses the sentiments of the great majority of each of the parties dividing the people. It also appears that a great excitement broke out against the Papal party. The Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral of Burgos have been arrested; diplomatic relations with the Papal Vatican have been suspended, and the people of Madrid have made violent demonstrations against him.

At a recent meeting for Spanish Evangelization, in New York, it was stated as a significant fact, that American books are sought after by the Spaniards more than those published in England. Thirty years ago it was impossible to get religious books into any of the Spanish countries, but now the difficulty is, how best to circulate the

following letter will show:

MALAGA, Spain, Dec. 22, 1868.

To the Rev. W. A. HALLOCK, D. D., *General Secretary, N. Y.*

DEAR SIR,—Through the intercession of the U. S. Minister, the Hon. J. P. Hale, a permit was procured for the free admission of Bibles into this port. Until the 14th inst., no account law forbidding transit of such Bibles, which law is now violated. The concession was made to accommodate the books by your Society and the American Bible Society. It will be continued for all books from America. Your four cases of Bibles will be on hand for distribution on Saturday. They will be taken up to-day. A very much larger number is much needed.

HENRY C. HALL.

—The Madrid in Austria threatens the clergy and the Government still continues. The Government shows no disposition to yield any of the ground it has gained. The new law, respecting the recent liberal legislation with regard to civil marriage are another step toward the complete separation of the Church from the State. The clergy keep up the hostility, and the Government replies by repressive measures. A Church-going paper, *The Present Time*, of Vienna has been seized for publishing a letter from the Pope condemning the new ecclesiastical laws of the pire. This rigorous act has produced a profound sensation, and is without precedent in the Hapsburg annals since the reign of the Emperor Joseph II.

THE UNRESERVED AND IMMEDIATE SURRENDER.

From Rev. O. Hinsdale: "Ought to be Saved."

The convicted sinner is setting the part of the hypocrite all the time until he submits, and ceases only a hypocrite when he submits. He has the convictions of duty, and no longer acts in accordance with his sense of duty and right. When the convicted sinner should give up his sins at once, and take his will to the will and way of Christ, and go right to work for his Master in Christ, and not wait for any impulse or emotion, or mysterious influence from heaven. He can, he should, he could find it, before taking his leap from the burning of the Christian life.

Until the sinner does submit and make an unreserved surrender of himself to God, he has every act a rebellion, his praying is rebellion. The voice of God is a rebel, he should down as a rebel, he prays as a rebel, he goes to bed a rebel, and leaves his closet with all his wickedness upon him, and continues his rebellion against his Maker. He is willing to compromise with God, but not on unconditional surrender. The sinner is exactly opposed to such other, will oppose it will, plan opposed, the whole spirit of the sinner is to defeat the design of the other. One must submit to the other, or this hostility must be eternal. God is all right, the sinner is all wrong. Who should yield? While the sinner remains a rebel, every promise is to him a dead letter, away from him and not one of them is within his reach, and every threatening of the law of God is against him. Over his head hang nothing but wrath, every command, every promise, every denunciation, threatening upon threatening. Let him submit and become a loyal subject, and all is reversed, every promise in the Bible is his, and his, and every threatening is turned away, and all the promises of God are pledged to protect him and provide for him. The terms of discipleship are fully laid down by Christ. "Deny thyself, take up the cross and follow me" in those few words are all the elements of repentance, obedience and faith. Deny thyself, this is repentance; take up the cross, this is obedience; and follow me, is faith. So in the parable of the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to God, for he will abundantly pardon." (See Isa lv. 7.)

Now the first moment the sinner will admit his needs a Savior, he should leave his life of sin, go right to Christ, trusting in him for all he lacks and all he needs, and begin and live the Christian life.

By waiting, halting, praying, and weeping, he can get nothing, scort nothing, expect nothing, deserve nothing but to be more accountable to Christ. He should not wait to get a clearer view of himself or to see himself a greater sinner, or to *feel* his sins more, or to get love, or gratitude, or to be rendered fit, or prepared, or pure, or strange, or hope, before submitting and giving up all Christ. None of these will help to get until he and Christ are one. Then he has a right to get by first only ourselves him that he is growing better, but worse and worse all the time, and that his prospects for heaven are diminishing by every delay.

When the sinner comes to Christ first or last, he comes without merit, fitness, or the least preparation but a yielding will. The terms of acceptance will never be changed. Continued disobedience in a poor way to get fit or make ready to come to Christ. If acceptance of one as great a sinner, he will, and on the same terms as the first a blessing for him to receive, it is not to great a blessing for the hundredth. It is not that the sinner has been, now is, or should be, but what Christ is and will be to the sinner. It is not the sinner's sinfulness which should discourage him but Christ's righteousness which should attract him and encourage him to hope. Not his own weakness to lack of love which should cause him to fear or hesitate, but Christ's infinite love to him which should lead him to venture, and trust all necessity as a Saviour who has just what the sinner lacks. The sinner is not seeking Christ, he is suppose. Christ is seeking

Him. He is no a man on a dungeon; Christ sent his "Come to me." The sinner took his flow turned the wrong way, says, "I am trying to find the door, and when I get through the door I will come." Christ says, "I am the door: you find no door till you come to me." Oh, says the perplexed sinner, "if I could get into the way, I would make right along in the way to you." Christ says, "I am the way: you are on right way till you come to me." Still the perplexed sinner says, "If I could only get into the light, I would me to come to you, but it is all dark." Christ says, "I am the light; you are looking into the dark after it. There is no light until you come to me. Your sinner, I am the way, I am the light, I am the life you are looking for. Come right to me.

REVIVAL MEASURES AND REVIVAL PREACHING

BY REV. O. C. FINNEY

Without new measures it is impossible that the church should be aroused to a sense of the real state of the world to religion. There are so many influences constantly brought to bear on the public mind, such a reaching to and fro so many that are, or have been, in the church that it cannot maintain her ground, cannot command attention, without very exciting preaching, and out of the ordinary course of things in the church. The measures of politicians, of infidels and heretics, in accomplishing their wealth, in the spread of luxury, and the ten thousand existing and contemplated modes of getting rich, are so many that upon the world, will gain their attention and turn all men away from the attempt to get the attention of the people. Hence, when a revival does occur, it is always in such a way as to be regarded as a new measure, as the result of some extraordinary influence. Hence, when any one does introduce any new measure, he is charged with introducing that which would have never occurred but for his measure, as they suppose it to be wrong to use measures, as they say, to bring about a revival. The ministers in our fathers would have been glad to have had, and to be heard, twenty get a settlement, nor collect an audience to hear them, as has been the case since we have perverted the taste of the people. But this is not the fault, but the character of the age to be changed, and these men have not conformed to it. Hence they have not been acceptable to the preaching that answered half a century ago.

Look at the Methodist. Many of their ministers are subsumed, in the common sense of the term, many of them taken right from the shop or the farm, with no literary or theological preparation, and pushed their way, and won souls to Christ, when Wherever the Methodist preacher, their plain, pointed and simple, but warm mode of preaching has not been superseded by measures Few Presbyterian ministers have gathered as many souls into the church as have opposed to Methodism, without the advantages of a liberal education, will draw a congregation around him which a Presbyterian minister with perhaps ten times as much learning, cannot equal, because he has not the earnest manner of the other, and does not pour out fire upon his hearers when he preaches.

Congregationalist—The total number of Congregational Churches in the United States is 2,951, communicants 3,000; church members, 300,000. Additions during 1868 by profession, 16,432, by letter, 11,218. The total baptisms during the year, 15,650. The Sunday Schools reported a total membership of 2,500 teachers and 20,000 scholars. The number of infants baptized in one year 294 young men preparing for the ministry in the theological seminaries, 1,000. The number of the present college year.—The "English Congregational Year Book" for 1869 gives the number of Congregational churches in England, 2,055, Wales, 668, Scotland, 104, Ireland, 19, Isle of Jersey, 1, Australia, 1. At a meeting of the Sunday school, by the afternoon preaching service, an increase of fifty per cent. in the number of the Sunday school, especially of the adult portion of the congregation; a large part of the Sabbath morning audience; and the prayer-ate and assistance at the prayer meeting, which was always a delightful season of worship. But the results were so obviously good and evidently good that a permanent change was made, and the same as a permanent thing was not opposed by a single vote. Rev. N. F. Cudworth, pastor of the church was dismissed at his own request after nearly thirty years of pastoral labor, because he felt that a change in pastors attributes all ministerial usefulness from his congregation. Rev. Joseph Cudworth, pastor of the Congregational Church, Rev. Elisha Mather, as Moderator of the Council, which necessary action in the circumstances, and in the faith and sincerely devoted to the work of the ministry. The people differed from him, but would gladly have retained him.—Rev. Henry Powers preached his farewell sermon to his people in Sharon, Conn., on 31st inst., having been dismissed Jan. 21st, to accept a call to the pastorate of the church in Lee, Mass. The church gave a unanimous and hearty vote of concurrence in the action of the New Canaan Congregational Monthly proposed as the basis of union. These churches have been organized by Rev. Messrs. Burlington, Keene, Maiden Rock, Wisconsin, Los Angeles, California, and Waterloo, Iowa, Jan. 31.

—The Baptists are reported (1) at Boston, that some thirty have been converted, including many (2) at Hackensack, New Jersey, (3) at Lowell, Mass., (4) at Newport, Mass., (5) at Rochester, N. H., where all the churches are closed in the evening. (6) in Albany, where seventy have been received; (7) in Providence, R. I., where 200 have been converted; (8) in Lancaster, N. H., where all the churches are closed in the evening. (9) in Albany, where twenty-three have been received; (10) in Worcester, Mass., where 200 have been converted through the preaching of Andover students; (11) in Virginia, Va., where thirty-seven have joined the church; all but four in profession, at Pittsfield, Mass., where 100 have been received into the church; (12) at Bay Head N. J. churches, and where only two or three have been received; (13) at Lockport, N. Y., where a revival is in progress; (14) in Worthington, Ohio, where a revival is in progress; (15) at East Saginaw, Mich., where one hundred have been hopefully converted, twenty have joined the church on profession, and twenty-nine have been received by letter; (16) at Lexington, Conn., where an revival is in progress; (17) in Waterbury, Conn., where an revival is in progress; (18) at Bridgeport, Conn., where an revival is in progress; (19) at Bridgeport, Conn., where an revival is in progress; (20) at Bridgeport, Conn., where an revival is in progress; (21) at Bridgeport, Conn., where an revival is in progress;

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Editor.
William C. Banton, Assistant Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 20, 1869. Vol. IX. No. 6. New Series. Whole No. 408.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

REV. JOSHUA WOODLIN,

(Colored, Book Steward),

No. 631 Pine Street, Philadelphia

Terms.—All letters and matters pertaining to it—Such Clergymen as procure Subscribers, and forward the money, will be entitled to one copy of the paper, gratis; for Address to Rev. Joshua Woodlin, No. 631 Pine St., Philadelphia, and all matters relative to agencies are to be addressed to Rev. B. T. Tanner, Editor, Washington, D. C. All letters for publication, and matters should be directed to Rev. B. T. Tanner, Washington, D. C.

TERMS:

Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, strictly in advance. Six copies will be furnished for Ten Dollars; Thirteen copies for Twenty dollars; and fifty copies will be furnished to a club of that number, for Fifty dollars. Any additional number at the same rate. Payment must in all cases be made in advance, and will receive a copy of the paper for the time paid for.

RATES:

Advertisements not to exceed in length with the character of this paper to a limited extent, will be inserted at the following rates:

One square (ten lines) one insertion,	$1 00
One square (ten lines) each subsequent insertion,	75
One square (ten lines) three months,	5 00
One square (ten lines) six months,	8 00
One square (ten lines) twelve months,	15 00
One column, one year,	100 00

Ten lines nonpariel square.

Poetry.

BE KIND TO THE ERRING.

BY ALICE CARY.

Be kind to the erring, the humble, the meek.
'Tis the truest alms world triumphs the weak;
Who are they how deeply the past they deplore—
Is charity sure to their sister evermore.

Be kind to the erring, the lowly, the and;
Oft circumstance rules, whose chain divides mad,
Ah! human not they victim, but one day have cried
Communion with self o'ershrouds pride evermore!

Commune with thyself, think how reckless thou art,
Stretching thy strength to wither thine sister;
Take warning by thousands on yonder dark shore—
Remember, thy soul must exist evermore.

Cherish pure thought, suit thy manners thy gait;
Such motives are soothly artful and vain;
In deeds desiring all, and with heart guiding o'er,
Flowing on to the ocean of love evermore.

Religion is naught, all pretensions are vain,
If works are still wanting; ah! where is thy gain?
As herb and sapless branch withered decay,
As wreck on the deep, thou shalt perish evermore.

Thy days float away as a meteor's gleam;
Flashing bright for a moment they fade as a dream;
Yea, dream though it be, yet in its distant shore
Shall ye thunders re-echo the past evermore.

As flower dost thou blossom, more thing of a day
As breath of the flame flies with rapids away;
Let love be thy motto thy scarcely life o'er,
Then in meadows of love with thee bloom evermore.

EPISCOPAL ADDRESS.

To the Ministry and Laity of the African M E Church in the United States of America.

Rev. And Dear Brethren and Sisters:—Animated by the love of the cause, the good, and the more; we send this Address, to call your attention to the work, which, we believe has been assigned us by reason, nature, and God, that is, *self-development*, and the means of its accomplishment. What is this work? What are those means?

Answer, First. This work is *self-improvement; self-elevation* in both a process, and a result. It was ordained as instrumentality, their application, and the development of this work, it must be regarded as a process; but it is a result when success accomplished, and what may yet be affected, by the same unceasing self-development, we must regard them as a result. An illustration Whoso an apple seed is planted, lives to follow two movements, one downward, the other upward. The downward is necessary for the production of roots, the upward for the production of the stem, the branches, the blossoms, and the fruit; but the branches, blossoms, and fruit, are not antagonistic with the roots and stem, each must come, and come in the order of its time: first; the germinables in the heart of the seed; then, the movements upwards and downwards, *the proceeding from the central pour*, but not until the command is given by the God of Nature, who operates always by delicate and immutable laws.

Now the *central force* produces the downward and upward movement, with no hope of realizing branches, flowers, and fruit at the same moment, that it is forming the roots and the young stem, but, in *expectation* of those distant results; because, the roots must first take hold of earth, and by absorbing its moisture, gathering more and more strength in order that they may have power to fasten the ascending stem in the bosom of the earth and *to hold it there*. Meanwhile, the stem is developing itself into a trunk sufficiently strong to send forth and bear up a multitude of branches, with leaves, blossoms and fruit. Now each of these progression we call a development—the fruit result of the whole is, also, a development.

And thus, the great trees of the forests—some of which, defy the storms of centuries, as each of the fruit-bearing kind, which we cultivate in our gardens—are composed of successive growths of vegetable blocks; each producing the other; each bearing up the other; each *vitally* bearing the other against the outward forces that would destroy; and each contributing to *one great result*, the *formation*, the *growth*, or the *production of fruit*. Now, were you to cut away one of these interesting blocks, you would damage, probably, all the tree, this is one inference. Another is, that to attempt to produce fruit or timber before those successive processes have been accomplished is to act foolishly—to persist in such a course of conduct, would be a *proof of incorrigible stupidity* and madness.

Learn, also, another lesson No true left to itself will grow beautifully; producing rich and abundant fruit. Rich fruit, sweet, mellow and abundant, is the result of careful and wise cultivation The skillful gardener must attend to it with his manures and pruning knife; then, not till then, can we realize all that nature intends a tree to produce, and man to enjoy.

Christians Resemble Trees

Now what is true of trees, is so true of a community of Christians, that the Spirit of truth, by the pen of the Prophet of old, proclaim them, "Trees of righteousness," "The Planting of the Lord," and by the mouth of St Paul, he calls them "trees of glory, to dividend, and their organic development, "The fruit of righteousness."

Is the African M. E. Church such a tree? Is she "the Planting of the Lord?" We believe she is. Half a century ago she was a germinating *planta*: her roots have gone year since been shooting downwards, and her stem upwards. She has produced branches, flowers, and some fruit; but was they have both abundant and rich? Has she grown to her destined dimensions? Is her form beautiful; flourishing? These last four questions cannot with truth be answered in the affirmative; because, the facts of our history bearing us in the face, give back the emphatic No!

We trace this condition of these things to three seize of causes. First, to slavery and caste; which have carried on a relentless war against us Casting us off from all the advantages, privileges, and facilities for self development, which here always tended to white Christians by public opinion and law. Secondly, jealousies, envy, ignorance, and divisions among ourselves, which have *always* damaged, and still continue to destroy the *unity, force* and vitalising juices Thirdly, we have not been destitute of a sufficient number of skilful ministers. The experienced and skilful gardener, with manures growing from his table, is rarely seen among us—we mean the diligent, faithful pastor, who does more, and accomplishes more by his example, prayerful visitations from house to house, than by his eloquent sermons.

We say this tree still needs a great deal of careful cultivation. The *soil covering the roots* needs to be enriched with the best manures; the *suckers* that so mar her beauty, drawing her juices in the wrong direction, must be cut off, her superfluous leafiets and branchlets must be pruned, so as to let in more of the sunlight and sun-heat upon her *growing body*; the insects that sting her young fruit, causing them to fall before they are ripe, must be *searched out* and *destroyed*; then, and not till then, can she produce her legitimate "*fruits of Righteousness*," so beneficial to humanity; so pleasing to God. Now what say you?

The Means to be used for this Work?

Our answer is this, we must *employ* the same means used by all denominations of Christians in Europe and America who have succeeded, and are still succeeding, in christianizing the world. It is necessary to *name them?* Are they not the highest schools of learning, such as the College and Theological Seminary, the Press and the Missionary Society, with their auxiliary appendages? Now, if you demand our reason for placing the College and Theological Seminary *first*, before the Press, we have a foolishly done, our reply is this: As a wise man makes it the daily business first of all to *cultivate* his *heart* because as he knows that, as if becomes enlightened by the facts of the word of God, the truths of religion, his heart becomes purer, his love stronger, his zeal and benevolence more active, his prayers more fervent and more; so, also, if the College and Theological Seminary which constitutes the literary head of a Christian organization be *well supported first of all*, and cultivated first of all, its literary intelligence will you diffuse through the whole mass of society, its pure ideas, its power will be imparted to their understandings, the more spirit's power to their hearts; the more productive power to their hands and the more financial power to their pockets.

And this will we constitute the body scientistic, one of the life producing forces of the republic, diffusing blessings of every kind from its centre to its circumferences, and contributing to the redemption of the world from ignorance, vice, and sin.

And because, in these schools of learning, our young men mud and will be prepared as they can be no where else; and sent back into her bosom with more light, more humility, more unction to serve God and humanity by the *press*, and in the *glorious field of missions*? Then also the means—yes the High School, the Theological Seminary, the College, the Press, the Missionary Society, are the means to be used for the execution of such a noble work. But

Who are the Missionary Agents?

This is an important question. Our future labors are already indicated, and will be very different from the past Not is to be here, not to its form and extent. sufficient we have had to do almost wholly with the uneducated mind; henceforth we shall have to grapple with the well informed intellect, and conquer by the truth *skillfully* wielded Hitherto we have had but a comparatively small number of people to engage in our efforts, if we perpetuate our domination, and extend it continuously—we must govern large masses of men Now, as territory increases and population multiplies, government becomes more difficult and, therefore, needs greater abilities for governing, and extensive knowledge of men and things The human mind must be carefully studied, law and fact compared, analyzed, and applied Nowall these things require study, research,—learning. But, if we throw men in such a field of *usefulness*, and throw upon them such responsibilities before they have been trained. we shall, doubtless, lose much valuable time and far more than they become skilled in the theory and art of ploughing and training churches.

And still, therefore, act wisely if we begin to train our young man to meet these responsibilities, we shall do well if we have all of St Paul, he calls ready for glory indeed; and their organic development, "The fruit of righteousness."

Is the African M. E. Church such a tree? Is she "the Planting of the Lord?" We believe she is Half a century ago she was a germinating *planta*: her roots have gone year since been shooting downwards, and her stem upwards. She has produced branches, flowers, and some fruit; but was they have both abundans and rich? Has she grown to her destined dimensions? Is her form beautiful; flourishing? These last four questions cannot with truth be answered in the affirmative; because, the facts of our history bearing us in the face, give back the emphatic No!

We trace this condition of these things to three seize of causes. First, to slavery and caste; which have carried on a relentless war against us Casting us off from all the advantages, privileges, and facilities for *self* development, which here always tended to white Christians by public opinion and law. Secondly, jealousies, envy, ignorance, and divisions among ourselves, which have *always* damaged, and still continue to destroy the *unity, force* and vitalising juices Thirdly, we have not been destitute of a sufficient number of skilful ministers. The experienced and skilful gardener, with manures growing from his table, is rarely seen among us—we mean the diligent, faithful pastor, who does more, and accomplishes more by his example, prayerful visitations from house to house, than by his eloquent sermons.

We say this tree still needs a great deal of careful cultivation. The *soil covering the roots* needs to be enriched with the best manures; the *suckers* that so mar her beauty, drawing her juices in the wrong direction, must be cut off, her superfluous leafiets and branchlets must be pruned, so as to let in more of the sunlight and sun-heat upon her *growing body*; the insects that sting her young fruit, causing them to fall before they are ripe, must be *searched out* and *destroyed*; then, and not till then, can she produce her legitimate "*fruits of Righteousness*," so beneficial to humanity; so pleasing to God. Now what say you?

The Means to be used for this Work?

Our answer is this, we *must employ* the same means used by all denominations of Christians in Europe and America who have succeeded, and are still succeeding, in christianizing the world. Is it necessary to *name them?* Are they not the highest schools of learning, such as the College and Theological Seminary, the Press and the Missionary Society, with their auxiliary appendages? Now, if you demand our reason for placing the College and Theological Seminary *first*, before the Press, we have a foolishly done, our reply is this: As a wise man makes it the daily business first of all to *cultivate* his *heart* because as he knows that, as if becomes enlightened by the facts of the word of God, the truths of religion, his heart becomes purer, his love stronger, his zeal and benevolence more active, his prayers more fervent and more; so, also, if the College and Theological Seminary which constitutes the literary head of a Christian organization be *well supported first of all*, and cultivated first of all, its literary intelligence will you diffuse through the whole mass of society, its pure ideas, its power will be imparted to their understandings, the more spirit's power to their hearts; the more productive power to their hands and the more financial power to their pockets.

And this will we constitute the body scientistic, one of the life producing forces of the republic, diffusing blessings of every kind from its centre to its circumferences, and contributing to the redemption of the world from ignorance, vice, and sin.

And because, in these schools of learning, our young men must

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 20, 1869.

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☞ Any member wishing a Hymn Book or Discipline, let them send as 66 cts. All ot our lay members ought to have them

NOTICE.]

Will all the dear friends at home and abroad, please send to the Editor whatever matter they may wish to be inserted in the *Recorder*. If

Senator Trumbull.—" Mr. Trumbull, the Chairman of the Committee, declared from the majority report, so that in opposing the proposition under consideration he is entirely consistent."—*Associated Press Dispatch*.

This *Associated Press* need scarcely have taken the pains to advise the country in regard to Senator Trumbull's consistency. It is so apparent that he who runs may read. To expect "One of the Six" to vote to keep the fallen Georgians on probation is a little too much. Trumbull, faithless to his party and the country, Georgia, faithless to Reconstruction and to the Negro, have mutual sympathies—they see eye to eye, and walk shoulder to shoulder. Of course, gentlemen of the *Associated Press*, Lyman Trumbull is consistent.

"The effect upon our own negro population of leaving, so near at hand, and daily under the flag for which they have fought, a state occupied and controlled by those of their own race and color, is obvious enough. It would encourage and strengthen them in every way, and, if the worst came to the worst, the island could be to them a harbor of refuge"—*Editorial in N Y Tribune, Feb 16th.*

We read the editorial from which the above is a quotation with delight. We saw in it the acceptance of the principle of annexation coming from the Dominion chiefs. The strongest, and, indeed, the only opposition of any force, to Seward's St. Domingo programme was Horace Greeley, and the party in Congress who levored the reception from the charming editorial, we were perplexed how a theme so charming could be worked by a theme *of the worst, and the worst, the island could be to them a harbor of refuge"*

Do, Bro. Greeley, tell us what you mean! Has the philosopher the remotest thought of a use of *worst* and *worst came to the worst*" How? or What? We confess to a blindness and stupidity that is infinite.

Valentine Day.—We write not of the venerable saint whose name this day was named, nor of the long custom of sending tokens upon it, but we do write to question the propriety of its observance. That which cannot be controlled for good ought to die, for no tyrant should be allowed to curse the world, be it in one or in a ton. Whoever or whatever is above God ought to perish. The custom of sending missives on the 14th of February, since it cannot be controlled and kept in the path of truth, ought to cease. And wherefore? Because it has become a lure and a nuisance to society. In the earlier and better days of the custom, St. Valentine was made the bearer of saint's prayers and faithful thoughts The day was as a golden dart, upon the face of whose crystal waters, floated the holiest thoughts of a friend to a friend, or a child to its parents; or a lover to his fair betrothed But how is it now? "O the times! O the manners!" say we in truth The channel has become muddy, where purity and delight should flow, and the whole custom is dimmed. The waters have become muddy, while its tainted surface is made to bear revengeful and injure thoughts

What means Valentine day now? What is its practical working? We scarcely need answer these interrogatories Do we wish to slander a neighbor, insult an acquaintance, borrow the mind of the unfortunate or belie an opponent, the good old Saint is made the ready messenger; and he who professed himself to carry things that were obivarie or bruetal, is burdened with the rage and filth of impure minds

Ninety per cent. of all the Valentines made and sold are of the scandalous sort—the sort that breathes not the spirit of a true affection, but of wrath and jealousy Let the day be abolished, or its continuance will only tend to further degenerate the manners, and the morals of the people. As there is no means of gathering this flag of Abuse, let it be stricken from the calender But how? Who will tell?

DOMINICAN ANNEXATION.

The particulars of this project have been given to the public in the following Associated Press despatch It will be seen that it really rests not on the wild dreams of our aged Secretary, but rather on profiters made by the Dominican chiefs themselves. We repeat the hope expressed in our last week's issue, that the island may come in successfully carried through. Invalidation would be the benefit which that fruitful island and its people would realize. The colored people of the States could not do a better thing, than roll up long petitions to our Congress, praying that the island and people—" our kinsmen according to the flesh," be taken under the starry flag

WASHINGTON, Feb 5

THE ANNEXATION OF ST. DOMINGO.

M Louis Paul Aggenard, a resident of St Domingo city, arrived here two weeks ago, and waited upon Mr Seward, presenting his credentials from President Baez, of the Republic of San Domingo, and stating that a delegation of the Dominican Government would arrive here in a few days for the purpose of negotiating a treaty for the annexation of that Republic to the United States. The conditions of the proposed annexation are the payment on our part of the indebtedness of that Republic amounting to several millions, with full recognition of its territory and people as an integral part of our own, and the establishment of Territorial Government therein. The ultimate hope is that this Territory would become a State of the Union. President Baez's Envoy claims for the Dominican administration, that the proposition is simple and frank, and made in the interest of his own people, the annexation of which would be a great blessing to them, as well as good order and peace, while returning an enormous equivalent to the United States. The population of the Republic is less than 200,000 souls, the territory is three times as large as Ireland, and could support 10,000,000. The property has declined greatly under the depression and disorder produced by the Spanish occupation and more recent petty revolutionary attempts. M Aggenard received M Asgenard cordially, entering at once into his plans. The President and General Banks and the annexation resolutions of Judge Kelley and others, are said to have been put forth to feel public sentiment— The Committee on Foreign Affairs met this morning informally, and listened to statements from Mr. Aggenard and Mr. Schoenhaer, of Baltimore, who acted as interpreter They gave an interesting sketch of the present position of affairs in that Republic, and urged the proposal of President Baez as advantageous to both countries. The views of the latter were much entertained in the information, General Wadsworth being especially attracted by the statements made of the vast mineral resources and for fifty of the island. No action was taken by the Committee It is expected that in a few days another resolution will be presented in such a way as to bring on a discussion. Considerable interest is manifested among members, and it appears that before Judge Orth's resolutions were presented, the Democrats held a caucus and agreed to oppose their adoption Some of the more prominent, such as Wood, Brooks, Voorhees, Cox, and others favor a reconsideration of this action. Gen. Butler has recently applied himself to the work ing carefully to bring members to favorable consideration. The Committee to-day repented to have remained the mission and started home in a body. When in Saint Domingo, Gen. Baez was confident his proposal would be accepted.

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It is needless to speak of the degredation of certain portions of our city, and of the utter impossibility of improving the moral state of affairs exist, whilst the more highly favored stand aloof. It is now no privilege and duty to help those who have not, as we have done before. Rally, then, around the few who have gone ahead to this movement! Encourage by your presence and contributions of money or material.

Further information may be obtained at the school on Friday afternoons, between the hours of three and five In a subsequent number of the *Recorder*, we hope to make a fuller statement of this movement, with the names of the officers subjoined.

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WOMEN'S WORK IN INDIA.

On Thursday evening the 11th inst. a large number of Christian ladies and gentlemen gathered into the First Baptist church, Broad & Jasper streets, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Philadelphia Branch of The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of America. Hundreds [illegible]

The services were commenced with singing, followed by the reading of the 87th Psalm. After reading a pertinent lesson, Rev. Dr. Hodgson read the annual report of the Philadelphia Branch for the past year. This statement is of [illegible] The Society has [illegible] It was [illegible] which we ourselves have uttered and forgotten, which yet have bored themselves in some obscure nook, and live there still for good or evil—these we do not know Will they meet us in the last great day?

If we could choose which of our words should abide, and which should die, it would be a less fearful thing then to suppose the souls of Eden's angels. But alas, we cannot choose Perhaps the words which we should least like to have live as our words, will be the very ones to be a perpetual curse to us. Because of these I spoke a prayer and many excellent, instructive things, some of which I remember, but not one of them made so deep an impression upon me as that one question, so used, by such a man I am sure he would be grieved if he knew what he did—he never will know until that day when all secrets will be revealed

Surely it becomes us to so speak, that we shall not fear to meet our words in the last day, and never know whether what we say may not prove a sunbeam heart, there to remain through life, through death, and into eternity, let us be very careful to speak words of love, purity and truth Let us beware how we stand with sarcasm, malice or hurtful sport. Let us beg others sobsy, or tears or reproof, lasting and injurious to some other soul. Dora at Home

CURRENT TOPICS.

The recent cessation of notorious defrauders of the revenue in the whisky business, has been followed by boisterous revels of the most sodden and extraordinary character It has been reported in the District Attorney that not a single difficulty is in operation in New York City Several of the prominent whisky men now undergoing durance have fled, and the Whisky Ring is broken up, at least under [illegible] Washington this point to the near approach of an admission which promises to be moderated upon principles of common honesty and common economy—virtues which for four years have been divorced from the national politics We have [illegible] Lincoln Review. The Rev. Dr. Cuyler knows who have been robbing our treasury, and leading these honest men with a double taxation, while he himself under [illegible] the burden of a daughter is considered a misfortune by fathers and mothers, we may well rejoice in the belief that the little ones were not stolen, but sacrificed, and sacrificed to Moloch. There is a hope, then, perhaphaps sustaining 100 little girls, who have been taken away, by, out of the snow-broken, where they had been [illegible] Let us be up and doing, for the night cometh when no man can work. All the responsibility is upon us, and we must be up in these apartments. What is it that has made the Father of the Christian Church? Parliamentary attacks, in theory it has. In recently looking over the statistics relative to the Church membership of the Zoroastrians, the speaker learned that within one year four hundred children were retained as belonging to the Church. Upon investigation it was found that all the children named were girls; and that the reason for the omission of the names

things of doubtful propriety would talk of pastor, elders, deacons, and people were in join in the social revelry of a dancing party kept up all the night. No wonder that those who are, having taken part, try in vain to recover from their parties! And people of tender conscience, whose Christian sensibilities are not deadened by frequent sinful indulgence, are not prepared to join in such social dissipations as the night-long dance.

But I didn't say it was wrong in itself, to dance, socially?

"No, but as sinless pleasures, you read, are sweet, so perhaps you may say of such people enjoy, what they lose to have their pastor silently officers keep a sort of vestal vigil, and makes strongly against all questionable pleasures, that who indulge in them, are afraid that their pastor and church will find them out. *There is deeper sin than you fear to have your deeds found out* and hast Christian trouble know you do."

"I don't care to see much of it, my self. I have learned to enjoy those dancing parties."

"That may be possible. Your enjoyment does not prove them innocent in God's sight. And if as you must, it was some time before your own conscience would quietly allow your first indulgence, so now it may require much in favor of the innocence or propriety of the practice. A deterioration of taste has tortured you aside from your first Christian blessedness."

"Well, young folks must have some pleasures."

"True, indeed, but only such, however, as are lawful, right and expedient. Tests as the wisdom and faithful nurse of your past — and the general vows of the Church by the word and life of God require you to make your journey and grow your souls best affections from following on Christ."

"No one, though, to be too particular, about what we like."

Yes, there is one to be very particular. Jesus himself, from a heart full of love, and sympathy for our best happiness, has taught us that it is better to enter into life with a head cut off, or any part pinched out, than to keep all of the pleasure of keeping those, if they offended, in fatal sinful sloth and ease.

Some such people think themselves smart when they cheat their doctor, whom they employ to cure them. They don't follow the directions; don't take the medicine he gives, but throw it out of the window. Ignorant what he forbids, and drink what he assures them will do them harm. Then, perhaps, it sometimes rather a good joke when to "fool the doctor." But it is their own lives, and many suffering and pain they do do.

Now, if it is not wise, that "foolishly to risk health and life for the body, or more it is wisdom and safety for the soul, to do and try to keep it fed from your pastor God knows it all, though the Church may not. You cannot fool Him. To live before to him will not give one naked and exposed, or must give account for all the deeds done in the body. Every secret thing will be brought out before Him. Every heavenly comfort withheld from all impiety."—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

CHOICE WITH LOVE.

BY REV. C. A. GROSE.

Like the sun in the forenoon,
So are smiles within the home.
Like the gentle rain in showers,
When in withering drought they come.

Smile open the youthful blossoms,
Open like open the hearts.
Smiles will fill their tender bosome
With the loveliest thoughts of earth.

They are such their kindness bearing,
Which stir sin may open them,
Into springs—like those the mountain
Yields new pure—as clear—as lane.

Smile, o'er while you chide, your blessings,
They, alas! most children be.
Earth-self being them, indeed distressing,
None, below, from sin are free.

But remember! 'tis their nature
Thus to sin—from tenderly
Chide each erring little creature,
Kindly—from sin to love free.

Win them tenderly from error.
Represent its blighting power,
Do our child to fill with sorrow,
Bless them as in drought the shower.

Not the pelting rain refreshes,
As the gently falling drops
The angry storm of words distresses,
As hurricane destroy the crops.

But as the gentle showers descend
On flowers as in breaks in gleams the while,
So smile while a sickness lessens tend
To hide the hasten fade defile.

Lose while leading—God rejoices is,
All rejoice it—but the young
Are wont to shun—better by it
Birds them—to *Love*—the tongue.
Reading, Pa., Febr. 1, 1869.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

Faith is rarely more severely tried than in the case of parents who are waiting upon the Lord from year to year, and watching for the answer of prayers in the salvation of their children. There is, no doubt, much that sounds like prayer, in the and on other matters, which is only a sound—or at most the breathing of natural affection. Even where the "soul in prayer, believing," there may often be long delays, and it might be that may be thus led to look on while the child of many prayers grows carelessly hardened in sin and reckless in ungodliness. There may it is pondering to think, that soon arrows in training or inconsistencies in the life of a praying parents, or what is such a course is the legitimate result. Few parents can be keener than that which accompanies the conversion of their child; what wonder that such parents should not be permitted to witness the fulfilment of their prayers. "It is not necessary that I should be here to keep watch over their faithfulness," said a dying saint with reference to those such prayers were still unanswered. Doubtless when all secrets are revealed, it will be found that there are no unanswered prayers, though it will at the same time be found that much that passed for prayer was not.

The lesto we are about to record upon the authority of one well acquainted with the parties, may be encouraging to some who are waiting or sorrow. A Christian father and mother, who were no strangers to the power of prayer, had long borne their son upon their hearts before the Lord. From a very early boy he was up to be a profane and profligate young man; and in addition to all their other sorrows, it was their grief to know that he was living in sin, and was ungodly as a proof of the carelessness of religious training and of the worthlessness of prayer. The restraints of his father's house, little as he seemed to heed them, soon became intolerable, and he departed, no one knew whither. His parents subsequently learned that, after a brief career of profligacy, he had sought refuge on board a ship as a common sailor.

During his first voyage, while he stood on the bulwarks of the ship utterly wanton in blasphemous, he lost his footing and fell overboard. Though every effort was made to rescue him, as the vessel was under considerable headway and the sea ran high, there were many delay before he could be reached by the boat, and he was taken out of the water apparently lifeless. Under some impulse the surgeon of the ship persevered in the use of means to restore animation after the captain and every one on board pronounced it a mere folly. His efforts were at last rewarded by some signs of life. The feeble spark was carefully cherished, and at length the young man opened his eyes and with a faint expression of joy on his countenance, looked around him, and at such an awakening exclaimed, "Jesus Christ has saved me!"

A long time elapsed before he recovered of his bodily injuries sufficiently to resume his wonted labors on the water. When he did, he said that, on his fall, he mind seemed at once opened to a clear view of the past history of his life and his awful guilt in the sight of God. He had no hope of being rescued, and for a time—it seemed so ages—he was overwhelmed with despair. But a wreath of God that seemed to await him. It was then he remembered how his father had oftened so much grief. He is now, or was very recently, a faithful and devoted follower of that Gospel of whose divine power he had been made to have been so long a scoffer. His duties of faithful service his salvation will not allow him to perform. He is at this moment who he sank into unconsciousness in the water. Had he not been recovered, his case would have been quoted as an instance of prayer unanswered; but, even then, believing parents, they knew that prayer would have looked forward to the day of our gathering together in glory, and to the joy no one who was lost among the trophies of redeeming love. Let them not cease to pray, ye shall ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive."—*Witness*

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

It belongs to the Protestant Church to make great account of the Bible. For this it has been distinguished from the first days of the Reformation, and we hope the time will never come, when it shall be less sacredly regarded or highly prized. As an inspired revelation from God, and as meeting us in a darkened and sinful world, as we are known as we are by sin, error and temptation, all calculated to lead us astray and to involve us in utter ruin at last, it fully merits, and should always receive, our deepest veneration, and entire confidence and love.

But it cannot be denied, that our professed regard for the Bible is not always understood in such a manner as best to prove its sanctity. The study of the Bible, it is said, is to be put off with eulogies, however high-wrought and beautiful these may be. There are many, who would be quite willing to fight for the Bible, who yet find it very difficult even to read it with that degree of concentration and care, to say nothing of shaping their lives by its precepts. Days and months, in the case of some, are allowed to pass away before they can even be able to read pages; and then, often, the only purpose that actuates them in an otherwise vague the desire to controvert the position taken by some one else in regard to its teachings.

With all the defects of this kind, and even its favor, the fact still remains and is patent —the Bible does not waken that sense of relative to the heart that it ought to sustain — in not the prayerful, humble spirit that holy and sublime interest that it should be—does not carry to it, that gentle reverence which in words we attribute to it. Here and there an earnest, old style Protestant Christian may be found, who, in the way of practical attention to the Bible, consistently illustrates his high and holy calling profession. He has given his heart and mind to the word, praying over its pages. Not only his spare time, but the time, also, which he cannot so well spare, he can and devotes to this purpose. It is the man of his counsel, and the guide of his steps. His occasions are seen in the light which from which he has gathered, by which he is aided in unlocking the meaning of passages, and possession of its lofty truths. Thus he honors the Bible, and the Bible honors him; it, not simply with his own narrow mind, unadvanced, half educated, prepossessed and full of predilections and prejudices, nor yet with the best and most highly developed intellect, but with the heart. It is from this. It is worthy of the best thought, guided by the most critical study, of the ages of the Church. Into this he endeavors to live himself, and to lead all of the better qualified properly to honor the sacred Volume, and from it, draw those lessons which may guide him on his way through a perverted world to his Father's home.

But how seldom do we find such instances of Bible devotion as the present day! How seldom is it, that persons are found seeking gods, of the character inculcated, to help them to a proper understanding of the Word of God! How little, as a result, is made part in a perfectly disconnected way, with out rule or system of any kind. The whole manner of the study, as a general thing, shows plainly enough, that, however pro fessed may be the love of the Bible for its own sake, by the readers what, by their professions, they say it is.

There is plainly a deception in regard to this, and one that is very common. It is sustained by our conduct. It is manifested by our conduct. It is manifested by our conduct. It is manifested

Poetry.

THE DYING MOTHER.

We were weeping round her pillow
For we knew that she must die,
It was night within our bosoms,
It was night upon the sky.

I turn not aware of an offense,
I do whether one of all
No I tried to whisper another,
But the blinding tears would fall

On my brown my little brother
Leaned his curling brow and eyes
And our at its long black tresses
Of my hanging bosom kept.

The shadow of an awful hue
Came over me as I trod,
To lay the burden of our grief
Before the throne of God.

Oh! he kind to one another,"
Was my mother's pleading prayer,
As her hand lay like a snow flake
On baby's golden hair.

Then a glory bound her forehead!
Like the glory of a crown,
And in the shine and of death
The star of life went down.

Her latest breath was borne away
Upon that living prayer,
And the hand grew heavier, pulse,
On the baby's golden hair.

ANNIE.

Home Circle.

JULIAN REED'S PUNISHMENT.

A TRUE STORY, BY EMMA BRIDGET.

The September day was mild and beautiful. The sun came up clear in the heavens, and the fan remaining birds of summer were striving to make up, in their notes, what they lacked in abundance in song.

The town of Kent, on the Cuya hoga river, in Ohio, boasted of a good school-houses—most of them, too, near the bank of the river. The first session of the teachers of the schools is wonderful deal of trouble. It was almost impossible to keep the scholars, especially the boys, away from the water. Many of them are, as well as too young to swim, and there was fear that some little hearts might be one of them drowned; for just as sure as they saw the water, their pants almost involuntarily slipped down their heels, and before the boy himself was quite aware of it, he was wading in the river. It was very evident and clear that he could distinctly see his toes on the gravelly bottom, even if he was over his knee in water.

One of these buildings was familiarly known as the "Red School-house." It occupied one of the pleasantest points on the river bank that skipped gently down to the water's edge dotted with a few large trees, under which the scholars would stand at noon and eat their dinners; then, when through the hasty work of eating their basknne, and lying down flat, would take a "rolling rest"—that is, all would commence to roll down a hill, and see which would reach the sands first. Their laughter, mingled with the shouts of the girls, who admiringly cheered them on, would echo from the farther bank; and there was a heavy growth of willows that hung gracefully over the water that flowed with a quick and where all the fishes gathered to hide when they tired the approach of summer.

The teacher at the Red School-house was more wearied of her pupils than those of any of the other schools. She was so fearful that some harm would happen while they were in the water, and so many times that she took her dinner with the rest, and sat and watched them, to see that none went in sh, were unable to swim. It was not then that the parents of any of the children duly cautioned them, but they seemed to forget all about this when out of the sight.

One day, at noon, as the teacher touched the little bell to call their attention a moment before the dismissal of the school, she said,

"Now, children, I cannot very well go with you, but you must not go near from the school-house, but I forbid you go or down this bank to the water. It will not be much of a hardship to you to stay out of it once. Take your balls and go over the other side of hill till the time comes for the good boys."

So she let them out, and saw them going over the hill with a shout. Then she picked up her satchel, and started to go past the noon with a friend, as she had promised.

After the teacher had been out of sight about twenty minutes, boy after boy, who walked around the base of the hill, in the direction of the river.

"That water looks mighty cool and nice, to-day," said George Riggins to a dark complexion, Julian Reed, as he threw up a marble and caught it in his hand.

"Yes," answered Julian, with a whistle looking cautiously around to see if anyone had heard what them.

No one answered the signal or appeared in sight.

"I guess we're big enough to go in the water without getting drowned," he continued; "nobody'll see us—let's go down on the sand, any way; there's no more in the teacher being so afraid to treat us out of sight."

So they ran along where the little waves came on playfully and ran over their bare feet. It was delightful to feel their soft caressure.

"Let us go in just up to our knees," said George. And in a moment they had waded knee deep, and were splashing the water all over themselves. Soon they said they would stop and look towards the top of the hill where the school-house stood, to ascertain if they were likely to be discovered, and they would hold their breaths and listen.

"I tell you," said George; "if you wade in up to your neck, and I'll give you the best china I've got. He's a fine fellow, you know, and he'd be getting him for me for nothing."

He held up the marble temptingly between his thumb and finger, with a challenging smile in his face, as Julian exclaimed,

"I'll do it—so here he goes!"

He didn't stop to take off any of his clothes but plunged ahead, while George stood up to his knees in water enjoying him.

Deeper and deeper the water was getting, as Julian waded on, and at last, when he reached his chin, George shouted,

"That'll do—come back now!"

But Julian couldn't come back—he had got into the current; it had taken him off his feet, and was bearing him away.

"Come back, why don't you?" again shouted George, but the only response was a frantic splashing of Julian's arms. He then began to be alarmed. He looked towards the school-house, but no one was in sight, though he could hear a faint murmur of voices beyond. Right around him there was almost a death-like stillness, and Julius's head was almost out of sight as he floated down the stream, and at intervals gave a wild struggle to regain his feet, but in vain.

George couldn't think of leaving his friend, so go in search of help, for before he could get back Julian might go entirely out of sight, and no one know where to look for him. He commenced shouting with all his might, and the energy of despair seized him as, looking again to where he had seen the brown head floating just on the surface, it was gone out of sight.

Louder and wilder he hallooed, and at last the head of a man appeared over the top of the hill. George swung the hat, and kept shouting as the man hurried down, and was soon able to understand what was the trouble. He threw off his coat and boots and pitched into the water, swimming down with his might, till he observed a dark object, which was Julian, coming to the surface for the third and last time. He grasped him, and keeping his head out of the water, brought him out and laid him on the green grass.

George had all this time stood motionless in the water, unconscious of what he was, or what he was doing, with his mouth open, and, as they say, "his heart in his mouth."

By this time a good many people had gathered on the bank. Julian lay motionless as if entirely dead; but after a long time, during which they were busy trying from side to side, to force the water from his stomach, he began to groan piteously, and eject the "nasty water," as in his sufferings he called it. He opened his eyes, and in a while they gave him some wine, and as the anxious teacher bent over him to see tears in her eyes, he looked up in her face and said,

"I was most gone, Miss Birdsey, and I guess 'twas because I want down there after you told me not to. But I'll never, never go again without you go with us. (I the dreadful water, you see) and he put his hand to his stomach and opened his mouth, as if he could not get rid of the sickening sensation.

His long fright served with his teacher still as learned to swim, and then he was a sort of protector over the others.—*Little Corporal.*

THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

In 1858, Lieutenant Brooke obtained and took with him to the North Atlantic in the steamer Newfoundland and the Aurore, at a depth of more than 2,000 fathoms, the first by the help of his sounding apparatus. The instruments were sent to Lieutenant Brooke, of Derby, and to Bailey, of West Point, and these skilful men succeeded admirably consequently ordered Captain Dayman, an old friend and shipmate of mine, to ascertain the depth of the whole line from Valentia, and to bring back specimens of the bottom, if possible. In those days soundings as this might have sounded very much like one of the impossible undertakings of the young prince in the Fairy Tales is ordered to do before he can win the hand of the fair princess. However, in the months of June and July, 1857, my friend performed the task assigned to him in a most satisfactory manner, without, so far as I know, having met with any reward for that deed. The specimens of Atlantic mud which he procured were sent to me, and the sight never to be forgotten upon.

The result of these operations is that we know the contours and nature of the surface and covered by the North Atlantic for a distance of 1,640 miles from one side of it as well as we all know that of any part of the dry land.

It is a prodigious plain—one of the widest and most even in the world. Its middle line was were dragged off you might drive a team and the side of the Valentia, on the east coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland. And, except upon one small spot, which is about two miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would be even necessary to put the wheels of your gensils are the secrets and decents on that line—unspired it be—for the whole way from its dome hill for about 300 miles to the point at which the bottom is first covered by 1,700 fathoms of sea-water. Then would come the central plain, more than 1,000 miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of the water upon it would range from 10,000 to 15,000 feet; and there are places in which Mont Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this, the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads for about 300 miles to the Newfoundland shore.

Almost the whole bottom of this central plain (which extends for many hundred miles in a north and south direction) is covered by a fine mud, which, when brought to the surface, does not present to the eye a very pleasant appearance. You can write with this on a blackboard, if you like to make it, and to the eye it is quite like very soft grayish chalk. Examined chemically, it proved to be composed wholly of carbonate of lime; and if you make a section of it in the same way as that of a piece of chalk is made, and view it with a microscope, it presents innumerable specimens of the kind in the granular matrix. Thus the deep sea mud assubstantially chalk.—*Prof. Huxley.*

FIRST DISPLAY OF THE STARS AND STRIPES

Captain C. H. Preble, of the United States Navy, says, that in the Navy Department and evidence concerning its origin, its first appearance, and its first appearance in various parts of the world. He informs the *Historical Magazine* that he has no doubt that the stars and stripes were first displayed on the Thames in May, 1776, by a fool, of Nantucket. The Bedford was a whaler, which had Nantuckets under a pass from Admiral Digby, and arrived on the February 24, 1780, twelve days before proclamation of peace was made, and on the week after the London newspapers had got hold of the letter from the Secretary of the London *Political Magazine*, of February 7th, in which the event is recorded, in a passage which reads as follows:

"The United States are in the Revolution.—Mr. Hamond begged leave to inform the House of a very recent and extraordinary event. There was, he said, as the time he was speaking, an American ship in the Thames with thirteen stripes flying on a board. This ship had offered to enter at the custom house, but the officers were at a loss how to behave. His motive for mentioning the subject was that Sovereigns might take such steps with the American Commissioners as would secure free intercourse with this country and America."

It is a curious fact that the Marie, a vessel that has been named by some writers as a schoolmaid for the honor due the Bedford, and which certainly was in the Thames on the coarse of the year 1776, is still afloat and in use. The Confederate States Trainer forced the old ship to take refuge under the Chilian flag, and she now sails from Talcahuano as a whaler. But the first display of the thirteen stripes in England, was not from the masthead of a vessel. When the King, on the 4th of November, 1782, in his speech from the throne, recognized the exertions of the United States in a nation. Copley, the painter, who was among his hearers, rushed home and put his on the sign into the background of a portrait—that of Richard, Earl Howe—which he was upon his easel at the time. He had kept the flag-staff behind, reserving it as a place to represent a ship bearing to the harbour the intelligence of the acknowledgment of American Independence at the rising sun of the new nation streaming from her gaff.

HISTORICAL PIE.

Sometimes in the best ordered printing office it is happens that a form which is one or more pages of reading matter, gets up in type, and instead in an iron frame ready for the press, is dumped down in an accident. The man who is carrying it in his hands begins to groan piteously, in such a way that it is lessened, and out rushes the boss from his office, and he cries "in pie," as the printers call it, and some one must pick up the scattered type, and, laboriously, put it in its proper place. Then we restore it to its proper position. This is the history of the letter heard with his pie is not in the least like Jack Horner, but it is nevertheless a sad and sorrowfully-titled boy.

Not long since he happened to use Such a fine little table of history as we had set for the boys and girls this week: There was meat and drink for them, and we had left out pie, and the printer who tried to put it in got it in a sad way indeed. Will any Industrious boy or girl help us out of our trouble? If so, we will arrange this jumble into correct statements. You will like it, we know. Here it is:

The most ambitious is James Gellie Watts, the inventor of the horse, and Washington Irving, who was born in Troy Alva, who perfected the steam engine. Alva is quite of every thing. Columbus, who was an American. Napoleon was a Spaniard. The proper place for a country is sufficient for navigators, was born at Rome.

Sydney Smith, who was born in a log cabin, and split rails for a living, was a tyrant man, and his "Pilgrim's Progress" took until to be read, particularly by children.

No one questions the fine literary culture and classic eloquence of Phillips. He is the very first of American orators. The readers of his matchless orations rarely make more glaring his foolish stutter. Even Webster, the rush of ideas, he had not his boldness. He by his side is a timid child, and as such fully in Phillips, unless we adopt the supposition that Webster was inspired. Compared of the highest by comparing his mind with the pure light of his life, we must not look yet into it the more it contracts." This is the conclusion from such a man as shows the wisdom of this old saying: "Like master, like man."

My friends, clear your mind of cant."

Well was spoken by one of the orators of the most desultory readers and rarely read of the Pilgrim's Progress. That work, he said, was equal to the Bible in every part which he wished linger. This is no common praise from one the most pedantic of critics and the most learned of men. But Bunyan's sublimeste is saying that Pilgrim's Progress is equal to the Bible in every part, is almost every nearest it is a greater farfetched. Bunyan is not equal to Paul, the great American orator. Phillips, if he only be, or reason, should, valea Bunyan for his style. He is in a similar case with the man of one who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. Let him study Bunyan in our utterance on which we could so readily make the fine flame of the most splendid English language; no book which shows so well how rich the English is in its words for proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borne wear.

"I say to you, my friends, that, certainly by such thoughtless flags at the great Centenary, by men who think more of their philosophy than their Bible, and more of their politics than either of their Christianity, we would quote the testimony of Bunyan as to what we were afraid to say, that though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creatives minds. One of these was Milton, the other was Bunyan, the author of the Pilgrim's Progress."—*The Lutheran Observer.*

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

A good deal has been said lately about sleepers in churches, and many people are criminately condemnatory. There may be a deep-seated reason for the drowsiness which are surreptitious and seeming to the contrary notwithstanding. We can sleep in church from pure indifference to the sanctities of divine worship, or we can sleep because we are tired. The word of God, let the misdemeanor be regarded in the former category, but the latter nomolists are, we think, the exceptional cases.

Sometimes there is physical debility, or nervous exhaustion, which induces sleep as soon as the body is in repose, and sometimes there is a chronic constitutional somnolency, which the will cannot overcome. Both cases indicate the propriety of being carried to bed, rather than somnolently supported to church.

Our friend L. W. H. has sent us the following historical fragment, translated from the German, and in the form of a letter, which we think for the use of any churches that may need the services of a sleeper-catcher:

How people are kept awake in the Danish churches, in the 19th century.

A Belgian paper publishes the following of royal revenue, when, in the year 1822, Charles VIII., predecessor of the present king, was obliged to increase the taxes, in consequence of the war, went about the streets with a bell, crying out, "Who will sleep in church?" Whereupon all those who sleep in the churches during divine worship, but interested in a consider able extent, we have designed to decree that each congregation shall appoint a few men of strong lungs, who shall go around in the churches in order to keep the church goers awake. To this end, these men shall be armed with a long pole, surrounded with a piece of leather wherewith it shall touch the heads of church goers.

PRAYING AND GIVING.

"A minister writes: In obtaining subscriptions for a benevolent purpose, I called upon a gentleman in one of our largest cities. He generously contributed to the object. Before leaving I said to him, one month, think you will such an individual as you are, who does so much for it, but could you hear that man pray, you would think that he would give you all he is worth." So I called upon him, but, to my surprise, he would not contribute. As I was about to take my leave, I said to him, "Sir, I suppose you have called an individual what you would probably give?" I know," said he, "but could you hear that man pray, you would think he would give you all he is worth. The man's head-dress, and the hood from his cape he took on his pocket-book, and gave me seventy five dollars."

FAITH.

A clergyman, in New York, long since, preaching on faith that *Faith* was Christ's Magnetic Telegraph. One of his hearers, a very worthy man, but somewhat *literal thoughtful*, was dear-ous of knowing where the telegraph was. He had supposed the answer was given, '*In every lively heart of prayer*.'"

A RARE CHRISTIAN.

Sydney Smith was one of the most every statesman who had a rush of ideas, should have a rush of words to match, in searching against offending public opinion. We were impressed with the wisdom of this precaution at the public meeting, in reference recently before a Boston audience, of a certain gentleman, a stranger to the literary taste as the religious sentiment of Christendom. He was to read a production of his own, prepared for the occasion. Wendell Phillips, the orator of the day, was present. Boynton was a crazy man, and his "Pilgrim's Progress" took until to be read, particularly by children.

No one questions the fine literary culture and classic eloquence of Phillips. He is the very first of American orators. The readers of his matchless orations rarely make more glaring his foolish stutter. Even Webster, the rush of ideas, he had not his boldness. He by his side is a timid child, and as such fully in Phillips, unless we adopt the supposition that Webster was inspired. Compared of the highest by comparing his mind with the pure light of his life, we must not look yet into it the more it contracts." This is the conclusion from such a man as shows the wisdom of this old saying: "Like master, like man."

My friends, clear your mind of cant."

Well was spoken by one of the orators of the most desultory readers and rarely read of the Pilgrim's Progress. That work, he said, was equal to the Bible in every part which he wished linger. This is no common praise from one the most pedantic of critics and the most learned of men. But Bunyan's sublimeste is saying that Pilgrim's Progress is equal to the Bible in every part, is almost every nearest it is a greater farfetched. Bunyan is not equal to Paul, the great American orator. Phillips, if he only be, or reason, should, valea Bunyan for his style. He is in a similar case with the man of one who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. Let him study Bunyan in our utterance on which we could so readily make the fine flame of the most splendid English language; no book which shows so well how rich the English is in its words for proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borne wear.

"I say to you, my friends, that, certainly by such thoughtless flags at the great Centenary, by men who think more of their philosophy than their Bible, and more of their politics than either of their Christianity, we would quote the testimony of Bunyan as to what we were afraid to say, that though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creatives minds. One of these was Milton, the other was Bunyan, the author of the Pilgrim's Progress."—*The Lutheran Observer.*

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

A good deal has been said lately about sleepers in churches, and many people are criminately condemnatory. There may be a deep-seated reason for the drowsiness which are surreptitious and seeming to the contrary notwithstanding. We can sleep in church from pure indifference to the sanctities of divine worship, or we can sleep because we are tired. The word of God, let the misdemeanor be regarded in the former category, but the latter nomolists are, we think, the exceptional cases.

Sometimes there is physical debility, or nervous exhaustion, which induces sleep as soon as the body is in repose, and sometimes there is a chronic constitutional somnolency, which the will cannot overcome. Both cases indicate the propriety of being carried to bed, rather than somnolently supported to church.

Our friend L. W. H. has sent us the following historical fragment, translated from the German, and in the form of a letter, which we think for the use of any churches that may need the services of a sleeper-catcher:

How people are kept awake in the Danish churches, in the 19th century.

A Belgian paper publishes the following of royal revenue, when, in the year 1822, Charles VIII., predecessor of the present king, was obliged to increase the taxes, in consequence of the war, went about the streets with a bell, crying out, "Who will sleep in church?" Whereupon all those who sleep in the churches during divine worship, but interested in a consider able extent, we have designed to decree that each congregation shall appoint a few men of strong lungs, who shall go around in the churches in order to keep the church goers awake. To this end, these men shall be armed with a long pole, surrounded with a piece of leather wherewith it shall touch the heads of church goers.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

As there are certain definite laws in relation to the rights of publishers of newspapers, which do not seem to be understood, we will endeavor to make a plain synopsis of them and solicit attention thereto.

1. A Postmaster is required to give notice by letter, (forwarding a paper does not answer the law) when a subscription does not take his paper out of the office, and the reason why it is not taken; and a neglect to do so makes the Postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the Post-office whether directed to his name or another, or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it be taken from the office or not. There must be a regular discontinuance and payment to that time.

4. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME AND DEPOT.

On and after Monday, December 28, 1868, the trains of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad will leave the New Depot, at THIRTEENTH and MARKET Sts., instead of Kensington Depot, as heretofore.

The 10 o'clock Third, Fourth and Eighth, Green and Coates, Spruce and Pine, Chestnut and Walnut, Union Passenger Railways, and the Fifth and Sixth, Arch and Race, Fourteen Passenger Railways, connect with the Market Street Railway, which passes directly to the Depot. Cars constantly running. Depot to Water Front Passenger Railway.

Ticket Office at the Depot, Market Street Passenger Railway leaves from the Ferry-boat landing, commencing one hour previous to the departure of each train. Fare 5 cents. Baggage will be checked through.

Tickets are on sale in addition to the several trains to the principal points West.

On SUNDAYS—Cars leave Harrisburg and Market Sts. at 8.30 A. M., and Thirteenth and Market Sts. at 9.00 A. M., connecting with Fast Line for Pittsburgh.

Market Passenger Railway will, hereafter, be located at Broad and Market Sts., and will run through to the Depot. In addition to the trains, one hour it does or non-stable runs, approximately every

TRAINS LEAVE AND ARRIVE AT DEPOT THUS DAILY.

MAIL EXPRESS	at	7.30 A. M.
MAIL TRAIN	at	10.00 A. M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	at	10.00 A. M.
FAST LINE	at	12.00 M.
PARKESBURG	at	1.10 P. M.
COLUMBIA ACCOMMODATION	at	4.00 P. M.
HOLMESBURG ACCOMMODATION	at	4.00 P. M.
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	at	4.00 P. M.
MAIL TRAIN, No. 2	at	8.00 P. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	at	11.10 P. M.

PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	at	4.30 A. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	at	7.30 A. M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION	at	8.15 A. M.
PARKESBURG	at	9.00 A. M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	at	12.00 P. M.
FAST LINE	at	3.15 P. M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION	at	5.40 P. M.
MAIL TRAIN	at	6.00 P. M.
COLUMBIA ACCOMMODATION	at	6.30 P. M.
MAIL TRAIN	at	11.30 P. M.
HARRISBURG EXPRESS	at	12.00 Night.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. Pittsburg Express and Mail leaves daily, (except Saturday.) All other Trains leave daily, Sundays excepted.

For further information, as to time and connections, see Time Tables at the Depots.

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THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Editor.
William C. Banton, Assistant Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 27, 1869. Vol. IX. No. 7. New Series. Whole No. 409.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Is published every Saturday on behalf of the AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

REV. JOSHUA WOODLIN,

Agent and Book Steward,

No. 631 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

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Two lines occupy one inch space.

Poetry.

THE SISTER'S LOVE.

The melancholy incident which is the subject of the following lines is thus related:—Two children, a boy of ten and a girl of fourteen years, were sent by their brother to market. Returning in the evening they were overtaken by a terrific snow storm, lost their way, and perished among the mountains.

When their bodies were recovered the boy was found clasped in his sister's arms; her shawl around his feet, her scant shawl on his body, and his hands wrapped in her bosom. By this we are tempting to save her brother's life at the sacrifice of her own while poor little girl has left us a touching proof of the strength and devotion of a sister's love.

The sun was cold December light,
Most chilling blew the blast,
Dark clouds obscured the stars from sight,
The snow was falling fast.

Slow dragged long hours to doubt and dread,
In prayers, not tears, a mother shed;
While weeping for their little feet
Her children sought their home in vain,
There, lost, forever, wandered those,
While rough winds blew, they sank alone

Still deeper fell the drifting snow,
The wind blew colder still;
With human strength their steps grew slow,
Their limbs benumbed and chill,
Her brother's strength gave out at last,
The tale of his was ebbing fast,
To urge him on, he rais'sha tried,
Alike in vain her help she'd tried,
"Oh mother, dear, how wonder those fly,
Tonight thou but hear our dying cry!"

How few a sister's love have known,
Or what its virtues mean;
Is life so strength can ne'er be shown,
In death 'tis seen.

Around his feet she wrapped her shawl,
Around his neck and chest, her all;
Within her bosom pure and white,
His frame hands she folded tight,
Where dying lamb those children gave,
Reclasped in death, no bond to save.

On dark and perilous mountain bright
Death proved a sister's love,
But how the mother passed the night
Is only known above.
How oft she gazed on she did cry
Their forms to see with piercing eye;
Or strained to catch a mother's ear,
Their steps amid the storm to hear.
Cold night-owns made one grave for them;
Heaven will whole joyed their requiem.

For the Christian Recorder.

WHERE ARE WE DRIFTING?

Mr. Editor:—We constitute a portion of American citizens, and like the mariner after having been shipwrecked on the ocean, rose sea, and the storm subsides, and the fog disappears, he gets out his compass and takes fresh soundings for the purpose of ascertaining whether he is not nearing some rock-bound coast.

The recent attempt to galvanize the discussion on "African colonization" reminds me that we ought to inquire where we are, and to what point we are verging, and for what point is our future destination. The time was when the institution of American slavery and the American Colonization Society and its branches held such almost undisputed sway over the minds, and religion of the American people, that our fearful prospect of citizenship was shrouded in gloom, and a popular prejudice threatened our expulsion from our native soil. Thank God! their charm is broken, and although they once inhaled a giant's strength, and wielded colossal power, they are now like a dead corpse, riven in twain by the sugest spirit of the age.

Our Christian fathers, the recent victims of the slave code holed imbued with the natural spirit of freedom, and guided by the spirit of inquisition, perceived the objects and designs of the American Colonization Society, unveiled it by creating a public sentiment against it which has proved invincible.

They held a public meeting in this city in the month of January, 1817, immediately after the Society was organized, and passed the following among other resolutions:

Resolved, That we have a right to express ourselves voluntarily from the free discussion in this country; they are one *brotherhood* by the ties of *consanguinity*, of *suffering* and of *wrong*, and we feel that there is more virtue in suffering privations with them than in fancied enjoyments for a season."

Among the members of the meeting that adopted that noble resolution, we find the distinguished and historical names of the Rev Richard Allen, Rev. Absalom Jones, Rev John Gloucester, Robert Douglass, Robert Gordon, James Johnson, Quamany Clarkson, John Summerrett, and Randall Shepherd, and it was signed by James Forten, President, and Russell Parrott, Secretary On the 10th day of the ensuing August, they again assembled in a schoolhouse in Green's Court, and adopted an address setting forth their principles in such a plain and dignified manner, that it deserves to be recorded in letters of living gold. South was the inaugaration of the noblest secular effort ever made by our people, and it was received in the broadest sense and adopted by universal acclamations

In the year 1831 and 32, some meetings were held in Maryland, the middle and Eastern states all protesting in the same spirit and manner against the measures of the A. C Society, with a degree of manliness never before equalled.

In the year 1832, Rev. Lloyd Garrison published a remarkable pamphlet entitled "Thoughts on Colonization," fully exposing its dangerous influence on the rights, interests and privileges of the "free people of color."

He arraigned the American Colonization Society before the bar of the civilized world in ten distinct and specific charges as follows: 1st: The American Colonization Society is a plaything and bulwark to negro slavery; 2: Apologizes for slaveholders; 3rd: Increases the value of slaves; 4: Increases the value of slaves; 5: Is the enemy of immediate emancipation; 6. Is nourished by selfishness; 7: Aims at the expulsion of the blacks; 8: Is the enemy of the free Africa blacks; 9. Denies the possibility of elevating the blacks in this country, 10. Misleads and deceives the nation.

It is not for me to repeat what a miserably weak and deluded, that he so powerfully sustained these charges against the Society by an array of facts and arguments taken from its acknowledged organs and the public records of its distinguished members, that he successfully convicted it before the tribunal of the American people. Now, it is important here to remark that he did not utter a *single* anathema against poor pilfered, bleeding Africa, nor against the malevolence of science, art, commerce, religion, or civilization into that benighted continent. But on the contrary he says "Let the colored people continue to receive kindness, and elicit the prayers of the good and benevolent. Still let it remain within the pale of Christian sympathy Blot it not out of existence."

My object in arranging these facts and testimonies is to show that our fathers in 1817, their successors in 1831 and '33, and Mr. Garrison founded their objections to the A. C. Society, because of its relation to the American slavery, and not as a missionary movement for the civilization of Africa

In contrasting that period with the present, we find that the primary objections against the Society have been removed The declaration of our fathers that they would not "separate from their brethren to bondage," does not now hold good, as they are all now freemen. The five charges of Mr Garrison relating to slavery have been swept away by the events of the war, and the Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln. The seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth, relating to the "free people of color" have met with a similar fate, they being translated into citizenship. For be it remembered that when the Colonization Society was formed, there were laws in the slaveholding states of persons recognized by law to our nation as State codes, "citizens, slaves and free blacks."

Now all have been absorbed into the term American citizen, and of these two distinctions are being removed from our civil codes. The clause termed "free people of color" is worse than the slave, for it is designed to remove, no longer exists, and no fears need be entertained against the exercise of the legitimate functions of the Society, when our national legislation and laws have wrested from the Society the avowed objects of its sympathy It appears to me that any colored man who has any claim to intelligence, and been an observer of the events, that the Society has had for more than thirty years, and has not realized that the A. C. Society has not been shorn of its offensive features, must be incorrigibly *deluded by prejudice, warped by ignorance, and searbly insane*

The Society exists to-day simply as a missionary and educational enterprise for the purpose of civilizing and evangelizing Africa. Whoever objects to this, let him speak! A Republic is now in existence on the Western coast of Africa and been acknowledged by the civilized governments throughout Europe, and is fighting the battles of civil and barbarism on its own continent. *Does* any lover of freedom humanity and Christian progress regret this? If so let him speak, for the inmost sentiments of his soul. Let us hear what Mr. Garrison said on this subject in 1831 while attempting to overthrow the Society: "If white missionaries cannot, black ones can, survive in Africa. What then is in our duty? Obviously to have educated men of genius, enterprise and piety exactly to carry the "glad tidings of great joy" to her sorrowing shores. Suppose to effect, stand ready to be sent if they can first be qualified for the mission If our free colored population were brought into our schools, and raised from their present low estate, I am confident an army of Christian volunteers would go out from their ranks by a divine impulse, and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit to redeem their African brethren from the bondage of idolatry and spiritual death."

Does any descendant of poor, pillaged, bleeding Africa, with the blood of consanguinity flowing in his veins, and who professes to have received the baptism of his "Holy Spirit" object to this: If so let him speak while the "demons in pandemonium" assist her cry. And is not this noble work being actively prosecuted by men and women who are brothers in African colonization, and who are not known as Americo in the land of Bureau Providence, for enlightening, civilizing and Christianizing that sunset shore of idolatry, barbarism and superstition? Is every man who has the moral boldness to speak out his conviction on this subject to be anathematized as a traitor to his race in this country, because there is a moral obtuseness of intellect in many persons who are so blind as not to discover the *broad* difference between the *past* and the *present* The reply I will state is as my firm conviction that no man should fear any amount of odium that may be cast upon him for denouncing the intolerance and despotism that would entice away one man or woman for opinion's sake, who are arduously laboring for the welfare of our race in the United States, and who are also spending their thousands and tens of thousands of dollars and long colleges and institutions of learning, that no man should fear any opinion because of education, knowledge and Christian civilization. It is to be regretted that there are colored men distinguished for intelligence, and whose oratorical powers give them to the popular mind, whose prejudices against Africa and ignorance of her capacity, as the future historian may place them side by side with the original despisers of Africa.

W. M. Whipper

For the Christian Recorder.

COLORED COMMON SCHOOLS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. Editor: Sir:—I make bold to say, that in no northern State except Indiana, is the public school interests of colored children so meanly maintained as in Pennsylvania.

Colored day schools, in the character and meaning of their language, when they have any, in the countenance and facilities of their school-rooms—such as ventilation, seats, desks, and apparatus, in the grade of studies taught, and often in the term and salary for teaching are among the meanest known to the name in the State.

In Lancaster, republican Lancaster, the home of the lamented Stevens, colored children are huddled in a little back room, away from day and civilization, and are taught the most primary branches, by a teacher accepting a very reduced salary in pay for the colored children, knowing that the School Board will not pay more. These wronged children are crammed upon seats during the winter season, for which the walls have to form backs, with neither room enough to separate and grade them into classes, or short spans for the recitation of their lessons

In Germantown there was no common school for colored children, and the School Board last year and probably none yet. Colored children were taught by a teacher appointed by committeemen made by the parents and Quakers.

In Williamsport colored children were only allowed a three months' school during the year, and white children have ten months, of course.

In Harrisburg, almost within sound of the Capitol, colored children are gathered in one room room, with many seats, with mean desks, and without any, the thumping noise of an iron work-shop adjoining, to arouse them to their lessons.

These are but a few instances of the kind, which are prevalent throughout the State, with a low very recent improvements

The kind and the normal schools are closed against us, and the schools which are provided for our children are so unattractive and generally deficient so to make indifferent the strongest desire for education.

Until a higher and better grade of common schools are furnished us colleges will be of little avail, while the Lincoln church institutions as Avery College, Colored Institute and Lincoln University will be greatly crippled in their efforts to educate the colored youth of the State.

It is in the State public schools that children are taught the principles of a republic How many colored children have these low graded common schools which are furnished

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 27, 1869.

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☞ Any member wishing a Hymn Book or Discipline, let them send me $3 00 each, of our lay members neglect to have them.

NOTICE.

Will all the Preachers, friends, at home and abroad, please send to the Editor whatever matter they may wish to be inserted in the *Recorder*.

A Pastor's Present.—At the late Quarterly Conference of Israel, Baltimore, Md., the members and friends of Rev. D. W. Moore voted him, and by a handsome majority an ice pitcher, water, and ice goblets. We have seen them, and can assure our readers that it is a handsome set. Gifts to some preachers are only evidences of their greed, to others they are evidences of the estimation of some merit. In this case it was an evidence of the sober estimate in which a whole congregation held their pastor, one of the noblest of men—a man who knows not what it is to fear an enemy, or to crouch down as a coward whose motto is: "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall."

The presentation speech was made by Henry Bradshore, Esq., and we are told it was done in a most happy manner

Such evidences of the congregational favor, so near Conference time, are quite ominous indeed.

The Day of Judgment.—We do not mean the great and notable day of God, when His Throne will be set, and the nations summoned to appear, but we do mean when the judgment of the rising generation of Afri can Methodists will be pronounced upon their ministers. What will be the verdict of it, but to doom all the ignorant to "Depart."

A mighty revolution it will be, when those who are the little ones now, will come into power. We know not a few men now who are conspicuous incumbents, who must be compelled to take a back seat. And whereafter? *They do not love their books*; and because they do not love their books, people who do, will not endure blind guides.

We whisper in the ears of some of our brethren who are greatly alive to politics, to handle and black broad-cloth suits, if they are wise, they will take to their books If they do not, surely they will be the most pompous brought to hear upon our Bishops, that they will be compelled to send them out on Circuits, Missions, and second rate stations. A first class appointment will never be given them, because the intelligence of the people will not endure it. Come, brethren, let us resolve to make the Missionary and A. M E Church second to none in the land.

"Our Kinsmen in Brazil."—The jolly old monks of St. Benito here appear to recognize this fact, and are getting rid of some of their worldly wealth while it is left to them Some of it they eat and drink, feeling that they probably the last of their race in Brazil, are not called on to mortify them selves randomly; but, besides this, they are getting on with the freedom of their slaves In May, 1868, it was determined on, and it was agreed on, that all the children born after that date would be registered as free born at their baptism, and that some education and a trade should be taught them so that they could be useful when they grown up. Besides the some 130 adult negroes of both sexes here born slaves, in addition to the ninety-three infants born since May, 1868. The monks here, therefore, already made good progress in gradually relieving their Order of slaves, and thus slowly freeing only those adults who show themselves likely to improve by freedom, and the old and disabled, they propose providing for until death. The monks are very wealthy; and have many plantations in va rious parts of the empire"

We clip the above from the New York *Herald* correspondence, dated "Rio Janeiro, Dec. 26, 1868." It will be seen that the liberal policy of the Emperor Don Pedro, who lately emancipated his own slaves, is having a good effect upon all classes of his subjects. We have no words of condemnation to waste on the conduct of the Brazilian priests or of the people. All of our words are needed to cry "Hosea" to the moving chariot of liberty. In the moment of victory, what soldier thinks of kicking a fallen foe? of showing a personal enemy? The thought of having triumphed makes him forget the bitterness of the strife. With fallen slaveholders, so they American, Spanish, or Brazilian, we have no contest. We only wish that they may have some enough to submit to God's fiat.

How truly can we sing our hymn of,

"We are rising. We are rising."

Fifty or sixty years ago, all the world over, we were poring in dungeons with scarcely a ray of light to cheer the melancholy hours From the depths we tried and tried He came to deliver His feet of burning first touched the cloud-capped mountains of Hayti His finger, the type of Toussaint His first word waked up thousands to liberty. As if to ass the workings of His own almighty deeds He halted a generation and, as of old, at our jubilee cry of it, He said, "It is good." Jamaica next felt the stately steppings of His majesty, when in 800 000 s looked into him, and followed the footsteps of His providences. He halted again to reason with America A generation more passed away, and behold the rousing of the Lord! Truly came He baring the clouds for His chariot. In terrible majesty He rode through the land. The day came when the men He slow only equalled the number of the men He redeemed The redeemed and the dead made the scales of justice to bow in His hand to stand still. Twice the number of Israel came up from the Egypt of the South

The glorious work still goes on Gen Dulee Dance would be preferably prisoner or stared in His leg. But the men of the Church prepare to lead the van. Ours is the post of honor. Let us claim it. Let us rise through the dust of God, fill it to the benefit of the world, and fill it to the dignity of the race with which we are identified.

Our Sabbath schools.—As we move around we are constantly coming in contact with the workings of not a few of our Sabbath schools We have thought so as to the character of these schools. They are generally worked, might not only be interesting but profitable Each of the schools has its peculiar associations and defects. We propose to speak of them with the love of that each may have as many excellent features as possible; believing that too much thought cannot possibly be given to this portion of the Church.

Bethel School, Philadelphia.

The Sabbath-school of Bethel Church can rise for its Superintendent Wm. C. Banson, our clerk and assistant. This school is one of the most wide awake in Philadelphia for there. The latest singing books, with the latest mode of teaching, are eagerly sought for and adopted. The order of the Sabbath board system is here carried out. The Superintendent has a large black-board upon which is written the lesson for the day, and sometimes it is drawn. A few Sabbaths since when we were present the theme was, "Jesus Stills the Tempest" The superintendent has skillfully drawn a serpent among the letters In connection with the black-board is used a publication of lessons for the whole month, much in the form of a text. Each of these publications contains four lessons, and they are circulated among the teachers and scholars. More definite than the lesson in a book, and equally as cheap, they have an early dispensed to it in this school. The singing is good, while the sweet voice of Miss from the organ by Miss Maston complete the melody

A bad feature of the school is the marking of the scholars for teachers when absent. Each teacher should understand that the presence is needed at every session of the school, if for no other reason than to due justice to his scholars. A teacher that is willing to have his scholars marked for the merit of regular attendance, and have him branded every quarter as a delinquent, is not fit for his position. The Superintendent is careful to have the scholars marked in the absence of the teachers every Sabbath, but permits the teachers to mark their the children suffer in character a little than thus gives the teacher a credit. It does not seem right. Bethel School has many brought to hear upon our Bishops, that they will be compelled to send them out on Circuits, Missions, and second rate stations. A first class appointment will never be given them, because the intelligence of the people will not endure it. Come, brethren, let us resolve to make the Missionary and A M E Church second to none in the land.

"Our Kinsmen in Brazil."—The jolly old monks of St. Benito here appear to recognize this fact, and are getting rid of some of their worldly wealth while it is left to them Some of it they eat and drink, feeling that they probably the last of their race in Brazil, are not called on to mortify them selves randomly; but, besides this, they are getting on with the freedom of their slaves In May, 1868, it was determined on, and it was agreed on, that all the children born after that date would be registered as free born at their baptism, and that some education and a trade should be taught them so that they could be useful when they grown up. Besides the some 130 adult negroes of both sexes here born slaves, in addition to the ninety-three infants born since May, 1868. The monks here, therefore, already made good progress in gradually relieving their Order of slaves, and thus slowly freeing only those adults who show themselves likely to improve by freedom, and the old and disabled, they propose providing for until death. The monks are very wealthy; and have many plantations in va rious parts of the empire"

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How truly can we sing our hymn of,

"We are rising. We are rising."

largely to the support of the above mentioned orphans. A $100 organ peals forth its sweet strains every Sabbath Among its most active workers is our Baltimore correspondent, Isaac Myers, Esq. An excellent feature of this school is their modern raising manner. A lad is appointed, who lookeeps hand, goes to each teacher. The Secretary calls out, "Class No. —— How many scholars present?" (or whatever it is.) This occasions a laudable rivalry between the classes, and the result is that nearly every Sabbath we have full and prompt returns. Let any of the schools who complain of poverty adopt this plan and they will find their treasury in a short time.

Ebenezer School, Baltimore

This school reminded me of a fine large plant forced into a very little pot. — Over Mr. Myers's dwelling is a large and comfortable room, int that homely partition he removed. A crowded plant will not thrive. But in this school one of the modern ideas of teaching have been introduced Nothing, no black board, no music. On the platform sits the pastor, the Superintendent, in conjunction with all his officers, are desirous of making it second to none. A few Sabbaths since, the Lord sent a spirit of improvement noticed as occasioned by the fact that for the last six or eight years the Lord has been pouring His rain on a strain paying for their $30000 church and parsonage.

The schools of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Wilmington, N. C., will be the subject for next week

A Passion Minister.—Christ said to Peter, "Feed my sheep" Here is the true basis of a church and a minister. Christ's Church is a flock. He is the chief Shepherd and owner. The minister is the under shepherd, and has received his command to "Feed the flock" To fail in this is to fail in everything. What would be thought of one who professed to be a master to attend his flock, if he would permit it to hunger and to starve? Would he not be branded as a cruel man; and his flock be greatly wasted? Would he not be branded as his master's hero will. If he never led them to pure pastures, and by still waters? Would he thought of him? and if he presumed to give mouldy water, his condemnation would be doubly weighted, and his flock would pronounce him a heartless wretch.

A member of the New York Legislature who was expelled because his constituents were compelled to give rent, and food, and drink to the cattle they transport, punishing them for the cruelty of starving them for unwholesome food, or give stale water. This is int the dictate of humanity, and shows the silent and adopted Christianity of the people. Infinitely more condemnable is it, to treat thus the flock of the Lord—the sheep of his pasture, that is written by the Lord, to be more better a hundred sheep be starved than one immortal soul—better drowse of hirelings than that one soul be lost—better loss of the Lord's pasture. Nor is this simile far fetched. It is true Christ's flock must be fed; yet we are told that it is by the under herds of the drover. The appetite of the soul is just as literal, just as pressing as is the appetite of the body. To give out for the soul that which is living, as the infant cries for the breast that has milk, or the caravan for the well that has water. Time but required the fact, that the soul must be fed. We repeat, this is no supposition, no imagination, no comparison, but a fact. We have been grieved as we have said it digests it just as literally as the body. Jesus says to his under shepherds, "Feed the sheep" His presence is needed at every communion but with the truth. Mortal food for mortal mouths, immortal food for immortal souls. Hence the Lord has been grieved as we belly for meats; truth for the soul, and the soul for truth. Each is a reality, Jesus knows it, and the Lord has been grieved as we have said it literally as the body. Jesus says to his under shepherds, "Feed the sheep" Up through the valley, down through the dark ravine, and over the hill for what? To be fed. Nor are they disappointed The faithful shepherd is there with the bad tempered, but they are fed by the sheep of the Lord. Behold them congregate in his temple! For what have they left pasture to the valley? To be fed. Jesus is the great feeding-hour. Will the Spiritual shepherd be as true as the Highlander? Would not the former be as well fed as the Highlander, snirks his Master, and them away hungry? God forbid, and yet, how often does our soul feast, nothing but stale water was offered them.

A teeding ministry is the great want of the A. M E Church We have heard of an "Episcopal Ministry," of a "Lay Ministry," and a few months since of an "Imbecile Ministry;" but give us a feeding ministry in preference to all

Say, my brethren, of the A. M. E. Church, Are ye feeding the flock of Christ which He hath purchased with His blood?"

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTSMOUTH, VA.

In company with Rev W. D W. Schureman, Pastor of Bethel Church, we rode across west of the Elizabeth River," we left Baltimore Saturday afternoon, on the steamer Old Dominion, and had a very fine trip, pretty little steamboat, we experienced all the disadvantages of being ranked among the "poor people;" for we paid "Cabin our father" But to our disadvantages They would only sell us a "deck ticket," which gives us the right to promenade the guard of the South American isles followed us After promenading to our heart's content, our ticket gave us entrance to a dungy essence of a cabin, way down in the hull, with paving boxes overhead, and no dark at noon, that we were compelled to ask that the lamp might be lit Not caring to an up all night, $1 extra gave us a state room And what a room! Dark, dirty, and hot, for a steady hulkhead only separated us from the boilers, we concluded to try to stand it for a night, having a blessed hope of a coming morning Fifty cents entitled us to a seat at the table, to cut up the scraps our masters left We endured it, knowing that it would last but for a season, for eran deposit Maryland will be crushed beneath the weight of the curse of Freedom, while Baltimore—proud, aristocratic Baltimore—her joy and her pride, her brightest jewel, her most precious ornament, will be trampled beneath the hoofs of its horses There is no city on the Union where the colored American citizen is so crushed under the contemptuous rights In the churches and in the public halls he is pressed off, and in cars or not even in Peabody's Institute, a place designed to benefit the masses, he is forbidden to enter at all, and she says you are free through the land. But no where in the Union that compels women to ride outside the street cars" We tell the hon. Senator from Maryland, Mr. Booth, when that Bay Line, as they would shun dirt, filth, and heavish dealing Other routes feeding the people with the same kind of treatment. Let us learn to show the appreciation we have for fair dealing

A beautiful city we are now upon us and lo! we were on the sacred soil of Virginia Under the guide of the Vicar Gen eral of the people we go. Soon we beheld the desired contents We feel sure that his many friends will be grieved to know that his beloved wife is still the subject of sore affliction

A word in regard to the Church. Emanuel—Dr Hamilton is in charge. He is pastor of his Sabbath school. It is certainly well conducted. The Pastor is Superintendent, with Dr. Greene as his assistant.

Portsmouth boasts of seven teachers—three white and four colored, engaged in teaching the young. Of the latter we shall speak from how to shoot. We are pleased to record that they are in good repute among the people. On Wednesday evening we had our special meeting. The attendance was good, and, aside from supplying themselves with a number of Bibles, Hymn-books, disciplines, &c, they contributed as a book concern collection, the sum of $7.45.

NORFOLK

Thursday morning we removed our headquarters over the Elizabeth river to Norfolk, and repairing to the residence of the Pastor, Rev. D. A. Graham, we found a boy boring under a *peculiar form of dyspepsia* The prospects are that he will have recovered in a few days. We preached to a large people on Friday evening, they coming out in force.

Norfolk boasts of upwards of 10,000 colored people, who are following every laudable pursuit; not a few are seriously engaged in holding up the sides of heaven, and in their pump-pots. A few moments we saw, reminded us of Lombard street, Philadelphia, of Chestnut street, (east part) Baltimore, and of "Hell" Alley, Boston. Its worst days The profligacy of such multitudes of our people, in these large cities, is a shame and a reproach to our race Say not that as much profligacy is witnessed among the whites If it be so, it is consorbationed by the general respectability of the country. But where is our yeomanry to outweigh the mass of sin and corruption in our cities? Verily, the Church is not going be indicted to flock to the country, and become tillers of the soil, then, indeed, would the dawning full sunshine of the Gospel can ever cap.ot it by remaining in town

Norfolk boasts of a number of schools, we visited one of the best. We heard a deal of praise in regard to the first. Twenty-four pupils were present; the discipline was excellent. The scholars were quiet, the ball the girls were chewing paper, or something else, very much after the manner of the boys in the Philadelphia schools. Such *Hymnsmatia*." The other we visited was of a higher grade, and was under better discipline. The boys were not allowed to chew paper, or to spit on the floor. The girls were chewing paper, or something else, very much after the manner of the boys in the Philadelphia schools. Such *Hymnsmatia*." The other we visited was of a higher grade, and was under better discipline. The boys were not allowed to chew paper, or to spit on the floor. Twenty-four pupils were present; the discipline was excellent. The scholars were quiet, the ball the

stone where, is obviously proper. The duty of the Common Law, in respect to marriages, is to give to Religion and Morals publicity. Hence we are religiously opposed to secret marriages, and hold that they are never to be encouraged, but on extraordinary occasions and condemned

LIBERTY IN SPAIN.

The Provisional Government in Spain will soon, either, and the Constitutional Cortes will soon determine the future government of the country. There is now but little hope of a Republican form of government; and matters at hope of religious toleration, which will be a great step forward. A contemporary is speaking of the prospects in Spain, says:

"We must regret, however, that the question of Church and State will give rise to a very lively debate in the Cortes. The Republicans and the Progressists may be supposed to be almost a unit in favor of full liberty, or, at least, toleration of religious controversy, but in the party generally called "the Liberal Union," and to which Marshal Serrano and the more moderate section of the Liberal party belong, it is supposed, will be found ready to take side in close connection with the Absolutists against liberty."

COLLEGE REVIVAL.

The following information in regard to revivals of religion in Colleges is mainly gathered from the forthcoming twenty fifth Report of the Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education at the West. During the Quarter Century Anniversary of the Society at Marietta, Ohio, a meeting was held on Sabbath afternoon in the Congregational church, at which statements and addresses were made by several Western College officers present.

President Sturtevant of Illinois College remarked that he supposed the most important fact—that the condition of a student in college is one of peculiar temptation, and danger of shipwreck if entered upon during the period of spiritual and tendepuse vow of the subject. Judging from his own experience as a student and instructor, in such institutions, he believed that under no circumstances is there more reason to hope that a youth will be soundly converted, than as a college in which deeper religious influences are exerted. This opinion was justified by the history of Illinois College, where revivals had been of such frequent occurrence and of such powerful power

President Chapin of Beloit College spoke of the effect of a revival in producing a more thorough and lasting change in the religious life of a college. For two or three years previous to the revival in Beloit College which occurred in 1857, there had apparently been but little spiritual life among the Christian students, and scarcely any conversions. Sensation inducements of evil increased, the spirit of mischief and disorder gave occasion for trying cases of discipline, and the whole moral tone of College was depressed by grating friction. A few souls were moved with grief at the condition of things, and resorted to prayer. Suddenly there came in answer a mighty powerful revival. There was hardly a member of the institution who remained unaffected. Large numbers were hopefully converted, and for the most blessed result appeared in view of springs of religious life opened in the College community, a healthful stream was started, continued to flow steadily, and with slight fluctuations down to the present time.

President Sprecher of Wittenberg College remarked that the reformation itself was a revival of experimental religion; first, in the heart of Luther; and the Reformation was preserved by those utterances of truth which were engendered and formed by experimental religion. Luther introduced this spirit into the University of Wittenberg—that Institution in which was kindled, not only the fire of religious liberty that continued to excite and agitate the nations, but also the fire of religious revival, which burst forth on all sides, and produced such spiritual life and influence as were displayed in connecting this first period of Luther's work with later periods—periods of controversy, &c., is summarized as well of the blessed Seventeen years of the Reformation."

The University of Iowa originated in efforts to promote a revival of religion, and a revival went forth from this Institution which spread over every part of Germany, and according to the statement of Dr. Cox, was unequaled in the first forty years of the Eighteenth Century, more pious ministers and laymen than the Church had in all other countries. These ministers were sent not only to the heathen as a consequence, but to our own country, and were revivalists in all the various sects, and instrumental with Whitefield and Tennent, and founded the German Lutheran churches. The establishment of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg was the result of an attempt on the part of Dr Schmucker to answer the question, "How shall we best train a revival in the church?" and from these Institutions sprang the great revival of religion which distinguishes the churches of Germany and America. The University of Wittenberg College is a child of Gettysburg, and has ever been eminently a revival college.

Prof. Hall, late President of Wabash College, Kansas, remarked that he represented the youngest daughter in this blessed Mother's family,—[the Mother being represented in the fact that the Institution was a revival College. Last Winter the power of the Highest had overshadowed them, and nearly every student was led to feel. But they were not taken by surprise, for they had longed, hoped, and prayed for this, and when it came, their feeling was "Non He that hath brought us for the self same thing is God."

The Rev. Lewis Bodwell, Secretary of the Board of Trustees, in his report to the College Society, says that out of forty students, twelve were hopefully pious at the commencement of the present year, not less than eighteen or nineteen have passed their enjoyment of a well grounded hope and intelligent faith in Christ. Four of whom were the children of Home Missionaries

More than one-third of the alumni of Western Reserve College are preparing for the ministry. "The revival in Wabash College was precious," says President Hotle, "and a most satisfactory display of the Spirit's power and grace." Of the 114 graduates of Beloit College, fifty-two have become ministers of the Gospel. Out of 343 graduates of Illinois College, 186 have entered the ministry

The Rev Dr Atkinson, of Oregon, in his report to the Pacific University, said: "At one time we seemed ready [at a meeting of the Trustees] to fall apart and give up the enterprise. Mrs Brown, Mrs. Clark, and Mrs T A Smith, who overheard our remarks through the blinds [parlor shutters] of the log house where we met, came to the door and begged us to hold on for a little while longer, and they would pray for us. Through all those seasons and seasons the good Lord has been very kind to us."

Prof. Hewett of Illinois College, Much to his regret, said: He also was a greatly enlarged our material resources, has not withheld the sanctifying and saving influences of His Holy Spirit. The deep sense of the Week of Prayer and Supplication was almost immediately followed by the beginning of the revival, cessation any year in the history of the Institution has been more blessed or more productive of good to the respect than has been the last. Beginning in the College, the revival spread a most copious from the observance of the College Fast Day and was attended to the village and neighborhood around, a deep solemnity pervaded the hearts of all classes of the work, and was manifested in earnest prayer, a readiness to do God's will, and frequent open confession, advanced with no interruption of study. Scarcely a student in the college was not deeply moved, and about sixty responded to the Saviour's call and for the first time yielded their hearts to Him."

President Andrews of Marietta College, also contributed the services of the anniversary Prayer meeting above described. Between the dates of Feb 16, "More than half of our unconverted students have now, we hope, given themselves to God. Among them are the son and grandson of Col John Mills [one of the Trustees, and most liberal benefactors of the College]; Rev Dr Worker's son, Prof Rossiter's, and many more. There has been a great work in town and College. Our next meeting will be a thanksgiving and praise meeting, and most of the next two classes. Of the four classes only about one-sixth are not rejoicing in Christ."

T. HALDWIN.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Two or three Sabbaths ago a collection was taken up in the Second Baptist church, Brattan Church, Boston, in behalf of Foreign Missions. In the basket were found $15, accompanied by a slip of paper, on which the following was written:

BOSTON, January 18th, 1869.

Rev. Mr. Dowe—Sir: Enclosed find $10. I was a young and foolish boy, we had a last day in the parish, and there was a collection taken up for Foreign Mission. My mother and two of the neighbors sent me to church with one shilling and one sixpence, and as I wanted a sixpence for some use, I could not get it, so I kept the shilling and made use of the sixpence, and put the shilling in the plate in place of it. I have to pay that sixpence, but never got the chance, so last Sabbath, when you were talking of Foreign Missions as being the object for which a collection would be taken up to-morrow, I saw in me a chance to pay the sixpence between me and my God. I send you this $10 for that sixpence, and the interest for this day, and I pray that the power of the Holy Ghost may rest upon those for whom this $10, and every cent of it will serve a soul from sin.

A SOUTHRON

A REWARD.

A young girl, 12 years old, near Burlington Racine county, Wisconsin, has been suffering from diphtheria, and had not been recovered on the 8th day of January, when she called her father to her bedside, and told him she was going to sleep, and that she should sleep for a long time, but that he said she should look as though she was dead, but she should not be dead, and she made her father promise that he would keep her there. Soon after making the request the child apparently died. Her body was enshrouded and placed in a coffin, but it showed no signs of death, although the heart ceased to move, and nothing showed that the respiratory process went on. But the eyes closed. In this state the girl has lain now for 20 days without a sign of life and with no sign of death, other than the hooking of the cheeks and eyes, which would be natural with one who had lasted for so short a period. In the early part of last week a rose was tapped into the left ear and instantly as it would to a living person. A child's breath presented to or through the finger, the spot was white. In a few seconds the color came back to the finger, as it would if the flesh of a living person were touched in the same manner. The most attracting much attention among the medical faculty of Wisconsin. It will be watched carefully to the end. A large number of persons have visited the house and all express themselves as lost in wonder

A Spanish Memorial against Religious Liberty.—Three letters of the Most Reverend Archbishops of Santiago, of Zaguoz, and of Portugalete—recently published—have called forth a Pastoral Letter from the Protestant Universal, as a departure of their countrymen, and held on the Presidency of the Government bearing 13,000 lawful signatures. It was a remonstrance against religious freedom and religious toleration, conveying a warning and a defiance to the men in power, reminding them that they were in honor and duty bound to maintain the Roman Catholic faith as established in old times by law and parlor, upbraiding them for the impious and sacrilegious fact of giving liberty to heretics, and bound, and daring them to persevere in their course at their peril. The petitioners declared that they claimed more regard for their conscience than for their rights as a nation, as Spaniards, as Catholics, and as men. They taught "a believe that God's decree was the true but be worshipped." They have been taught, and they teach, that those men are guilty which do not alone heretic doctrine to poison their children, or the benefit of their souls. Therefore Jesus, and her friend and successor San Juan de la Cruz," [both of whom "the Church has raised to the honors of the altar, but worship them dead.] They will not tolerate the only fear, hence of light people and honor of the family to be shaken."

This is not the only sign that the monarchy are alarmed. The Madrid correspondent of *The London Daily News* writes that the Spanish Bishops are greatly alarmed by the sale of Protestant books, and go assemblies in the Bible Society for the purpose of measuring Catholicism as the sole religion of Spain as a former time ever and in the exclusion of all others. *They* have also started a paper to defend Catholic error, and to promote the worship of the Virgin Mary. This is rather a small lesson for so huge a task.

QUEEN MARRIAGE NOTICE.—The Quebec *Morning Chronicle* completes one of the marriage announcements with the following information. "*No cards. No cake!! No wine!!*"

APPOINTMENTS FOR THE FIRST EPISCOPAL DISTRICT, 1869.

Feb. 20th, Sunday, New Brunswick, N J.; March 7th, Sunday, North Orange, Essex Co., N J.; 8th, Monday, Flushing, Long Island, and N Y.; 9th, Tuesday, Glen Cove, Long Island, N Y.; 10th, Wednesday, Jamaica, Long Island, N Y.; 11th, Thursday, Wyckoffville, Long Island, N Y.; 12th, Friday, Bergen, N J., 14th, Sunday, Morristown, N J. 15th, Thursday, Bridgeton, N J., 16th, Friday, Gouldtown, N J. 21st, Sunday, Springtown, N J. 22d Monday, Salem, N J. 23d, Tuesday, Woodbury, N J. 28th, Sunday 31st Chester Circuit, Pa. April 4th, Sunday, Wilmington, Del.; 5th and 6th, Monday and Tuesday, Smyrna Circuit, Del.; 8th and 9th, Thursday and Friday, Camden Circuit, Del. 11th, Sunday Tuckahoe Circuit, Del., 18th, Sunday, Daughter Neck, Milton Circuit, Del., 25th, Sunday, Lewes Circuit, Del.

Brethren sending this notice will have the goodness to write me a few lines saying directions for whom I shall inquire, and at last putting upon their envelope they would like an some time. As, As Direct your letters to my address, 1040 Addison Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Episcopal Rooms of the First District, February 23d, 1869.

THE TIME AND PLACE OF CONFERENCE MEETINGS IN 1869.

South Carolina Conference, Jan. 23d, Charleston, S C. Bishop Brown. Georgia Conference, Feb. 6th, Columbus, Ga., Bishop Wayman. Alabama Conference, Feb 20th, Montgomery, Ala., Bishop Brown. California Conference, March 4th, San Francisco, Bishop Ward. Oregon Conference, March 20th, Jacksonville, Fla. Bishop Brown. Pittsburg Conference, April 1st, Pittsburg, Pa. Bishop Payne. North Carolina Conference, April 7th, Greensboro, N C., Bishop Wayman. Ohio Conference, April 14th, Xenia, O. Bishop Payne. Virginia Conference, April 21st, Norfolk, Va., Bishop Wayman Baltimore Conference, April 28th, Frederick, Md. Bishop Wayman. Philadelphia Conference, May 6th, Philadelphia, Pa., Bishop Campbell. New York Conference, May 20th, Albany, N Y., Bishop Campbell. New England Conference, June 3d, Portland, Me., Bishop Campbell. Indiana Conference, Aug. 11th, Springfield, Ill., Bishop Quinn. Missouri Conference, Aug. 26th, Leavenworth, Kansas, Bishop Quinn. Mississippi Conference, Sept. 8th, Memphis, Tenn., Bishop Shorter. Kentucky Conference, Sept. 1st, Lexington, Ky., Bishop Shorter. Arkansas Conference, Sept. 16th, Little Rock, Ark., Bishop Shorter. Texas Conference, Nov. 11th, San Antonio, Texas, Bishop Quinn. Georgetown, D C. Conference, Dec. 1st., Natchez, Miss., Bishop Shorter. Louisiana Conference, Dec. 15th, Baton Rouge, La., Bishop Shorter.

A. W. WAYMAN,
Secretary of the Episcopal Board.
Phila. Dec. 14th, 1868.

INFORMATION WANTED.

John Walker, a servant of Dr. E. M. Patterson, in 1856, wishes to know the whereabouts of his wife Peggy, and his niece Susan William, Samuel, and Miles, who were also slaves of Dr. E. M. Patterson, of Nashville, Tennessee. The last residence of the family was Dr. Patterson's place called Flat Rock, about three miles from Nashville. And also the whereabouts of my self, Cousin Samuel Jackson, and Uncle Lee Shoot, a negro trader, in Nashville, Tenn. Any information of the above persons will be gratefully received by John Walker. Ministers in charge will please read this to their congregations. Address letters to Rev. Samuel Jackson,

No. 114 P St., betw 9th and 10th Sts.,
Sacramento, Cal.

Feb 27—1mo.

$5 REWARD.

Information wanted, of my son, James Charles Handy, of Milford, Del., where he lived with Dr. Mitchell, to whom he was sold by Thomas Layton. He is 18 years old. He has a brother, James Edward, and sister, Martha Jane Handy. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his father,

TILMAN HANDY,
Byberry Township,
Philadelphia, Pa.

To any one giving the desired information, I will give Five Dollars reward.
Feb 6. TILMAN HANDY.
1 mo.

NOTICE.

HORTON HOUSE A. M. E. CHURCH,
No. 12 Saratoga St., Baltimore, Md.
All letters and matters pertaining to the Missionary Society of the African M. E. Church in Maryland, should hereafter be forwarded and Society, must be directed to No 12 Saratoga street, Baltimore

JAS A. HANDY, Cor. Sec.

July 25 —tf

Died.

FLEMMY.—At Carmichie, Grove County, New York, on the 3d of February, 1869, Sarah I. Fleeby, daughter of Rev John Fleeby, pastor of the A. M E church, at Canada, aged 16 years, 8 months, and 3 days

She departed to complete victory over her foes. Only a few days before she was three years standing. On Monday, Feb 1st, she called her parents to her, telling them that she was going to die, and began praying for the moment when she should be called home to enjoy the blessings of heaven. On Tuesday, Feb 2d, she again embraced her parents, bidding them good bye. On Wednesday the 3d, she bade her friends farewell, and leaning her head on the breast of Christ, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, she breathed her life out sweetly then Oh! may my latter end be like hers!

J. F.

Advertisements.

TO LET.

A Neat House, No. 11 Pine St., above Bonnet Somerset, and three minutes distant for a small business. Rent at the low but steady rate of $150.

THE AMERICAN GLUE COMPANY is the largest and best manufacturing establishment in the country for the manufacture of Glue, Isinglass, Gelatine, &c. Their Glue is warranted to be of the best quality, and to keep in any climate. Their Isinglass and Gelatine are pronounced by all who have used them to be equal to the best imported. Orders solicited. Price list sent on application. Address, New York Scientific Agency, 37 Park Row, New York.

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GRAY HAIR
In a certain individual
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Great Restorative.
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Will restore your Gray Hair to its
Natural Color, without Dye.
It is a most delightful Dressing.
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COMPARE PRICES.
PIANOS AND ORGANS ARE SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES, when these are not to be had elsewhere. Apply to 26 Cent Street, corner of Jackson, Philadelphia.

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THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN COMPANY respectfully announce that they have reduced the prices of their Cabinet Organs, which are now offered at the following low rates, which are considered as the only ones adapted to any purpose, and are unrivalled for their power, quality, and economy of blowing.

Five Octaves, One Stop, Case of Walnut, Rosewood, or Black Walnut, $50.00

Five-Octave Double Reed Organs, Case of Walnut, Rosewood, or Black Walnut, $125.00

Five-Octave Double Reed Cabinet Organs, Five Stops, with the new ELASTIC FORCE PEDAL, Case of Walnut, Rosewood, or Black Walnut, $170.00

These Organs are the best that can be made at the prices, and are warranted for five years. Illustrated catalogues, containing testimonials from over 1,000 purchasers, sent free on application. A new Illustrated catalogue of the new and improved styles, containing the latest improvements, just published, and sent free to any address. Warerooms, No. 274 Washington Street, Boston; No. 25 Union Square, New York; and No. 596 Arch Street, Philadelphia. The Trade supplied.

AVERY COLLEGE.
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FACULTY.
Rev Henry Highland Garnet,
Professor of History, Rhetoric, Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Political Economy
Benjamin K Sampson, A. B.
Professor of Mathematics, Natural Sciences and Languages
Miss Harriet C Johnson,
Principal of Female Department
Miss Clara Gilmore Toof,
Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music
Avery College, situated in *Allegheny City, Pa.*, was built and donated to the Trustees of the Institution by the late Rev Charles Avery, for the education of colored youth of both sexes, and was incorporated by the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, A. D. 1849. The College edifice is a large, elegant, and ample in its proportions, and furnished throughout with a full and good assortment of Philosophical, Chemical, and Astronomical apparatus.

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Lectures and Philosophical Studies—English Literature, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Elements of Criticism, Geography and History, both general and political, Natural Science, Logic, Mental Philosophy, Paley's Evidences of Christianity, Butler's Analogy and Political Economy.

Mathematical Studies—Mental and written Arithmetic; Algebra complete, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Surveying, Conic Sections, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy.

Classical Studies—Anatomy, Physiology, Natural History, Botany, Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology.

The principles of vocal music will be taught free of charge. Provision will be made for instruction on the flute, violin, violincello, guitar, at a moderate extra charge.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class must not be less than four ten years of age, and must be able to translate correctly English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Reading and Writing, and understand Hedge's Elementary Logic, Cæsar's Gallic Commentaries, Cicero's Orations against Catiline, and the Greek Reader. The same requirements, except Latin and Greek, are required of those entering the First year of the Ladies Course. Ladies who have completed the regular College Course, Students who satisfactorily complete their course of study will receive the degree of *Bachelor of Arts*.

Every person who shall present satisfactory testimonials of good moral character, and those coming from other institutions must be honorably dismissed, and thereby dismissed. Pupils under eighteen years of age may not be admitted into the preparatory department

The Academical year is divided into three terms as follows, to wit:

The Fall Term, beginning on the second Monday in September and continuing thirteen weeks. Vacation for two weeks

The Winter Term, beginning on the first Monday of January and continuing thirteen weeks. Vacation of two weeks.

The Spring Term, to commence on the third Monday in April, and continuing twelve weeks. Vacation of eight weeks.

Tuition bills which are due and payable quarterly, to advance, in the several departments. Board in respectable families of Pittsburgh and Allegheny cities, can be obtained at prices varying from $3.50 to $4.50 per week. The price of washing varies from 25 cts. to $1 dz per dozen. The charges for one year for students from abroad, including all expenses, will be about $175.

Avery College is not under the control of any religious denomination, although its charter provides that all its officers shall be professors of Christianity. It is in no way connected with any sectarian organization, yet takes decided ground in favor of and supports the teaching of Christian precepts With the appropriate course of Moral and discipline is mild and parental, yet firm and strict.

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EVANS ADVERTISING AGENCY.
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Poetry.

HARRY'S ADVICE.

"Ma! mamma, tell me, will you, please,
When I'll be old enough
To wear my hair in puffs and curls,
And trousies cut so rough?

"I'd like to use the crimping-pins,
Wear pearls and jewels too;
How soon shall I be old enough?
Oh, dear! I'm only nine.

"And, mother, dear, why may I not
Wear corsets, like Aunt Jane?
And great long, dangling ear-rings too,
And dresses with a train?

"And pretty little flattering veils,
That make one look so fair;
And feathers in my bonnet too,
All fluttering in the air?"

"Why read I always be a child,
And go to bed at night?
Aunt Jennie sits up every night,
She's very, very late."

"What's wait for her, I am quite sure,
Would be so well for me,
Now try it, mother, just for once,
And see how good I'll be."

Then Harry, three years older, spoke;
He felt so ambitious wise,
He thought to make the matter plain,
And touch her quick surprise;

"Why, sis, you're foolish; don't you know
How terrible it is
When little girls to women grow
And wear their hats afloss?

"How all your flossy curls must change,
No bands and straight to part;
They'll hem your best aprons your head
With rows like, you know

"They'll prick your little shell-like ears
With a needle's baby sting,
And squeeze your plumpness all away
With an awful corset-string.

"And, should you sit up late, you'd have
Such dreadful dreams at night,
You'd cry to be a child again,
Or the morning's pillow light.

"And then, you know, you couldn't run
Or slide with me down hill.
Now think it over, and decide
To be my playmate still."

"Oh! Harry, Harry! Is it true,
Must babies suffer so?
Oh, dear! what can a poor child do I
I hope I'll never grow."

—*Independent.*

Home Circle.

THE BLACKSMITH OF REGENBACH.

[From the German of Hoffman.]

There is a village called Regenbach in the Principality of Hildesheim-Langenburg, and some twenty odd years ago, the following stirring and heart-reading occurrence took place.

It was in the afternoon, during spring or harvest, and kind informant was not certain which, when there were seated in the public room of the inn many men and women of Regenbach, engaged in quietly chatting with each other, no one of them dreaming of the fearful and terrible event which was to take place that day. The Blacksmith also was sitting in his shop—for I must, you know, at least man with a very determined face and brave look, but at the same time with such a pleasant smile upon his lips that every one who saw him was obliged to love him. Every lucky fault cast off the way, and for the brave Blacksmith would tolerate no injustice or wickedness; and it was poor policy to quarrel with him. His arms were as strong as of iron, and his fists like sledge-hammers. There were few men who were equal to him in bodily strength.

The brave Blacksmith was sitting not far from the door, chatting with a neighbor, about—I know not what. Suddenly the door sprang open, and a great dog came staggering into the room;—a great, strong, powerful dog, with an ugly, terrible face. He held his head hung, and his eyes, usually fiery red eyes, his mouth was open wide, his long, colored tongue was hanging out, and his tail was not waving very determined fun, but drawn close between his hind legs. In this way the animal came into the room, which had no other mode of egress than the one door. Scarcely had the Blacksmith's neighbor, it was the Barber of the place, seen the animal, when he became pale as wax, and as white as the lime on the wall, and springing up cried out in a voice of horror: "Jesus Jesus have mercy upon us. People! the dog is mad!"

Picture the terror! The room was nearly full of men and women, and the mad animal stood in front of the only door. Every one could leave without passing by him. The beast began to snap wildly on the right and the left, and it was impossible for any one to pass him without being bitten. Then there was an agonizing scream of terror. Every one sprang up and moved backwards, looking with a starting gaze full of unrest fright at the mad dog. Who could protect them from him?

Then the Blacksmith arose, and when he saw the mortal fright that had seized every one, and it occurred to him, as quick as lightning, that many people might become inconceivably miserable by the raging animal, he determined to help them, and scarcely its like in magnanimity and nobleness in the whole of history. True, his brown cheeks became slightly pale, but his eyes sparkled with true heroic fire, and a lofty resolution lighted up the forehead of the plain, simple man.

"Back! all of you!" he thundered with his deep, powerful voice. "Let none of you stir, for no one but myself can manage the brute! Every one run into one sacristied, and I will offer myself! I am going to meet him, and while I do it, fly the whole of you!"

The Blacksmith had scarcely spoken these words, when the brute sprang forward towards the whirling human mass. "Now, with God's help!" cried the Blacksmith, and immediately he leaped upon the raging animal, seizing it with his great arms, and threw him upon the floor.

Oh! but there was a fearful, horrible struggle that followed! The dog bit at him fiercely, and struggled with groans and dull howls. His fangs tore the brown arm and thighs of the great-souled Blacksmith, but the latter did not relax his grasp. In spite of the fierce pain, in spite of the certain awful death that would follow the struggle, with a giant's strength he held the snapping, biting, howling brute down until all had fled, —until all were in safety except himself. Then he hurled the half-strangled brute away from him against the wall, and dripping with blood, covered with the poisonous saliva, he left the room and closed the door behind him.

The dog was killed by a shot through the window But what could be done for the unfortunate, brave Blacksmith?

Weeping and wailing, the people whom he had saved at the expense of his own life, surrounded him.

"Be quiet, men; don't weep for me, women and children," he said. "Our was obliged to die in order to save the others. Do not thank me, for I have only done a sacred duty. When I am dead, I go with God into heaven, and pray for me that God may keep me from long or much suffering. But I must now take care, that no further harm be done by me, as it is certain that I shall be attacked by the disease.

And he went right away to his shop and there sought for heavy chains, the longest and strongest in his stock; then he kindled his fire and worked his hellness until the chains were made. Then he took one end in his own hand he fastened himself hands and feet to his anvil which no human strength could tear away from the ground, no more than human strength could break the iron chains.

"There, now it is done," he said after he had completed his work in silence and earnestness. "Now you may safely and I am fastened. As long as I can serve, bring me my food; the rest I leave to God. Into His hands I commend my life."

Nothing could save the brave blacksmith, not wrought, not pity, not even prayer. The disease seized him—and after nine days he must die—but in truth he died only to awake before the throne of God in a more beautiful, and more glorious life. He died, but for memory shall live from generation to generation, from child to child, and be blessed to the end of time.

Look over all the pages of human history, and you will find no deed more worthy of the noblest than the deed of this simple man—the Blacksmith of Regenbach. It is indeed easy for a noble soul like Winkelried, to die, or to throw life away like the celebrated Roman youth Martius Curtius; but to meet certain death, to be obliged to die and *yet to be obliged to wait*, through anxious, fearful hours and days, for the most terrible pain of death—this is to die a thousand times. And such a death died the Blacksmith of Regenbach, such as also died the Blacksmith of Regenbach who sued for the preservation of his neighbors. We, are blessed in the memory to us.—*The Reformed Church Messenger.*

LARGE LITTLES.

Did a holy life consist of one or two noble deeds—some grand specimens of doing, of enduring, or suffering,—we might account for the failure, or neglect, in small things not to turn back in such a conflict. But a holy life is made up of small things of the hour, and not the great things of the age, like Silas up at the hills of Paul or John, like that of Rutherford, or Baxter, or Martyr.

The avoidance of little strife, little ease little irritableness, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and loquaciousness little foibles, little thoughtlessness of the flesh, little acts of indolence or lukewarmness, of unfaithfulness, of careless life equivocations or aberrations from high truth, little words of shabbiness or meanness, little bits of over-keenness or over-keenness, little exhibitions of worldliness and gayety, little indifference to the feelings or wishes of others, outbreaks of temper or unkindness or selfishness in our way, like one of such *little things* as these goes far to make up at least a negative character of holy life. And then attention to little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions, or private dealings, or in family relations, to little words and looks and tones; little self-denials and self-restraints, and self-forgetfulness little pieces of kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; in punctuality and method, and true aim, in the ordering of each day;—these are the active development of holy life, the rich and divine promises to which it is composed.

What makes you grass *hill no beautiful?* Not the outstanding peak of stately aim, but the bright green blades, obvious to a sloper, composed of innumerable blades of grass, standing close. It is small things that great life is made up, and he who will acknowledge no life as great, save that which is built up of great things, will find little Bible character to admire or copy.—*Bonar*

LEAN HARD.

Child of my love, lean hard,
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child, for I have borne
Poised it in mine own hand, made no apparition
Or its weight to by unaided strength—
Forgive me, Lord, for this.
I shall be near, and while she leans on me,
The burden shall be mine, not hers.
So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
Of mine own love." How large it grew, our fear
Shutting out the Comforter which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come,
Thou art not too near enough; I would embrace the
care,
So I might feel my child reposing on my breast.
Thou love me too? I know it. Doubt not, then;
But, loving me, Lean Hard!

THE GOLDEN KEY.

It was a stormy December day, and Lucy's aunt was seated by the table at work. Lucy was perfectly quiet, for she read by the window, watching the soft white snow flakes as they flutter lightly down to the ground, covering with their fleecy mantle every rough, unsightly thing, and making the bleak earth a scene of purity and beauty. She was very quiet that her aunt at length looked up curiously, and said, "What are you thinking of, my darling?" The thoughtful look passed from the bright face, and the sunny smile came back again as she threw herself in her aunt's arms and exclaimed, "I was thinking, aunty, that I have found a key that fits my self-will, and makes my heart so meek and gentle."

"Sometimes Lucy says to her, 'Get my slippers instantly,' no matter what she is doing; and she answers back in loud and angry words, and John says she is the most unkind person in ever saw. Don't you think, aunty, if John could see the key, he should be kind and pleasant to him now?"

Yes, my love, and if they would both remember that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and—accordingly, I think there would very soon cease to be harsh words between them. There are few persons so thoroughly bad that they cannot be won by kindness. Even dumb animals are not insensible to its influence. If you should beat Fido, or speak sharply to him, do you think he would show the same affection for you that he does now? If my little girl will always keep in her possession the precious golden key which she has been so fortunate as to find these early, she will never want friends, and, in trying to make those around her happy, will insure a never failing source of happiness herself."

Dear young reader, do you not desire to secure this beautiful golden key which Lucy so prized, and whose magic influence made her happy and beloved?

THE CHILDREN.

[The following beautiful poem by Charles Dickens, will be of interest to those among our readers who are engaged in the work of teaching:]

Where the laughing rivers run,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the children gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed;

Oh, the little arms that encircle
My neck in ready accord,
Oh, the smiles that are kalon of heaven,
Oh, the rapture of loving the Lord!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lonely at last;
Then they are here still remember,
Of the memories of the past.

Of the tempest of fate blowing wild,
Of love or sorrow which I may have met,
As the nearest heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households:
They are angels divine in disguise;
Heaven lieth around them in their innocence,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh, little children, your sins are few when I reckon,
Your hearts are as pure as the snow,
They have made me more lonely and mild!
And I know so much more than you know.

The kingdom of God is composed
Of such as I'm like for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done,
But the Lord of the vineyard said plainly
To tempt the glare of the sun:
I would pray God to save them from evil,
But only His power is great enough shadow
To keep them from sorrow and sin.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have baulked the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the worth of a child.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction—
My love is the law of the school.

I shall learn the old house in the autumn,
I shall learn it in deepest grief,
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
As I walk on each room of the door
I shall miss the "good-night" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group in the desk and the creature
That are brought every morning to me,

I shall miss them at morn and at evening,
Their song and their laugh in the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet
When the children are gone from me all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May they enter the gates of the country,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

BOYS YOU ARE WATCHED.

BY MET F. W. SEECBER.

A group of men, at the opening of the state legislature, were talking of the appointments for position in the various offices in the gift of the senate and house of representatives.

Of course, there were a good many applying, and there must be some disappointments, but the bright young fellow visitors to the capital, composed of innumerable blades of grass, standing close. It is of small things that great life is made up, and he who will acknowledge no life as great, save that which is built up of great things, will find little Bible character to admire or copy.—*Bonar*

LEAN HARD.

Child of my love, lean hard,
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
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Most of all, I would that you might make the best of life sure to yourself by being a true and consistent learner and follower of Jesus Christ.

PURE AIR.

Read the following extract from a paper on the "Prevention of Disease," read by Dr. George Derby before the Boston Social Science Association:

"Fresh air is the great natural disinfectant, antiseptic and purifier, and not to be compared for economy, efficacy of artificial contrivance. There is plenty of it in the world, yet diagnosis the fact as we may, there is no getting over the unwelcome truth that to provide it in abundance is one ultimate is expensive, since during seven months of the year it must be artificially warmed. To take in at the average winter temperature of 28 degrees, raise it to 68, and discharge it again from our houses seem once in an hour, is a process which cannot be accomplished without paying roundly, yet on no other condition can we reasonably expect health and long life. The best way is to freely admit that it is expensive, and waste no money at costs. If Benjamin Franklin thought that a penny saved is a penny saved, he was also equally sure that two pence saved, instead of seeking ourselves with how little tool I can warm and ventilate, suppose I see and by the beneficent window cracks which the carpenters have left, the question should be, how much can I afford to pay for fresh supplies of pure air, how early and equally warmed and distributed without waste. I cannot help suggesting that the sum of family health and happiness in a generation would be more secured by liberal expenditures for this purpose than for any other."

A DOLLAR AND A THOUGHT.

A few days ago, one of God's faithful stewards, a man endeavoring to glorify his Heavenly Father in his business, and to lay up treasure in heaven, made this remark to me:

"I sat down a night or two ago, and calculated the increase of my business and interest, and found that, in less than two years from this time, I am amounted to more than two millions and a half of dollars. And I asked myself whether God would not soon stop the tide of flow, and grow as rapidly as it does by the laws of trade."

The arithmetical calculation, and the immediate inference of the fact of banishment, struck me.

"Say, my brother," said I, "we need hardly doubt. The word of the Lord is 'Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.' He has set us in the path to heavenly gain the poor, lendeth to the Lord, and that which he has given he will repay him again. The laws operating in the spiritual world must be, in a large degree as those which operate in any other department of the ministries. God is able and willing to pay his debts then men are to pay theirs. He would not have my money as a loan without pay for its use, and the use of it is more valuable than men. How certain and emphatic is the promise, 'I will pay it again!' I have not the least doubt, dear brother, that you will be paid back in five years from this day you will feel every dollar you have laid up for the Lord worth more to you than two and a half millions of dollars. And, then, there is this to be thought of, that every one to whom you lend your dollar on receipt, you must be certain to obtain a receipt. This is insured every year, and every year find a response; the borrower is paying it back. I will not argue to the poor, you lend to the Lord, who keeps the account, and does the compounding for you."—*Dr. Deems*

IT'S ONLY A LITTLE WHILE, SIR.

"Well, Molly," said the Judge going up to the old apple woman's stand, "don't you get very tired of standing here all day, dismal days?"

"It's only a little while," said she.

"And the hot, dusty days?" said he.

"It's only a little while, sir," answered Molly.

"And the rainy, drisly days?" said the Judge.

"It's only a little while," answered Molly.

"And your cold, freezing days?" said he said the Judge.

"It's only a little while, sir," said she.

"And what then, Molly?" asked the Judge.

"I shall enter into the rest which remains for the people of God," answered she old woman, shaking her head with solemnness of the way there don't pester or fret me. It's only a little while, sir."

"All well that ends well, I dare say," said the Judge; "but what makes you so sure, Molly?"

"How can I help being sure," said she, "when Christ has said it? He knows all His ins and I am his. Now I only feel sorry for you, sir, that you have to go on in a little while, sir."

As I thought, you've got more than the law over taught me," said the Judge.

"Yes, sir," answered Molly.

"Well, Molly, I must look after these things," said the Judge, taking an apple and a penny off.

"There's only a little while, sir," said she.—*American Tract Society.*

THE JORDAN OF DEATH.

Trembling soul, hear me, I'm with you.
I'm your Saviour in your side,
In your hand, in your bosom.
You through life feel safety guide.

Trust in me. I will deliver
You in this hour trying hour;
Every you and every sorrow
Trust in my Almighty power.

Fear not millions I have healed
All will starve and follow over
And my counsels never stranded
Always took them safely over.

In this time that stormy river
That on you rolls your angry waves?
Will I dare its billows crave?

Can its billows overwhelm me?
Can its brink you sure me engulfing?
Fearful stream! you hear it roar;
Soon you'll find my vessel landing
Safely on the other shore.

Don't you hear that heavenly music?
Angel hands I now count they sing.
Softly floating o'er the river
Hear the welcoming!

Poet's you see their banners waving?
Glittering crowns their head in row
Though Were me drowning, billows raging,
Jesus them not, whether I see you.

Don't you see along the river,
Now there, now there another shine?
Want to see you land in river,
Knowing that you'll soon be there?

See the vessel now is near me!
Hear the welcome shouts of joy!
Angel's melodious welcome of me, joining
Your every welcome voice.

NEWSPAPER LAWS

As there are certain definite laws in relation to the rights of publishers of newspapers, which do not seem to be understood, we will endeavor to make a plain synopsis of them and solicit attention thereto.

1. A Postmaster is required to give notice by letter, (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons he has for not taking them; and a neglect to do so renders the Postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

2. Any person who sends a paper from the Post-office to another directed to his name or to another's, or to a place where he has never resided or intends to reside, and leaves the same uncalled for in the office or not. There can be no legal distinction between such one purpose or mistake.

4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the left mother is bound to pay for it, if he takes it out of the office. The law proceeds on the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take away papers and periodicals from the Post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME AND STOPS.

On and after Monday, December 28, 1868, the trains of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad will leave the Depot, at TWENTIETH and MARKET Sts., instead of Eleventh and Market, as heretofore.

Mail Train, 8:30 A. M., Fast Line, 11:00 A. M., Harrisburg Accommodation, 3:30 P. M., Pacific Express, 12:00 Night, Erie Express, 8:00 A. M., Cincinnati Express, 11:00 A. M., Pittsburg Express, 8:00

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Editor.
William C. Banton, Assistant Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 6, 1869.

Vol. IX. No. 8. New Series Whole No. 401.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. JOSHUA WOODLIN,

Editorial Rooms,

No. 631 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Notice.—All letters and communications intended for publication, and all letters on business connected with the paper, must be addressed to Rev. Joshua Woodlin, No. 631 Pine street, Philadelphia, Pa. All letters containing money must be registered, or they will be at the risk of the sender. All letters and communications for the Editor must be addressed to Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Wilberforce, Ohio. All Post Offices are required by law to forward papers when ordered to a different post office.

TERMS

Five dollars and fifty cents per annum, strictly in advance. If not paid within three months, six dollars will be charged. Ministers and Bishops will receive the paper for five dollars, if paid in advance, or six dollars if not paid within three months. Postmasters are requested to act as agents, and will be allowed ten per cent. on all money forwarded to us.

RATES:

All advertisements are not to conflict with the character of the paper, to be inserted as we will, and to be paid for in advance.

One square (twelve lines) one month	$1 00
One square (twelve lines) three months	2 50
One square (twelve lines) six months	4 00
One square (twelve lines) one year	7 00
One column one month	15 00
One column three months	40 00
One column six months	75 00
One column one year	125 00

Ten lines solid nonpareil constitute a square. Liberal deductions to those who advertise by the column.

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

Poor heart; consoled,
Thou sing, thy song and rejoice,—
Trying to reach the goal—
And tried art thou, O soul
In all thy ways!

Seeking where'er thou be,
Something to solace thee,
Chasing whatever past
Fulfilled art thou, O human,
Through length of days.

Wherefore thou shalone rest?
Wherefore thou hence at last?
Wherefore the ragged rock,
The fire—the scrubbing-block,
The vale of tears?

Earth's gilded pleasures lure,
Crust thou them and endure
True to thy Mother call,
Soul, with thy silence! wealth,
For many years?

Listen discouraged heart,
Leash with thy pain to part;
Listen, O tearful soul,
Seeking the restful goal;
Christ calls for ye!

"Thy strength my weakness is,
Perfect in Me thou liv'st;
I am the Way—the Truth—
Come without further proof,
Come unto me!"

Rest, thou shalt find, and peace,
And joys that ever cease;
Lights o'er the nocturnal scene—
Grieve from distant bourne,
Echo the song:

Whose most despondent ye,
Louder the voice shall be;
Rise crowned in radiant grief,
Sought by thee, surrowing soul,
So long—so long!—

HESPERITE.

For the Christian Recorder.

PIONEERS OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH.—NO. 8.

By Henry Howard Garnet.

Bishop Morris Brown.

The second Bishop of the Church was Morris Brown. Like Allen, the people by common consent called him "Father." The inclination which is observable in enlightened and Christian communities to bestow upon some one the title of "Father," is significant of the affectionate regard, and the respect which is cherished for their characters. Strangers looking the first time upon the broad white forehead of Father Brown, and listening to the tender tones of his voice, and reading the kindly expression of his eye, would intuitively be disposed to call him "Father" The personal appearance of Bishop Brown was dignified, and commanding. In stature he was tall and portly, his complexion was yellow, his forehead lofty, and intellectual, and a glow of benevolence radiated his whole countenance. In addition to those graces already enumerated, he possessed in a very high degree, those fine manners which are peculiar to the refined and well bred classes of South Carolina Like most of the early ministers of the A. M. E. Church, Bishop Brown originally belonged to the M E Church of his native State. But when Allen, Coker, Harden, and Spencer, and Durham, and Hilliard others of the pioneers of the East and North, sent forth their bugle blasts, calling upon their brethren to arm for a moral conflict unparalleled in American ecclesiastical history, then Brown and Dreyton, of South Carolina went back the reply: "*Macedonia, we will come.*" In those days slavery ruled in all its glory. It was to the American people, and the American Church what Diana was to the ancient Ephesians The white nation, with a few exceptions, were lavish in their sacrifices to the acknowledged greatness. It required courage, fortitude and faith to enable a powerless, enslaved, and despised people to take an independent step, or to make an independent declaration.

Those South Carolinians, fully understanding the situation, in 1816 if I mistake not, first rent their hot with the young African M. E. Church Surely God approved and blessed those heroic sons, and future generations will venerate their names. Four years after the South Carolinians seceded to the Church, followed the dark and bloody day seal affliction, and dismaler to our people in South Carolina Denmark Vesey whose true history to this day remains unwritten, arose and shook the wide dominions of slavery. Slaveholders and men stealers, who hitherto, were proud and boastful of their strength, grew pale and trembled in their strongholds, when one black man, and a few followers raised the cry, "give us liberty, or give us death." The well meant, and greatly conceived plans of Vesey were frustrated by traitors of his own race, and he suffered a felon's death, but history has snatched his name from oblivion, and inscribed it among the heroes and martyrs of his age and race.

In my youth I remember seeing in the city of New York, a singular looking and wretched old colored man, who used to drive a hefty harcssed to a rickety cart, which was generally laden with bones, not very sniffil indeed. This wretched being seemed to carry a load of guilt and shame in his heart, and no one pitied him. Crowds of boys usually followed the cry, "*Old Clark! Old Clark!*" One day this modern Cain was missed from the streets He cart stood before his accustomed door, and in poor heller, his sole companion, was found hollowing in the hard bord. Old Clark was dead. The manner of his death was thus described by the coroner's jury: "Came to his death by blows inflicted by the hands of some person or persons to the jury unknown."

Now for the sequel; it was currently reported that Old Clark" was one of the betrayers of Denmark Vesey. The publication of 1822 culminated in the butchery of Vesey and twenty-two of his compatriots, and the banishment from the State of South Carolina of all respected persons, and negro preachers in particular. Christ among the banished ones, were Morris Brown, Dreyton and Henry Drayton. The former was men of solid judgment, and glowing piety, and the latter was as brave as Paul, and as eloquent as an angel. These brethren with others were saved as by "the skein of their teeth," through the wonderful agency of some of their personal slaveholding friends, and in consequence of their Masonic connections. *Driven* not from home and kindred, the negroes of their souls pointed Northward, and hither they came. "Therefore, they that were scattered abroad, went everywhere preaching the word."

Coming North the Rev. Morris Brown made the city of Philadelphia his home, and subsequently, recognising his faithfulness and fitness for the office, the Church elected and ordained him Bishop Nobody.

The choice was wise and just, as his abundant labors testify. He travelled South, East and West, and planted churches and strengthened the brethren. If at the present time, the office of Bishop has connected with it, opposition and trials, as well as honor and honors, it was in no respect less so in early times. The Middle and Western States exhibit instances of his faithfulness and zeal, and his praise is in all the older churches beyond the Alleghany Mountains. Contemporaneous with his consecration, and of Bishop Brown was that of Bishop Edward Waters, which was semi-official in some respects. In consequence of his not residing where he could regularly, he was regarded as a Suffragan, or assistant Bishop. I remember him distinctly. He was a very big black man, quick in his movements, with sharp voice and fiery eloquence. The good Bishop had a peculiar manner of shaking his head, and things as they appeared to his mind. He was so adept in the art of glossing over disagreeable matters, that if it were possible that unpalatable truths were exactly suited to his taste. Almost every body liked the brethren did and still do, as he was a good man. For my part I both feared and loved him. The Bishop's style of dress brought with it a dignity, and at times it certainly were a round breasted coat about two sizes too small for him, and a broad rimmed hat of a similar disproportion to the dimension of his head. While on earth he was not faultless, but he certainly was a good man, and I still know and love them in heaven. Morris Brown was the lovely John among his brethren, and Edward Waters was the impetuous Peter, excepting that he did not deny his Saviour. They served the Lord Christ of God in their time—they pointed them heads to the cross, hallowed by the blood of Jesus—they fought the good fight of faith—they labored for the young men in the sacred ministry, and laid down their mortal bodies, and entered into their rest.

For the Christian Recorder.

GEORGIA CORRESPONDENCE.

By R. M. Tonner.

Ma. Editor.—As you have so often requested me to resume my former relation with the *Recorder* as a regular correspondent, I have concluded that you friends having signified a similar desire, during my recent tour through the North, and, inasmuch as we have no correspondence from Georgia, I have concluded to yield so much of my inclination with the general desire of my friends so to write at least an occasional letter.

A young lady of excellent qualities, intelligence and piety, remarked in my presence while in New York "I am glad to hear that we have had nothing to laugh at in the Reverend Mr. Chaplian Turner stopped writing for it" This and similar remarks from others leads me to presume at least, that it is the uniform ridiculousness of my letters that commends them to public interest. But in this day of turn and fashion, it is almost an essential pre-requisite to success in all literary departments to recognize as much of our morbid propensities as are productive of a little half-witted dis-ornament of ordinary affairs Therefore, if you should find an occasional paragraph in my letters too foreign to a high toned Christian newspaper, you are at liberty to throw it aside.

I left Washington City on Thursday morning, the 28th of January, for the revolutionary State of Georgia, where the legislature over-rides the Constitution, and defies the Congress Nothing of interest transpired during the journey, save that a lady of extraordinary is the character, except on the Tennessee and Virginia R. R., a colored man, who not having the fear of a demoniacal conductor before his eyes, had the unheard of audacity to go into a white compartment where the common people sit in the South. The "contemptible nigger," set there a few moments on pins, points upwards, until he could get more room at the other end of the car. The conductor soon came along collecting the fare, when several whites saw him as he thought fit to assert manly merit at hand. He stepped back, and after some whispering and pointing toward a certain seat, by three enraged sons of the America, lo and behold! his eyes fell upon a half white scamp, in a suit of fine black cloth, fair hair, and gray eyes, and started for to have forgotten that he was a "nigger," "monkey," or "sorcery cutting," or some kind of a brute. The conductor after staggering a little under the effects of the unnatural scene, resumed so much of his former equilibrium as to enable him to get up to this horrible creature. And tapping him on the shoulders, remarked: "Pet yonder front, one is for your ticket." But the colored man, "I paid for a first-class ticket." "I got nothing to do with what you paid for, yonder or nowhere." The conductor was persuaded in this form some three minutes, when off the joy and glory hallelujahs of the dusky victim broke, the audacious wretch took up his violin and came among the rest of the colored gentry, where a few of the more intelligent whites were discussing the silence and vulgar language. The colored men endeavored to ease his pain by the utterance of the bitter invectives, the following a few tunes on his violin, and closed the drama by going to sleep. One thing I must say for the colored man he was brave to the core, and had the conductor accepted his challenge, we would have seen stirring times on board that train. But he never afterwards to try that game Everything passed off smoothly until I arrived at Dalton, Ga. Here I met with the first cruel rebuff I experiences, as to what was going to be the fate of Georgia. I thought best to tell them the truth, and therefore told her she did feel like when the time arrived. A few hours more brought us to Atlanta, where that unfortunate colored man was left to seek form to make partisan laws for the government of a few people. Here I found everybody and everything in a state of confusion which had stopped speaking to me, came up and shook my hand, being in a most glorious humor, and congratulated me on other times ever before. They were so sorry the colored men were out of the legislature, that they were tempted to shoot every white man they met. But that they are not permitted to do right with it all, I found out very soon. My reception in my own city (my home) on Sunday morning; but this is another story. You will close by promising a report of our public labors, and I assure you that the whole people of Georgia, for some reason or other, appear to be colored people just now than they have been for years. Whether they have resolved to do better in the future, or whether it is to affect Congress or not I cannot say, but there is a great reformation somehow

For the Christian Recorder.

WHERE ARE WE DRIFTING?—No. 2.

Mason Xerxes.—In a former letter I aimed to show that one of the prominent objections against the "American Colonization Society" was not having the fear of a democratic conductor before his eyes, had the unheard of audacity to go into a white compartment where the common people sit in the South. The "contemptible nigger," set there a few moments on pins, points upwards, until he could get more room at the other end of the car. The conductor soon came along collecting the fare, when several whites saw him as he thought fit to assert manly merit at hand. He stepped back, and after some whispering and pointing toward a certain seat, by three enraged sons of the America, lo and behold! his eyes fell upon a half white scamp, in a suit of fine black cloth, fair hair, and gray eyes, and started for to have forgotten that he was a "nigger," "monkey," or "sorcery cutting," or some kind of a brute. The conductor after staggering a little under the effects of the unnatural scene, resumed so much of his former equilibrium as to enable him to get up to this horrible creature. And tapping him on the shoulders, remarked: "Pet yonder front, one is for your ticket." But the colored man, "I paid for a first-class ticket." "I got nothing to do with what you paid for, yonder or nowhere." The conductor was persuaded in this form some three minutes, when off the joy and glory hallelujahs of the dusky victim broke, the audacious wretch took up his violin and came among the rest of the colored gentry, where a few of the more intelligent whites were discussing the silence and vulgar language. The colored men endeavored to ease his pain by the utterance of the bitter invectives, the following a few tunes on his violin, and closed the drama by going to sleep. One thing I must say for the colored man he was brave to the core, and had the conductor accepted his challenge, we would have seen stirring times on board that train. But he never afterwards to try that game Everything passed off smoothly until I arrived at Dalton, Ga. Here I met with the first cruel rebuff I experiences, as to what was going to be the fate of Georgia. I thought best to tell them the truth, and therefore told her she did feel like when the time arrived. A few hours more brought us to Atlanta, where that unfortunate colored man was left to seek form to make partisan laws for the government of a few people. Here I found everybody and everything in a state of confusion which had stopped speaking to me, came up and shook my hand, being in a most glorious humor, and congratulated me on other times ever before. They were so sorry the colored men were out of the legislature, that they were tempted to shoot every white man they met. But that they are not permitted to do right with it all, I found out very soon. My reception in my own city (my home) on Sunday morning; but this is another story. You will close by promising a report of our public labors, and I assure you that the whole people of Georgia, for some reason or other, appear to be colored people just now than they have been for years. Whether they have resolved to do better in the future, or whether it is to affect Congress or not I cannot say, but there is a great reformation somehow

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

By Rev. P. Brockstecker

In this a just title or misnomer? From information furnished in the last number of the Evangelical Repository, it might be fair to suppose, that the Church of Christ is now for no moral obligation to keep the third commandment—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The authorities professed by the authority of the Lutheran Church, the Lutheran Doctrine of the Sabbath, and the Lord's Day, and I assert, that I have given the spurious argument for the abrogation of the Sabbath in question. Now I have not done justice to the Lutheran doctrine on the subject, with certainty must be a few verses from it in order that the reader may be supply proved by the manner of the observance of the Lord's Day in the Lutheran Church of the United States. Yet, if Luther really believed in the Sabbatic institution, as he undoubtedly did, it is a marvelous thing that he should have given to the Smaller Catechism as a measure to awaken the sinner's conscience. How can it reach man's conscience unless it be found? It is not to be found, if the Christian Sabbath, the Lord's Day, is not a divine institution; it has no right in the Decalogue as found in the Catechism.

If the Church is under no moral obligation to keep the fourth commandment, we are under no moral obligation to keep the other nine of the Decalogue. But Jesus tells us that not one jot or tittle of the law must necessarily failed

It will not do to take shelter under this subterfuge. Christ brought in no regeneration to regard any day as a Sabbath, for the leaders of Christendom in the Church as soon as the moral obligation of the fourth commandment is abrogated. The history of the Church, and the writings of the Fathers prove this. The pious before the appearance of the Messiah, as well as many proselytes were regarded every day a Sabbath, for they were saved by faith and not by works as well as the pious since His appearance The law was their school master to bring them to Christ, and so it is ours. Hence, it is not abrogated, for yet many are to be brought to Christ by this School Master, which includes the third commandment.

No one has a right to abrogate the law or any part of it. Christ came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill it. He came not to set us free from obedience to the law, but from its curse He came to save us from sin, which is by the law. Christ's work is a curse for us that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us. This is everywhere taught by Paul and Peter. (Rom. 6 4, 1 Pet. 2: 24.) How can the righteousness of the law, which includes the whole Decalogue, be fulfilled by us, if the law of the Sabbath has been abrogated? We have always been taught that grace brings us into the kingdom, and principle of the law and grace have one and the same end in view, the moral purity, not of saints men, not as philosophers, not with the spirit, but of world—to taking upon Himself the form of man, He is born, not in a palace, but as a stranger, and of a virtuous, but of a peasant. Then look at His ministry—going about doing good—and finally His reproach, suffering, death! What a price! Others felt it, and gave expression of her sympathy.

If the price be so great, then, Christian, we are indeed accursing to what has been paid for you. The price is sure to your acquired value, the esteem in which you and all of God's people are held—His people, a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, His sons and His daughters. Is it not worth your own, for you are bought with a price

Therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are His (1 Cor. 6: 20) and we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's (Rom. 14: 7, 8) for we are bought and purchased with His own blood. (1 Cor vi 19, 20, 1 Peter i 18, 19, Rev. v 9.)

One of the fruits of the Spirit is temperance. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." (Gal. v. 23, 24). The redeemed of the Lord must comply with the conditions of the covenant. Among other privileges specified in the Sabbath. "Thou shalt do no work." Suppose a man disregard the Sabbath, and give himself up to gluttony and drunkenness—how is he glorifying God in his body?

Christians, ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are His. Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Mar. 6, 1869.

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☞ *5000* New Subscribers Wanted. Mail *$2.25* to 631 Pine Street.

☞ Any member wishing a Hymn Book or Discipline, let them send us 60 cts All of our lay members ought to have them.

NOTICE.

Will all the dear *friends*, at home and abroad, please send to the Editor whatever matter they may wish to be inserted in the *Recorder*.

CORRECTION.

In "Where are we drifting?" as pub lished in our issue of last week, an error occurred in the following sentence: "It appears to me that any colored man or woman does not realized that the A. C. Society has not been shorn of its conscious features. as described *Worcester's Dictionary* etc. "That the A. C Society has not been shorn," should read "That the A. C Society *has been* shorn."

The letter from Rev. E. W Byden, Monrovia, W. A., published on the first page of our issue of last week, should have been credited to the *African Repository*.

Rev. H. H Garnet's Articles.—We call the attention of all our readers to the papers contributed by this able divine. We feel that they are interesting, but poorly describe their true merit. Coming from such a pen they will be read by all classes. Strictly every African Methodist ought to feel proond of his Church, and its founders after perusing that first paper. In the the true Christian ring about it, while in every sentence the philanthropist appears. Will not all our ministers spend a few hours given to their people, and thus help to make the "Recorder" a necessity? Until the "Recorder" becomes a necessity we are blowing in very existence will be precarious, for people are slow to maintain things whose necessity they do not recognize. The Church stands the right church when they said—"make the *Recorder* a necessity." Is Providence with their words, will not all our ministers do the same?

Raleigh, Feb., 1869.

The Bishop's Address.—O that we could have ten thousand copies of this address printed, for gratuitous circulation among the people. It would be the greatest service we thus was given to Israel. It is the document of the hour. As to time, when could it have been more pertinent? It was said of NOW, and NOW is it given. The whole Church will hail it as an indication, then all our things are only a unit; that, now we can comprehend the situation. Let the Church rejoice at this residence of a double force Single unity is of itself a force; but unity, and a comprehension of the situation is doubly forcible. Will not all our ministers read and re-read this address? Read it themselves, and read it to their people. Do not say, as we have already heard some say, it is too long. But it good brethren will pay for one over it. It will do you good Especially do we commend it to the prayerful considerations of the brethren at Philadelphia, Charleston, and Macon! It is a happy thought of the Bishops in regard to the "Recorder." *It can be so changed, and out from time to time*

N B—Will not all our Bishops help us to make the "Recorder" a necessity?

The Christian Recorder is mistaken when it represents "Christians of every name" as having the "American Trust Society," and it the "Sunday School Union." Methodist churches, so far we know, are not at all represented in them; curiously our own is not We have our own Sunday school Union and Tract Society. The American Bible Society is the only general institution in which all denominations have fairly representation, and why is the *Recorder* so anxious to go outside of its own denominational lines to co-operate with Unitarians, and to prefer help to us Methodists institutions? Must we doubt the Methodism of the African Methodists Ex. *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, Feb 13.*

We can up to one mistake in regard to the societies

"But why is the *Recorder* so anxious to go outside of its own denomination to seek money-help from Unitarians, and to prefer help to an Methodistic institutions?"

In the article to which Dr Nesbitt refers, we do not remember to have exhibited any special anxiety; however, as we are still among the pins of North Carolina, we feel and speak positively. But we will answer his interrogatory

1.6) We go "outside" for money-helps, simply because we have not got quite enough on the "inside" to answer our present purpose. The reason of which scarcity is, good money, that the "inside" working, but the "outside" got the money. We are simply giving you a chance to *retire some* and learning that the demands might be too great for you in the judgment. It is purely simplicity on our part for you

We Never go outside to the Unitarians—no, for the Unitarians came to us, why we accept money help from the Unitarians, Bishops Payne, or Campbell, or Brown could not better than we can, for the reason that they are acquainted with some little business transactions, and we are acquainted with the M. E. Church made us in 1860, and with it little premises *she never kept*.

We Never go outside to the Methodism of the A. M E Church.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Wilmington, N. C., Feb. 20

We are among the sand and the cheerful looking grass of the old Dorian land. The ocean is warm, the breezes are bracing, reminding one of a Pennsylvania May

On the WAY—We left Portsmouth Tuesday, at 6 A M ; 10 A M brought us to Weldon, of Gen. Grant fame; Greensborough at 21, and Wilmington at 5 P M could you know the fare a colored traveller re ceives? We will tell you. Stopping aboard the train at Portsmouth, we found we had struck the *smoking car*; and *every* conceivable form of generating the smoke of the noxious weed was in full blast. Pipes and cigars were in *every* mouth. We hastily passed through to the second car, where we found a number of passengers, one colored lady with turbaned head. Seeing us, she approached, (for all colored people are acquainted,) and asked, "is you in the colored people's car?" We replied, we did not know A burly-looking white man looks up and said, "The other car is for the colored people." Having addressed his words to us, we replied, that we did not consider ourselves one, or a white man, but simply as a man, and we expected to occupy the seat we had taken. The conductor approached in due time, and, having looked at her ticket, harshly bade the colored woman to go to the first car She obeyed. In the words of our valiant progenitor we refused to stand up to a *righteous fight*." On handing him our ticket he glanced at it, did his duty, and passed on, then saying to us, "I see you have what would have been the sum of our righteous fight We afterward inquired concerning the seamen, and found out that we had only purchased a second class ticket.

At Goldsborough we felt very much the effects of slavery, for the "*free* could be," and amid the ringing of bells, we entered "Mrs Grivish's Hotel," to company with two other gentlemen. They were not invited to the dining-room, but, with the politeness of a Frenchmen, we were invited to the kitchen! We repectfully declined, and, whilst we did without our dinner, we did without our money—a third of her re ceipts.

Upon our arrival at Wilmington, we were met at the depot by Revs. D P Seaton, and Samuel H. Williams, to whom we owe many obligations, and conducted to a comfortable retreat, Bro Wm. Tucker's, and his family. We found everything to be so comfortable, that we were tempted to say,

"*Forever here my rest would be.*"

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Raleigh, Feb. 26, 1869

"The Children of our Church in the South."—We are now receiving the lambs of our flock in the South We write to point out a danger which to us appears most imminent. We have been in, and has been for the last four years, flooded with noble bands of Christian men and women, who have left their all, and the comforts of home and society, have gone South to teach the freedman And they are doing it greatly and well. Everywhere the school-house is seen, the cry is heard "school marm" heard. Everywhere has these little ones receive their instruction, and hear their words And as they do so they them. These school teachers are in no mean sense the shepherds of the *ruling* people. They are entering into their labors, and they possess over them the legitimate authority that shepherds even have over their flocks. Hence these have the confidence of colored children all through the South, want no better authority for doing so, for the children are doing, than the words of their teachers. Their words are "law and gospel" unto them. Is this wrong? Not by any means. Ought it to be so stopped? Never. What! two should all our ministers in the South do? *They should on counter it, and we fear they do not.* They should *these teachers in our churches, and getting them to teach in our Sunday schools* They will come and will work. Why not? Nine tenths of them have a peculiar respect for the A M E Church. They know many of our leaders, for many of them are preachers ministers, and, on the whole, they are pleased with them and their organization We assert the assertion, that no race in the Church stands higher in the estimation of the Christian people of this land than all the rest of the Methodist family, combined together While they are not blind to our manifold imperfections, they are certainly appreciative of our virtues. They have little one *who come before the opening exercises* Yes—he voiced one. It read, "Our Credit for Heaven." It is commenced this feature to the considerables of all our Superintendents. We were assured that it worked admirably. The school is opened by singing one of those precious hymns that makes the Sabbath School ministrelsy of our country surpass that of the world; the Superintendent himself leading in prayer. By the calling of the Secretary's roll, every teacher was found in his place At the opening of the school, the general scholarship of the several classes filed out, quietly and orderly, and repaired to the Church Classrooms below, and in which each class separate room, and a half hour was devoted to the lesson. We visited several of those rooms in the course of the week, and everything like, would certainly commend it to all our schools. Our Southern church architecturers, fail to from the fact that the Church floor, floor, or what we call the lootare Room, is all built up into Class Rooms, a brick paved passage way (on which are placed the heating drums,) running through the whole length of the church. At the exportation of the half hour devoted to the school, and then began recitation by several of the classes in concert, and sustained by the Superintendent. The financial condition of the school was never indeed. Mr Percy, being a banker, has called some of his banking principles into play. Every Sabbath morning, the Secretary calls for the collection Each of those scholars at once repairs to his desk, and at the desk of their teacher, reports the amount contained in the envelope, which he hands to the Treasurer. The arrangements, every quietly and harmoniously and charmingly in filling up the treasury We were assured that the collection of this kind often exceeds that of the school.

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OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

NUMBER 13.

Norfolk, Va.—The school in connection with St. John's chapel has for its Superintendent, H. C. Percy. Esq. We were told that, during the war, this school went down he has not missed a single session of the school, save when absent from the city He is few moments in everything to be found, so that we were tempted to say,

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MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

The American Phrenological Journal for March opens with "The Champions of Social Liberty," giving interesting life sketches of those leaders of *The Revolution*, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony John Neal contributes his third paper on "Phrenomagoria," Rev. H. O. Perrot, "Friend the up Higher" and Chas. B. Horton, "Whom do Great Men Marry?" Will has entertained us most, in the His laboring of the teachers are very much pleased Had time permitted, we might *useful* excuse, and what we now conceived no that that was no easy job The confusion in each class was apparent, but the spirit of behavior was excellent up! the sick carnet for the poor provided for out of the coffers of the school. Let not the Church doubt that the part of teachers, be continued, and it cannot fail to produce the most beneficial results; it will be a nursery, as the pulpit of the church and in the community

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(N) Negative injury. Not having them actively engaged in our work, we by not quickening; we are weak, because we don't go strong; we are poor, because we don't get rich; we are sick, because we don't go well, we are kept back, because we don't go ahead These are a few of the negative results that are occurring to our side the land of courageous men and women, despite of southern ostracism and insult, rush down to fill us up.

(*b*) *Positive injury.* This is the most alarming aspect of the subject. It were bad enough, if we remained down and did not get up, but to remain down, and then to be despoiled of the force that has even kept us from descending even to the depths of barbarism—to be despoiled of the very strength of the most talented among us, is a picture too horrible to look upon. These are multitudes of these teachers have Sabbath-schools in their own villages, *where are gems of the children of our Church sepair.* Leaving their own Sabbath school they repair to them. The effect of this cannot be but to estrange our children from that Church of their baptism The logical fruit of estrangement is separation. Hence they cease to go to the integrity and future weal of our Church. Will all the shepherds of our Southern fields look after the lambs of their flock? Will they not call to their help all the agencies by which our Church will be enriched with the treasures both of head and heart

Raleigh, Feb., 1869.

The assets of the M. E. Book Concern are $1,405, gain, average last year, $102,385.

A book is about to appear, the result of, not paper labor, to show that the world's whole physical history is clothed with an Oriental mask.

Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear.

Ere to Thee I lift my prayer;

Early will I seek Thy face,

Early will I find Thy grace

with Emerson, in his expressions of jubilant triumphs, in our contemplations of the boundless "All," says Emerson, "the stars seem to appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God, which had been seen down. But night after night shows us those great orbs of heaven, and light the universe with their admonishing smile."

How the angels must have sung about the stars! We have Homer's allusions to them as they shower on his car bright with dewy light. Eschylus in his lonely cell, Virgil and laborer pedestrian of the night as towns; Shakespeare's numerous allusions to the sweet; Wordsworth's reference to the "star that is the star of the morning," and resting on his favorite moon-beam; and soon his poem on to our own admired Longfellow, that we love to remember. There is one line, however, about the stars, which, by a common consent to the poet, has utterly spoiled for us that lovely passage in "Evangeline" representing the lovers as they sat whispering together in the evening twilight, he sings—

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

Here a most beautiful passage is spoiled by a conceit. What business had the lovers to forget-me-not at such a moment? Were love-sick himself, even in that most imaginative hour, could never have dreamed of anybody wearing on his breast a knot of stars so lot get me not."

But we will overlook that infelicitous line for what Longfellow has sung so sweetly of the heaven. Every one knows by heart those various sentiments. "The Legend of the Stars." It seems his bright paternal star is not yet, in the star of heaven, but a near ni warriors, "the red light of Mars." This is human. There is to man more genuine sympathy with light than with any other planet. If inhabited, the inhabitants must be somewhat like ourselves. There are fires there and there are homes as there is Mars. There is struggle and there may be victory. Human signals, and home-sounds could see from that star, and the poet tells us that when he rose it is the evening star when there rise in his soul earnest thoughts of unselfish consecration—

"Whither my home there is no light,
But the solid light of stars;
I give the best wants of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He gives to my hope,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoever thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resigned and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

PRAYER MEETINGS.

On this subject, says writer in the *Boston Journal*, I fail not to read the thousandth article, long or short. But I have seen or think I have seen in all of them a disposition to make particular prayer meeting, or one in a given and special set of circumstances, to be held up as the only one of any value. A coat is cut, basted, altered, adapted and fashioned to fit me; therefore it will fit you. Get you one just like it. Now circumstances are merely altered "cases." How can a church up to the hour's talking, if none of them can or will talk? Suppose a young man's prayer counter courage to get up and just express his interest in the Saviour once in a while, or is it to be expected, or is it to be desired, that he repeat that utterance weekly? Can you have an abundance of young brothers, so that you may pray by the season and in a manner, I admit that you need not live of the city. But suppose your church a small one, in a small town, you must have your prayer material according to its quality. The Methodists are governed by small numbers a present for a prayer meeting. My neighbor Hobbled Jobbles is Methodist, and he will do well in certain circumstances. If they have a revival, and there is much interest or excitement in the place, it goes on well enough. But as soon as the novelty of the meeting flags at once, and very possibly does it die a-way, where there are multitudes of the brightest prayers and exhorters, and even in the way of a business attention, meetings of alternate talking and praying for conversation may be carried on indefinitely.

Now I have known a few instances of a prayer meeting carried on in the way following, from year to year, with the best success. The pastor was always present, and always conducted it. He always read each week to me, and he always called on a person to pray by name. He always read and commented on a portion of Scripture and the leading exercise. He then gave opportunity to others to pray. And sometimes they did, and sometimes they did not, just as they felt. Now these meetings were established for two years, each by more persons than composed the respective churches to which they belonged, and they are still kept up at twenty-five years, never flagged in interest or attendance, the number of persons in the church of from one hundred earning to three hundred and fifty, that is the most accurate list of prayer meeting I have known to exist. And yet with other people, in other conditions, it would be advisable to vary it considerably. No one man will suit all the tools he has, in the best way he can.

A RABBI ON JERUSALEM AND THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

Rabbi Snersohon, of Jerusalem, delivered a lecture on Wednesday evening of last week, at the rooms of the Young Men's Library, on the Holy Land. The lecturer made his appearance dressed in a long yellow gown partly covered by a white coat. He also wore a red worsted cap, with a large black tassel pendant behind. The Rabbi is rather a small man physically, with black hair, piercing eyes, and a decidedly Jewish complexion.

The lecturer after a residence of many years in the city of Jerusalem, pronounces the present condition of the Holy Land more favorable than it has been since the destruction of the Temple. The finger of God pointed to it as the land of promise, and when deliverance would come to his people. Jerusalem would not be utterly destroyed. She was more entitled to the name of the Eternal City than was Rome. After describing the arrangement and structure of the city he touched the present inhabitants, composed of Turks, Arabs, Christians and Jews. There were 2,200 Jewish families in the city, divided into four congregations. The chief Rabbi was the Bishop of the Spanish Jews. The Government had conferred upon him authority over all matters of debate among the Jews. Although the Sultan for the last 200 years had not favored persecution, still the Arabs in and around Jerusalem did not regard the wishes of the Sultan. The Turk's were lazy and egotistical and the Arabs more serious and momentarily engaged in robbery. The speaker expressed full confidence that the Lord would put deliver Jerusalem into the hands of his people.

A NATIONAL PENTECOST.

Throughout the United States, it is hoped that special prayer will be offered on the fourth of March, for the new President, for the new Congress, and for a general revival of religion in all parts of the country. Let us implore the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the Negro, Indian, African, Indians and Chinamen—that we may say with a new *Pentecost*. A Pentecost from the throne of grace and approaching nearer to Jesus we shall all be brought into each other, and thus form, united by love divine, one vast national Evangelical Alliance! God, in this hour of His mercy, can apply all our national need, according to His promise in glory, by Christ Jesus.

THE TWO TRACT SOCIETIES.

The *Christian Mirror*, of Portland, Maine, speaking of the American Tract Societies, says:

"Two Tract Societies, devoted to the same work and operating in the same field, have long been felt to be superfluous. They subject the union to an unnecessary expense, and the churches to a more injudicious friction; no much so that many will withhold all contributions while this antagonism exists.

And we may add that the religious community ought to give expression to its sentiment on this subject. This is not the age for division, but for union—evangelical union.

ROMANISM AND LIBERTY.

The Roman Catholic *Tablet* says: "If were an easy task to show that there is no antagonism between the principles of Catholicism republicanism, when honestly interpreted and loyally administered." To which the Unitarian *Register* observes replies:

"If the task is so very easy, why not perform it? A remedy so greater service can be rendered to the Church than to demonstrate this point, while so many writers and preachers seek to prove, that the Church and civilization that they are so trenched in mind, and are making such endless ado."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

New Brunswick, N. J., Rev. Wm. H. Williams, $1 85; Providence, R. I., L. L. Gerdiner, $ 25; Toledo, O., per Rev. A. Johnson, $ 10; Rev. J. B. Dodge, $ 10; Bridgeton, N. J., Jas. Steward, $ 50; Columbus, O., Rev. Wm. Watts, self, $ 60; for J. Porter, $ 60; New York City, per Rev. J. Patterson, J. Clark, $ 25; Detroit, Mich., per Rev. W. H. Lankford, for self, $ 60; for Underhill, $ 25; Syracuse, N. Y., per Rev. J. W. Logden, $ 100; Baltimore, Md., per D. W. Moses, S. Adams, $ 50; Louisville, Ky., Rev. Wm. H. Young, $ 10; Rev. H. Bodgett, $ 10; Bridgeton, N. J., Jas Steward, $ 50; Columbus, O., Rev. Wm. Watts, self, $ 60; for J. Porter, $ 60; New York City, per Rev. J. Patterson, J. Clark, $ 25; Detroit, Mich., per Rev. W. H. Lankford, for self, $ 60; for Underhill, $ 25; Syracuse, N. Y., per Rev. J. W. Logden, $ 100; Baltimore, Md., per D. W. Moses, S. Adams, $ 50; Louisville, Ky., Rev. Wm. H. Young, $ 10; Rev. H. Bodgett, $ 10; Cadis, O., per D. S. Reuse, C. F. Alexander, $ 70; Alton, Ill., per Rev. J. W. Malone, J. Cissel, $ 60; Providence, R. I., per Rev. H. H. Burley, R. Parker, $ 75; Providence, R. I., per Rev. D. Dorrell, W. Means, $ 30; J. Morris, $ 75; P. Jones, $ 50; Rev. J. B. Sidney, each $ 25; Columbia, Mo., Rev. T. A. Smith, $ 0 00; Rev. J. W. Bodlie, $ 80 00; Rev. B. T. Tanner, $ 10 00; Rev. D. Russell, $ 10; Sarah Steward, acknowledges the receipt of $ 4 50, from Rev. W. G. Ralph, Brownsville, Pa.

APPOINTMENTS FOR THE FIRST EPISCOPAL DISTRICT, 1869.

Feb. 28th, Sunday, New Brunswick, N. J.; March 7th, Sunday, North Orange, Essex Co., N. J.; 8th, Monday, Flushing, Long Island, N. Y.; 9th, Tuesday, Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y.; 10th, Wednesday, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y.; 11th, Thursday, Newtown, Long Island, N. Y.; 12th, Friday, Rockaway, N. J.; 14th, Sunday, Morristown, N. J.; 16th, Thursday, Bridgeton, N. J.; 19th, Friday, Salem, N. J.; 21st, Sunday, Springtown, N. J.; 22d, Monday, Salem, N. J.; 23d, Tuesday, Woodbury, N. J.; 25th, Sunday, Old Chester Circuit, Pa.; April 4th, Sunday, Wilmington, Del.; 5th and 6th, Monday and Tuesday, Smyrna Circuit, Del.; 8th and 9th, Thursday and Friday, Cambridge Circuit, Md.; 11th, Sunday, Pittsfield Circuit, Del.; 18th, Sunday, Slaughter Neck, Milton Circuit, Del.; 25th, Sunday, Queen Anne, Md.

Brethren seeing this notice will have the goodness to write me a few lines giving directions for whom I shall inquire, and at what points upon their circuits, they would have me come, &c. &c. Direct your letters to my address, 1918 Addison Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. P. Campbell,
Episcopal Rooms of the First District, February 22d, 1869.

BISHOP WAYMAN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Sunday, March 1st, Washington and Georgetown, D. C.
Wednesday night, March 10th, Ellicott Mills, Md.
Sunday, March 14th, Denton, Md.
Thursday night, March 18th, Chesapeake City, Md.
Sunday, March 21st, Cambridge, Md.
Wednesday night, March 28th, Coverdanville, Md.
Sunday, March 28th, Baltimore, Md.
Wednesday night, March 31st, Cheapeake City, Md.
Sunday, April 4th, Smithfield, Va.
Monday night, April 5th, Warrenton, N. C.
Wednesday, April 7th, N. C. Conference, Greensboro, Va.
Thursday night, April 15th, Raleigh, N. C.
Sunday, April 18th, Dudenellon, Wilmington, N. C.
Wednesday, April 21st, Virginia Conference, Norfolk, N. C.

Thursday, April 29th, Baltimore Conference, Frederick, Md.

THE TIME AND PLACE OF CONFERENCE MEETINGS IN 1869.

South Carolina Conference, Jan. 28d, Charleston, S. C. Baltimore Bowie, Georgia Conference, Feb. 6th, Columbus, Ga., Bishop Brown. Alabama Conference, Feb. 20th, Montgomery, Ala., Bishop Simpson. California Conference, March 6th, San Francisco, Bishop Ward. Florida Conference, March 3rd, Jacksonville, Fla., Bishop Brownlee. Pittsburg Conference, April 1st, Pittsburg, Pa., Bishop Payne. North Carolina Conference, April 7th, Greensboro, N. C., Bishop Wayman. Ohio Conference, April 14th, Xenia, O., Bishop Payne. Virginia Conference, April 21st, Norfolk, Va., Bishop Wayman. Baltimore Conference, April 29th, Frederick, Md., Bishop Wayman. Philadelphia Conference, May 6th, Philadelphia, Pa., Bishop Campbell. New York Conference, May 20th, Albany, N. Y., Bishop Campbell. New England Conference, June 3rd, Boston, Mass., Bishop Campbell. Indiana Conference, Aug. 12th, Springfield, Ill., Bishop Quinn. Illinois Conference, Aug. 19th, Bishop Quinn. Arkansawrth, Kansas, Bishop Quinn. Tennessee Conference, Sept. 1st, Memphis, Tenn., Bishop Shorter. Kentucky Conference, Sept. 1st, Lexington, Ky., Bishop Payne. Arkansas Conference, Sept. 15th, Little Rock, Ark., Bishop Shorter. Texas Conference, Nov. 11th, San Antonio, Texas, Bishop Shorter. Mississipi Conference, Dec. 1st, Natchez, Miss. Bishop Shorter. Louisiana Conference, Dec. 15th, Baton Rouge, La., Bishop Shorter.

NOTICE.

The third sermon of the series under the auspices of the Young Men's Union Christian Association will be preached on tomorrow evening at the Cherry Street Baptist Church, Cherry St., below Eleventh, by the pastor, Rev T Doughty Miller, at 7½ o'clock.

INFORMATION WANTED.

John Walker, a servant of Dr E M Patterson, in 1850, wishes to know the whereabouts of his wife Peggie, and his children Wesley, Solomon and Miles, who were also slaves of Dr. E M Patterson, of Nashville, Tennessee. Dr. Patterson lived at a place called the Flat Rock, about three miles from Nashville. And also the whereabouts of my last wife, Cornelia, who was a slave of Mr. Jas Sharp, city trader, in Nashville, Tenn. Any information of the above persons will be gladly received by John Walker. He desires to change his name read this to their congregations. Address letters to

JOHN WALKER,
No. 114 P St, betw'n 3rd and 5th Sts,
Sacramento, Cal.

Feb. 27—1mo.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Information wanted of my son, Henry Stevenson, who was taken away from Gandy Moore, Hardin County, Texas, in Gen. Sheridan's Army, by Capt. Gilmore. He once belonged to Buford Bohannan, Wood Co., Ky. His father's name was Richard Stevenson. Any information in regard to him will be thankfully received by his mother. Please address

Rev. H. J. Young,
Pastor of Quinn Chapel,
Louisville, Ky.

$5 REWARD.

Information wanted, of my son, James Charles Brady, who left Cincinnati, O., and lived with Dr. Mitchell, to whom he was sold by Thomas Layton. He is 18 years old. He has a brother, James Edward, and a sister, Martha Jane Handy. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his father,

Thomas Handy.
Byberry Township,
Philadelphia, Pa.

To any one giving the desired information, I will give Five Dollars reward.

Feb 6. Thomas Handy
1 mo

NOTICE.

Mission Rooms A. M. E. Church,
No. 12 Saratoga St., Baltimore, Md.

All letters and matters pertaining to the Missionary Society of the African M. E. Church, and all monies belonging to or by the said Society, must be directed to No. 12 Saratoga street, Baltimore.

Jas. A. Handy, Cor. Sec.

July 25—tf.

Married.

Morris—Brown—Feb 25th, by Rev H Young, Mr James Morris to Miss Ann Brown, both of Louisville.

Stebbins—Syphax—On the 17th of February, by the Rev James Priley, Mr Thos U Starlings, of North Carolina, to Miss Mary Jane Silver, of New Orleans.

Dexter—Watts—On the evening of Thursday, Feb 18th, 1869, by Rev. R. Fassett, Mr Joseph Draper, of Philadelphia, Pa., to Miss Julia Waters, of Bridgeton, N J

Advertisements.

TO LET.

A Small House, No. 11 Price St., above Second Immediately, and two or one unfurnished Room to Rent. Enquire of the Janitor next door.

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W. A. ANDREWS,
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Feb 13—3m.

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Feb 20—3m.

AVERY COLLEGE,
BOARD OF TRUSTEES.
Dr. C. G. Hussey, President; Rev. John Peck, Vice President; Alexander Gordon, Treasurer; Rev. Wm. Wilson, Secretary; R. R. Parker, A. I. Bilkins, P. L. Jackson, Matthew Jones, Jas. Sharpless.

FACULTY.
President,
Rev. Henry Highland Garnet.
Professor of History, Rhetoric, Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Political Economy.
Benjamin E. Sampson, A. B.
Professor of Mathematics, Natural Sciences and Languages.
Miss Harriet C. Johnson.
Principal of Preparatory and Ladies Dep't.
Miss Clara Gilmore Toof,
Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Avery College, situated in *Allegheny City*, Pa., was founded and endowed by the liberality of the institution, by the late Rev Charles Avery, for the education of the colored people of both sexes, and was incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, April 3rd, A. D. 1849. The edifice is extensive, convenient, and pleasantly situated, and has attached with a fine Library, and a good assortment of Philosophical, Chemical, and Astronomical apparatus.

The following as general statement of the studies adopted in the Preparatory, Collegiate and the Ladies' course, viz:

Literary and Scientific—Reading, English Grammar, Analysis and Composition; Elements of Criticism; Geography, Physical, both ancient and modern; Rhetoric, Logic, Mental Philosophy, Paley's Evidences of Christianity, Political Economy and Political Economy.

Mathematical Studies.—Mental and written Arithmetic; Algebra, Geometry, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Mensuration of Sections, Natural Philosophy and Astronomy.

Physical Studies—Anatomy, Physiology, Natural History, Botany, Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology.

The principles of vocal music will be taught free of charge. Pupils will be prepared for instruction on the Piano, Melodeon and Organ, at a moderate charge.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman class must be more than ten years of age, and must sustain an examination in English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Latin and Greek grammar, Latin Reader, Cæsar's Orations against Catiline, and the first three Books of Virgil's Æneid, or their exceeding lustrum and Greek are mixed those desiring the First year of the Ladies' Course. Ladies who desire can take the regular College Course. Those who desire to complete their course of study will receive the degree of *Bachelor of Arts*.

Every person admitted shall present satisfactory testimonials of good moral character, and those from whom the Faculty decision must present a certificate of honorable dismission. Students of other parts of age may not be admitted into the preparatory department.

The Academical year is divided into three terms as follows, to wit:

The Winter Term, beginning on the first Monday of January, and continuing thirteen weeks Vacation of two weeks.

The Spring Term, beginning on the third Monday in April, and continuing twelve weeks Vacation of eight weeks.

The tuition, which must in all cases be paid in advance, is $2.00 per term, in the necessary departments. Board in respectable families of Pittsburgh and Allegheny cities can be obtained at prices varying from $3.50 to $4 00 per week. The price of washing varies from 75 cts. to $1 50 per dozen. The charges for one year for students from abroad, including all expenses, will be about $175.

Avery College is not under the control of any religious denomination, although its charter provides that all its officers shall be professors of Christianity. It is in no way connected with any sectarian organization, but the design of its founders was to incorporate the teaching of the Christian religion with its appropriate courses of studies. Its discipline is mild and paternal, yet firm and Nov 14—1y

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Poetry.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fair they fade away!
So the pearly gates of heaven
Ope for the golden hour!
Or for the flowers of Righteousness
That entrieth evermore!

The brightest hopes on cheerish have,
How fast they fade and fleet!
How many a spot shall see no more
That weeps on earthly sheet!
Or for a heart that never knew
Of earthly woe or ill,
Or has a cause to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.

Here faith in sure, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead on higher,
And there are preference and peace
Beyond our best desire!
O, by Thy love and sapphile, Lord!
O, by Thy life laid down!
O, that we will not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Home Circle.

THE IMPRISONED SUNBEAMS.

BY LILLIAN LOUISE GILBERT.

It was seven o'clock, almost Fannie's bedtime. She was noisy and tired, and had "waited quite long enough, she thought, for her father—who was quietly talking his after-dinner nap—to wake up and hear the usual good-night story.

She fidgeted about a long time, trying to keep still, but really making a great noise. She made a chair creak, and her hairbrush fell. But it hadn't any face, and its arms would stick out in such a queerly straight manner that it was quite disappointed to play with; so poor dolly had to turn back into a little square and be stitched linen.

Then she made a ball of the seams bit of cambric. But, being very soft, it wouldn't bound at once, and so it was of no use to go on throwing the ball and having to run to pick it up again.

All at once a thought came into her disconsolate, little mind, and, running across the room to her father, she seized the handkerchief which covered his face, just where his nose made a slight, pleasant sort of elevation.

"Papa," cried she, "wake up, wake up, and tell me what made gas."

Papa had been thoroughly roused by the not very gentle twitch Fannie gave his nose when he pulled off the handkerchief, and, laughingly seeing her on his knee, asked, "Why do you want to know, pet?"

"Well, I guess 'cause I'm curious, that's all."

"Quite a little woman's answer," said her father, and began his story.

"One day, millions of years ago—longer ago than we can imagine, before there were any men or women or boys or girls in the world—the sun shone very bright and warmly for that time, for the sun didn't shine so much then as it does now; a group of little sunbeams got lodged in a tree.

"The trees that grew in those days were not our great oaks and stately poplars, but seemed more like ferns grown to a gigantic stature. And all the vegetable growth of that time was such as we call now tropical.

"It was now easier to see how beautiful soft, green mosses grew as tall as we, for when they waved backward and forward in the wind and whispered secrets to each other, and how the spreading tree-like ferns bent and bowed, and the broad leaves of the palm-like them hung graceful vines, which looped themselves from branch to branch and swung in unison. We can imagine all this, but I say no flower were on hand—written in hand drawn to us to tell us of their beauty.

"And the only way we can guess what kind of flower grew then as the fossils by which I will tell you presently.

"Why those little rays of light should have caught in that particular tree I never could understand, but they did, or I should have no story to tell.

"There they lived, making the tree warm and bright till it grew old and died; and left last after leaf fell off, and branch after branch broke down, and at last all the trunk fell, lost of that once stately fern was a poor old stump, with some branches left.

"Now, my ears would have supposed that the sunbeams, being shut up in the tree, would have glanced off in such a pleasantly place. But no, they preferred to be buried in the ground with what had been their door old home in the tree-top. The longer they stayed there the deeper and heavier they imbedded in the earth, and finally they found they could get out no more.

"So they slept there year after year, till nobody knows how much time had passed. More trees grew up, and died, and were buried like all the rest, while rocks began to form over them, and great changes in deeper and deeper and harder and harder, and the little sunbeams forgotten. We shall never get out any more! How much better it would have been had we been allowed to the surface, instead of being constantly thrust further into the earth.

"Years ago—and not such a very great many, either, when we think of the time that had passed since our tree first died—some wise men found, in certain spots in mountains of other places, the kind of substance which we call coal. But it was really the decayed wood made out of those trees and plants which died like the one our sunbeams lived in, ages ago, and which had been pressed so hard and so long by those rocks and other formations that had risen and fallen above them that it had become what we call coal.

"Now, to the coal are found what are called fossils—that is, the figures of leaves and the bark of trees impressed on the coal. They are beautiful carvings, only finer than any one could do.

"You have seen skeleton leaves and leaves?

"Well, they are like them in delicacy. They are the skeletons flowers Nature makes, only they are such.

"There are other kinds of fossils, too—such as bones of animals, shells, and all sorts others, but they are not found in coal, because no animals existed at the time when the coal formed.

"I once saw a fossilized fern, and it seemed as if it must have been cut with a diamond, so fine was its work.

"Coal-miners often find these beautiful things in the course of their excursions. Only think how pleased a little girl like you they are among that dirty black stuff, and are seized with their themselves, and so deeply to find what might be called one of Nature's photographs right before them.

"Not the only good thing about these pictures is their beauty. They serve to tell us what kind of a growth there was at the time when the wood was becoming coal. Of course, when we find nothing but grassy leaves, and pretty mosses, and plants that are similar to them, we know that there was no other kind at that time. They are the illustrations in Nature's guide-books.

"Well, those wise men found this black substance, and they wondered what it was. And, being wise, as I have told you, they tried experiments with it, and found that it would burn and give out heat, and so they used it for fuel."

"Yes, but, papa," interrupted Fannie, "this story you are telling is about sunbeams, and I wanted to."

"Well patiently, little girl, and we'll soon come to the gas," replied her father, and went on.

"So those wise men, who are never satisfied with finding out one thing, but must make it a means to a great many more, thought: 'This burns so well why shouldn't it be applied in some form as a light?' And, when they had once thought of it, they couldn't let it alone, till by numerous experiments they found that a part of it could be converted into that valuable thing we call gas, and carried through tubes of tubes and pipes to the very feet into people's houses, to light them up brilliantly. Well, and, then, when men were digging out coal to make gas of they were in a very large, smooth, glossy place, with very little furniture upon it. They didn't look out, and put with a queerly which was nothing but this great, dirty lump.

Now it happened that this particular piece of coal was a piece of the very tree which our sunbeams were buried so long ago. And, after it had been through all the necessary processes, the gas was ready to flow from the gas works, which I have often pointed out to you, to this street and into this very house and room. And one day someone rushed up and down so brightly at the end of the pipe that it caused my little daughter to ask: 'What is this gas?' And I tell her for reply that the light and heat in one of those little rays which lay buried for ages, but which now has come again to show that it is long gone. Fannie's bedtime and the sunbeams has gotten into her winking eyes."

"Why, papa!" cried Fannie, now opening her blue eyes very wide "do you believe all that?"

But her father only kissed her good-night and smiling, said:

"Don't you?"—*Independent.*

THE LAST SNOW OF WINTER.

The the last snow of a winter, so pure and so white,
Is melting away from the hillside to-night;
To appear the earth in a garment of light
At the dawn of the blossoming day.

Then sat falling so soft and tenderly now,
Embracing the earth with a mantle of flowers,
Then invest our dark world; and fain then wouldst spread
The earth as pretty as the glorified above.

But a moment thy white robes shall linger, fair Snow,
Like a dream they will vanish away;
Yet sparkling and joyful the bright spring hours
In the vesture there great to-day.

Old Berger is gone, with the storm on his trail,
But in the soul our hearts still bring,
As Nature so gently withdraws from the veil
For the noise and blossoms of spring.

Brewster P. Jackson.

Columbia, S. C., 1868.

TEACHER TRAINING.

At a very valuable Sunday-school Institute held months ago, the following able report was submitted by a committee appointed to collect and classify the answers of the teachers to the question, "In your school, 'Why should our Sunday-school teachers receive more preparatory training for their work?' The answers were grouped under three heads, as follows:

1. *The nature of the work* requires preparatory training. Those engaged in it are dealing with souls. They are immortal creatures teach. Untrained workmen may do damage for life. The blind cannot lead the blind. Before let workers be trained for the sowing, the ground must be broken up and loosened, under shepherds for the feeding and the flock.

II. *The infinite importance of the work.*

1. Its source, 2. Its subjects; 3. Its instruments.

1. Its source. It is from God and for God. Only those who are taught of God to work should be well done.

2. Its subjects—souls of men. Of the souls of the reprobate? The teacher is to make imperishable records on immortal souls.

3. Its instruments. The vast mysterious treasure house of revelation. "Search the scriptures," asks one, "to trained in order to teach the Scriptures, and shall be trained in order to teach the Word of God?" Says another. Poor mortals will do their work but defectively, even with the best of training.

III. *The example of the best workmen.* Jesus prepared for thirty years before he began to preach. And the three years in preparation. Preachers of the Gospel prepare for their work as did the apostles. Paul, the wise master-builder, only in degree. The ministers from the right arm of the church, Sunday-school teachers the left. Both are to be trained that it may have hearts strength to do good service?

Rev. Dr. Stevens: "What should this training comprise?" substantially eight answers were given:

1. Personal experience of the truth or religion in the heart. "As our iron cannot bring forth good fruits, so our hearts in Scripture truth require personal experience of the power of the truth to produce fruit of holy branches.

2. The habit of independent thinking.

4. A knowledge of the Bible, including Sacred Geography, manners and customs, opinions, principles of interpretation, analysis of books, and the prominent doctrines of religion.

5. A knowledge of the art of teaching and governing, of the art of securing attention, of the art of questioning, adapting instruction, employing illustrations, &c.

6. The study of human nature, especially of the child and youth, its difficulties, peculiarities, demands.

7. Experience in teaching. Actual practice.

8. Spiritual inspiration from above. One answer says: "The baptism of the Holy Ghost;" another: "The habit of prayer;" another gave this only reply: "The Christ."

BESSIE BARTON'S TEST.

"I wish I knew just what to do about it," were the words that again and again fell from Bessie Barton's lips as she thought how to decided was a weighty one.

Each time they were uttered, the soft dark eyes of a young girl, who sat sewing near by, were lifted wistfully toward the gentleman, till at last she ended the earnest appeal, and asked, "What is it, Posey? What do you think about it?"

"I should go by papa's rule," she replied, the eminent sweeping into her fair cheek.

"And what may papa's rule be, little Bessie?" asked her uncle.

"Never to do anything, or say anything, or to go anywhere, when we cannot ask God's blessing to rest upon us. He says it saves a world of trouble, and is always a sure test."

Dr. Barton was a worldly man, who none knew scoffed at the simple confidence of little Bessie; but he only looking tempted him now, and silently kissing the fair head went on.

Uttered in earnest, as Bessie's words were, they had proved the "word fitly spoken," and not many months passed before he too learned this test as his rule in life as well as Bessie's.

When our journey through life seems a tangled path, and we know not which way to guide our weak steps? Not all the wisdom of the world can help us to solve the problem. Nothing but what you can ask God's blessing to rest upon it. But a safeguard against the wiles of the tempter, in the ires every day he devises! What a branch in the darkest hour of sorrow! To feel that God is near, when efforts in a stronger staff to uphold our trembling steps into the most powerful of earthly helpers.

Ask God in what God will bless." Write it on your heart, have it printed on your lips, and it will never fail you. "I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." He has promised, and He never fails to fulfil.—*Christian Treasury.*

OUR LITTLE BABY IS DEAD.

"Our little baby is dead," said a child to her little playmate as they met in class one Sunday.

"Jesus loves little children, and he takes them to heaven," replied the little lady, who asked:

"Would you like to die like baby, Willie?"

"Not yet," replied Willie

"Why not? you get a new heart," rejoined the little lady.

Dear Little Willie! I love him for those words, but I wish he would go to heaven before and get the new heart Jesus has promised to give—for I have a little baby who "got a new heart" to all who ask for it, even to little children. Dear Willie, I am afraid whose hearts are troublesome, and ask Jesus to give you a new heart, obedient heart.—*Sunday School Gazette.*

HOW COMMON WINDOW-GLASS IS MADE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"There is another process," continued the gaffer, "by which our common window-glass is made. Some years ago, when I visited Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, you must go into that city to see the process, before you will find them very curious. Their factories are not built upon the ancient style. It has no chimney, and the smoke from the bituminous coal which they burn, comes out of a hole called the 'cone.' There are openings in the roof for it to escape through, and a second and smaller cone from the drawn carries it upward, so that it is not so bad as it would be were no one to think. Besides, they do not begin to blow their glass before noon.

"There are five pots on each side of the furnace; and you will see five men in a row, blowing away at once. The whole activity of a file of soldiers exercising. Each gathers their a pot a pounds of metal on his pipe, which is very long and strong for blowing, and a second dose, to go on after swing the glass, as they blow it. The five pots are filled at the same time, and each man knows a great deal about watching. He stretched out gradually by the swinging of the long pipe, and when the glass is rolled, five feet long. Then the five rollers swing it, which is the work of a moment, and five other soldiers spring forward with their pipes—each in this case are seven here, that they set upright under the five pipes, and prepare to support them while the rollers cut the bubble off at the end of the pots. The blowers blow in the necks of the pipes with all their might, and with their thumbs over the holes to prevent the true dreamers from escaping at the ends, while the end of the roller is softened, so that it may be forced in and expanded by the heat, bursts it out.

"Then the blower, open at one end. It is whirled to the heat and edge fragments of iron, then brought away—the five iron supports dropped, and the ground with a consistencies clang. The cylinders are laid on their sides, and the workmen separate and about the blowing pipe is cracked off with a hot iron, and a rope of melted glass drawn around it. The cylinder is then carried from end to end on one side by a workman known as the 'flattener.'

"In an adjoining building in what is called the 'annealing arch,' the cylinders are brought three are lifted on the end of a frame, passed in through a circular opening, cast large enough to admit them, and laid in between rows of the ovens bottom, with the crack uppermost. The oven is not then is circular, and it receives horizontally in the glass ovens. These ovens are long arch, and lays itself down gently and gradually for their work. The annealing process does not last about, three feet wide and nearly two feet high, and is built on the ground around the sides of the oven, as also the space between it and another a workman sweeps the stone for it, and then carefully brushes it down with a block as it comes round to him, and a fourth, at the other opening, which is close to the one at which the cylinders are put in, receives them when they come out. The annealing process is the slowest part of the whole manufacture. It takes about two days to cool the cylinders, and then they are carried to the cutting room. There the cylinder is split along a convex line, and annealed at the stalls of the cutters by the heat of a small furnace, where with measure marks on its edges. He lifts one of the sheets, lays it on a table, and commences rolling it faster than a schoolboy his skates. His roller is a wooden rod, five feet long, with a ball of putty in a wooden mond. Every stroke is a swirl. Not that he squirts it upon the sheet, but he moves it so scarcely to make a scratch. Yet that scratch has the effect of cracking the sheet quite through, so that it breaks clean off at the slightest pressure. In this way the sheets are cut up into panes of the required size.

"I should think the diamonds would wear out," said Lawrence.

"I remember," resumed the gaffer, "one workman told me that a single diamond would last him two or three years. It has differ or various different edges, and when one is worn out he uses another. South American diamonds, such as he used, are the best, for, from size to thirty dollars each; while, when used for cutting glass for purpose, he sells them for jewels to be put into watches.—Our Young Folks *for March*

ORIGIN OF EPIDEMICS.—Curious suggestions for against epidemics are recommended by a correspondent of the Scientific American. If stored and kept in a sick room they will absorb all atmospheric poison. They should be replaced by a fresh one every hour. It is intimed that to the room of a small-pox patient they blister and decompose with great rapidity, but will prevent the spread of the disease. Their application has also proved effectual in cases of snake bites.

HOW TO TALK CONFESS IGNORANCE.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

You are both so young that you cannot yet conceive of the wonderful charm which will yet be poured in upon you by silence of people. If you will only listen to them, and that you have all you want always. You will be a delightful person to talk with. Do the Central Railroad They were dear old friends, and, on consulting together, a school host, had, on consulting together, they agreed that they did not dare to get out at any station to buy a paper, lest they should be divinity, who was coming home from a meeting of the "American Board," never heard their talk, get some sponge-cake, and have a delightful day and evening. So there in he might have done to its unfortunate neighbor. Just poor Sybil, who was tortured and distressed, said, "No, thank you," and so Sam and Sybil had their supper, having all day each other's company, only. I remember, when I was a little boy, I was guilty of the foolishness will not depart from him," and they will be longer

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Editor.
William C. Banton, Assistant Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 13, 1869. Vol. IX. No. 9. New Series. Whole No. 411.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

is published every thursday on behalf of the AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. JOSHUA WOODLIN,

Editor and Publisher,

No. 631 PEARL STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Notices.—All letters and matter pertaining to the Book Concern will receive attention, if addressed to Rev. Joshua Woodlin, as per paper. Letters for the Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, D.D., Editor, must be addressed to him at the office of publication. All letters containing no matter will be directed to Box No. 2074, Philadelphia.

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Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, strictly in advance. If not paid within six months from the date of subscription, three dollars per annum will be charged. No paper will be sent out of the State unless the money accompanies the order. All paper will be stopped when the time expires.

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One square (ten lines more or less) one month	$5 00
One square, three months, in advance	12 00
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One square, six months, in advance	20 00
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Poetry.

WHAT IS LIFE?

They tell me life is but a journey to the tomb;
A weary pilgrimage through tears and gloom.
That love and hope decay, and all things tire
But phantoms, seen through the misty air.

But this I know: man see's a journey take,
Without some wished-for pleasure, for whose sake,
For some imagined good, they learn their way.
And one life's aim be but the stale pall!

Can our life be the senseless, pathless trend
Of random steps, anguished and ended?
Are we as one on some lone, [illegible]
Without a compass, sailorless, and lost?

O! 'tis not that, though thousands wander far
From God, they are not bright and guiding star,
His word. He is the only source of life;
Our stay and comfort in the billowy strife.

True life is that which thousands daily share:
Which God has given us in His only Son.
The lost, by grace implanted love below.
All glorious in the heavenly world shall grow.

MARY.

For the Christian Recorder.

PIONEERS OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH.—NO. III.

BY HENRY HIGHLAND GARNET.

Rev. William Paul Quinn, Third Bishop.

The writer regrets that the limit of a newspaper article will not permit him to enlarge upon the illustrious subject, whom it is his design to present to the readers of the *Recorder* at this time. A large, and extensively interesting volume might be appropriately written, descriptive of the labors and the thrilling incidents of the life of Wm. Paul Quinn. The few living men, who began life with him, knew him well; but this is not the case with those of the present time; for the most stirring events in which he was a prominent actor, commenced about the end of the last generation, and, a the beginning of the present.

Bishop Quinn was born in Chester county, in the State of Pennsylvania. At what date I am not able to state. The writer first saw him in New York City in the year 1824, at which time he was the pastor of a church in Mulberry Street, opposite the "African Free School." At that time he was in the prime of manhood, and vigorous health. No one, who then knew him, will accuse me of exaggeration when I state, that probably there was not a more noble specimen of finer personal appearance, even in that populous city. Standing more than six feet in height, his form readily took on a graceful bulk and feature well shaped, and proportioned, and of a beautiful olive complexion —fine forehead, and a bright and laughbeaming eye, and withal moving with elastic step, and possessing polished, and courtly manners, William Paul Quinn was a ruler, and a prince.

THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS AND POPULARITY.

For one to be able to make his way successfully over a sea, made tempestuous by the warring elements of religious differences, and denominational splits that prevailed in his early ministry, certainly gave evidence of some extraordinary power possessed by the man. What was it? and of what did it consist? I answer, it consisted in his unerring perseverance—his fondness of people—his benevolence of heart, and his broad philosophy, and his hatred of sin. very. Then, it may be added, that the Author was so humble and poor as to be neglected by him, and so man was so forlorn and wretched as to be banish by him, and proud and selfish preacher in despised of men, and hated to God. His own words confirm him, for he consistently took as his mirror that rerush his deeds and hypocrisy and his hatred of sin. ward and sorrowful in New York. Frequently as midnight, and at noonday, the cry of the kidnapped, and the clanking of chains were heard. While affrighted boodmen were hurried through the streets, excited people were wont to cry, "Send for Isaac T. Hopper," "send for Quinn," "go for Christopher Rush," and soon, one or all of those heroic and glorious men stood beside the trembling fugitives. The days to which I allude were perilous, and none but true men could stand —and Quinn stood among the truest. It is true that men are generally forgetful of the generous deeds of their fellows, but, nevertheless it is often otherwise, and the people's estimation of his father in the Gospel for such acts of devotion

HE FIGHTS FOR LIBERTY AND WINE.

In the spring of 1823, one of the most exciting fugitive slave cases was tried in New York, that was ever brought before the courts of that city. The only sister of the writer, Mary Ann Garnet, was then a recruit while attending a party, at the instance of John ftp neer of the "Eastern Shore" of Maryland, and was forcibly taken from as a fugitive from slavery. In consequence of the friendship which my sister had secured among a large circle of very estimable, and on account of the standing of her parents in the church, the wildest excitement prevailed. The day following the arrest was appointed for her trial before the generous Recorder of the city. The court was crowded, and the place that was to be pursued was at once secured. First, the host legal aid was to be secured, and if that failed then a resort was to be attempted, at the hazard of imprisonment and death. On that memorable day at least fifteen thousand excited men and women assembled in the City Hall Park. In the centre of that determined crowd, the towering form of Bishop Paul Quinn was seen, and by his side was observed "the little black giant," Nathan Thomas. The former was wise in counsel, and fearless in war, while the latter was invincible in conflict. The trial commenced, and my sister's counsel placed his shackled paper of freedom in a prominent on the name of the second person in the Trinity, and others invoked the assistance of the Blessed Martyrs and every pure saints than were generally known to be recorded in the sacred calendar of the Roman Church. Undaunted at the boldness of a single man, and intensely pained by his blows, the ranks of the enemy were broken, and they fled like chaff before the tempest. Then the camp ground was effectually cleared of its pest, and during the excitement of the uprooting, the fugitive whatever occurred. *Then that church in the wilderness had rest.* I must not omit to state, that during the entire transaction, which I have briefly described, the Rev. gentleman did not speak a single word, and when the work was finished, only looked around upon the stand, and since that time Methodist camp meetings have never been disturbed in Kingsley county.

HE LIFTS UP THE BANNER OF THE CROSS IN THE WEST

The year 1841 William Paul Quinn was elected, and consecrated Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and with the increased responsibilities that he had already borne, he established a ministry in the work of his Master. After having sowed the good seeds of divine truth along the shores of the Susquehanna, he extended the Allegheny mountains and proclaimed the glad tidings of the Gospel to those who were then living in the midst of those neglected regions. Nor did the heroic apostle paus on those rocky slopes that lay on the western side of the Allegheny and planted churches on either side of the Ohio. Encouraged by the success that attended his labors, he moved on still farther Westward over the Prairies, and followed the courses of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, until the up Quinn may be regarded as one of the earliest and most eminent fathers of his church, and the missionary church, and its numerous members love to repeat his name, and to recount his labors and sacrifices.

In consulting this brief paper, which deserves but a meagre outline of the marvelous career of this beloved servant of the Lord, I cannot refrain from mentioning one of his extraordinary natural gifts. The Bishop's manner of narrating his trials and adventures, was impressive, it marvellously interesting and captivating. The quiet dignity, and the ease, and beauty of his language that characterize his conversations, are seldom surpassed or equaled. His memory seem literally to flow in eloquent streams from his mouth.

He has now reached that period of life, which is, to me, more attractive than any other stage of human existence. He found the Church, and left it planted in the hearts of a powerful people. Such an one is living, and a glorious witness of the goodness of God, and of the power of his name among men. Yonder brethren in the sacred ministry, venerate the Bishop, as the father of them as they have followed Christ, and when they drop their mantles and go home to the golden city, take them and wear them until life shall end.

Avery College

— The Presbyterians of the States across Cincinnati have been holding a Convention in that city, for the discussion of the needs and methods of the work of the churches. It seems to have been quite a success. Dr. Nelson rather startled his conservative friends by the strong ground he took on the Woman question. That Methodist brother, who observed in the sublime, was pleasingly asked what brought him there, and replied that he expected to meet as many Presbyterians to heaven, that he thought it was to make the acquaintance of some of them before.

WHERE ARE WE DRIFTING?—NO. III.

BY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

MR. EDITOR.—If we admit that the children of Africa and their descendants have been born under the influences of *barbarism* and *superstition*, does that not furnish a sufficient reason why we should labor to extirpate the one and uproot the other?

One of the evil effects of continuing our prejudices against Africa is that it weakens that love of race which springs from a desire of nature, and needs no apology. Tempered with justice it is a divine element, and that "Christian love" does not at war with its teachings. It is an instinctive faculty, implanted by Deity in man from the earliest age, and permeates the blood of the whole animal kingdom, and none but *hybrids* are free from its influence. It contains within it a law of affinity that has ceaseless, strengthened and rendered powerful, savage, as well as civilized nations.

It was the love of race that directed our Christian fathers ABRAHAM JOHNS, RICHARD ALLEN, JOHN GLOUCESTER, and their co-laborers in the days of long ago to organize churches and beneficial societies to promote the spiritual and material well being of their race.

It was their "love of race" that rendered them so formidable in erecting institutions (out of such rude and unrefined materials) that have withstood the iron tooth of time, and the ravages of despotism, until their pitiful breathes establish our national civilization, and their posterity are enjoying the blessed influence of the Gospel.

It was this "love of race" that impelled them to such great sacrifices in resisting the aggressions of slavery, prejudice and the "spirit of the times," as to induce Richard Allen to "separate them from their brethren in bonds." It is because they performed those noble deeds that their names are now inscribed in the historic page, and their memories enshrined in the affections of a long enlightened posterity.

It is this "love of race" planted by the finger of God on the heart of man that has organized the spirit of liberty,—overthrown despotisms, and planted civilizing institutions throughout the globe. It has enabled the "white race" to discovery and to rule and render the term Anglo Saxon illustrious, but *potent* and *venerable*.

It was this inviolable power that made our fathers in their unlettered state so superior to the present generation, who are looking under the "love of race" with the benign influence of progressive civilization

It is the absence of this instinctive element of power that antedates all civilizations, that renders us in the "city of brotherly love" so weak while we boast of our schools, scholars, churches and moral institutions, we are weak, divided and powerless; incapable of organizing our powers into organizations for controlling our destiny. Our public meetings, for the most part, are abortions; and unable to do the work that the age solicits! Iglibs to the audience as the demolition of languages was to the mechanics who were erecting the tower of Babel.

If we desire to succeed *we must not ignore the spirit of our fathers*, but follow the principles of their piety, and expunge from our hearts and minds the "selfish" spirit, that limits our affections to rivers, mountains, and the geographical boundaries of nations, and continents, and cultivate that love that upholds all grand divisions of the earth, and binds all brothers and sister aspirations by prepared to declare "I am a citizen of the world—our country men mankind."

Long antecedent to the birth of JESUS in Bethlehem, the spirit of race was the originality on "Calvary's bloody top," or the profession of Moses on Mount Sinai, the early nations worshipped their Deities, and their national power was measured by the influence and character of *their* rulers, long before the Egyptians announced the boasted history of the great leader of the Israelites

Our immediate ancestors in this city delighted in calling the names of their pastors and the deeds fog of barbarian history, that a people skilled to them by the "ties of common origin" were not lost in the morning of time, and who had been enlightened in the early ages as to become the subordinates of the world, had existed as that despised continent from which their fathers had been wrested by the inhuman hand of slavery, and learned to hiss and reverence the time-honored names of its benefactors, Augustine and Origen, and the reputed history of Egyptian ancestors, and the immortal name of Euclid, and coming down to later period in Roman and Carthaginian history, they were flushed with pride at the achievements of Hannibal to the army and the field.

After the inglorious fall of Africa into barbarism, the same spirit of race generates appeared in this country in a Fuller—Hamilton, Paul Cuffee, Denmark Vesey, and our city fathers, thus making a chain according to history bong the coming Mother.

History has sufficiently established the fact, that where affinity of race has been cultivated, success and organization has followed, and that every nation or people whether Christians or barbarians that detrats from the just charac-ter of their rulers, and regenerates men will suffer degradation and misery. When our ancestors in Africa ceased to cultivate the "love of race" and followed false doctrines they left their brethren who carry them on. Come with me, Mr Editor, and let us take an "inside view" of one of them so that we may see the "drama in person," and the "modus operandi" of its existence."

The regular minister or some one (at the usual) local brethren opens the meeting; and after a short discourse in which the "terrors of the law" are portrayed with much force, a *vindictive* judge is seated upon the judicial bench, the "two-edged Damicle sword" is unsheathed and drawn, "the rials of wrath" are unstopped, and the full "thunder-bolts" are made ready to burst with defenseless head of the sinner, whose worst fears being aroused, and whose whole frame is roused to trouble with alarm, is aside forward to the "mourner's bench," when some brother who possesses the "gift of prayer" presents the case of the "criminal at the bar," and the poor trembling creature is "burdening and breathing" over the dark abyss, until his imagination he hears shrieks and groans, feels the flames and smells the fumes of burning sulphur ascending from the bottomless pit, then some sister *starts* an emotional hymn, whose "soul stirring" notes thrill the ear of the mourner, who is better to escape from the awful situation in which his sanited *fears* and *over heated imagination* had placed him, at once a shout of relief and with a loud voice leap, "*comet through*" and shouts until he falls with *phrenzied exhaustion*, and labors through the street to his home amid the acclamations of the sisters as new converts who has just "*got religion.*" We admit, Mr. Editor, that the body may be *governed* by this method, but we fear that it does not tend to promote a *healthy growth in Christian character*, and an increase in a *knowledge of the truth*, growing out of a *love of* it.

But, Mr. Editor, we find that our fore fathers were increased to many times as they are now proposed at our commencement. We must listen to a close by a few additional words of application. We think the remedy "lies in a nut shell," to wit in the employment of more *skillful laborers* and more *improved machinery*, in harmony with a competent and *knowledge of Scriptural agricultural chemistry*, who understand the nature of the soil's seed, and the quality of the grass*e seed of truth*, and who comprehend the methods best adapted to "*modern culture*," and those who are *refreshed* the noxious *seed of error*, and the kind of implements to be used for *subsoiling* and *draining* off the stagnant waters of ignorance and superstition, which have saturated the soil, and generated a poison ous malaria, that has impregnated the religious atmosphere which we all inhale, and presents "growth in grace and knowledge in the knowledge of the truth."

We look to the improvements of *skilled* and *pious* laborers and the adoption of the *methods* indicated, and the *blessing of God* upon the labors of the husbandman, we wantonly to promise a bountiful harvest.

Yours for God and truth,

BIJONA.

For the Christian Recorder.

TENNESSEE CORRESPONCENCE.

CLIFTON, E. Tennessee, 1869

MR. EDITOR.—More than once have I attempted to write you from my present field, but a communication "from this field, and here always failed. I hope, however, that the present essay will not prove as unsuccessful as the previous ones.

The colored people in this section are making rapid progress in the acquisition of the national matters. Despite all that has been said and written of their "cination to yield obedience to the behests of their former masters, the late Presidential election proved such idea fallacious. True to the instinctive principle of liberty, and *enlightened knowledge of the Truth?* Do her subordinate *clergy as a body* "study to show themselves approved of God, workmen that need not be ashamed, *rightly dividing truth from error?*

In studying the natural history of the race, self-growth and development of our religious ideas, I fear Mr. Editor, that we do not carry our investigations far enough back so as to get first principles, the soil in which they were *first planted* and the peculiar conditions that have attended their growth.

The *ethnological fact* must not be overlooked. That our *fathers* were brought from a land of heathen darkness, and as a natural consequence were idolaters, fetish worshipers, and their ideas superstitious, and two hundred and fifty years of brutalising slavery was certainly no fair, and favorable soil into which the seeds of error and roots of bitterness

The vast majority of their descendants have but lately "come out of Egypt," and their palates are not yet accustomed to the *fruits* of Canaan, they still retain a relish for the "*leeks and onions*," and sigh for the old "*flesh pots*," and it is to be feared that many of us have retained a little of the "*old leaven*," notwithstanding our superior advantages

The analysis of our subject develops another element in the compound, whose presence (in our opinion) does not promote that *healthy growth in grace*, and increase in a *saving knowledge of the truth*" to which the apostle refers.

We look in all Christian candor, de *Protracted meetings* or *Revivals*, as they are generally termed, and usually conducted, promote *growth in grace* and an increase in a rational knowledge of the truth? We do not question the purity of motive of those who "get them up," nor the *fervor and zeal* of those who carry them on. Come with me, Mr Editor, and let us take an "inside view" of one of them so that we may see the "drama in person," and the "modus operandi" of its existence."

He sang several pieces with the children, which had a very happy effect upon the young folks.

Major D McGuffey, the Superintendent of Public Instruction of Anderson Co., also addressed the children in a few, practical remarks. Without the Mayor's assistance, I know not what the colored people would do. Not only in legal matters, but in almost every affair, our people feel that to be on the safe side is to consult him.

Our good friend Hon. J. G Tate is as indefatigable as ever, working in any and every department, that will prove of interest to the race.

A few weeks ago we were the recipients of a box of books from Mr. and Miss Beaman and Mr. Henry Gordon of your city. The children were delighted, and passed the usual "vote of thanks" to the donors. We hope you will be disposed to set as those kind friends hare done.

We have also received two boxes from our friends Sisters at Cohasset and North Scituate, Massachusetts, through the kindness and interestedness of Messimes Bailey and Stetes. They will find a ready sale for their efforts for the benefit of our people in this and other sections. A few evenings since, we were favored with a sum of money through mail from Mrs. Bailey, toward the purchase of an organ for our school.

Will not some of our friends of the city of Brotherly and Sisterly love, do likewise?

Earnestly yours,

I am yours for the success of our cause,

SALLIE

THE MANNA.

A MEDITATION.

Exodus xvi. 4. "The Lord said unto Moses, Behold I will rain bread from heaven for you: and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, * * * and it shall come to pass on the day by round about the host. And when the dew was gone up, behold upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground. And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, It is manna, for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat. And they gathered according to his eating * * And the children of Israel did so, and gathered, and they gathered it every morning."

Here we have a beautifully inspired representation of the heavenly food provided whilst journeying through this wilderness world, and the figure of promise. A beautiful lesson this, from the kind leader of Heaven and earth to the race, setting forth the moral, possible advantages to be derived from the contemplation of the Divine Being's bringing, and the blessed influence which "the bread of heaven" has upon a person. Every man's future existence, is the direct creation by the children of Israel, from Thy beneficence, and the manna is the direct product of nature, was directly from above. So Christ the true Bread of Life that came down from heaven is the direct product of God, and is the true manna. Jesus is the heavenly manna adapted to our spiritual necessities. Christ, the commodious Ark of the Covenant, the true "bread of life" of the God man, Christ Jesus: "I am that bread of life, your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead." Such is the truth, the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die. Such bread is the true manna. Such bread is the true manna. Such bread self to humanity, and is the heavenly manna adapted to our spiritual necessities. Christ, the commodious Ark of the Covenant, the true "bread of life" of the God man, Christ Jesus: "I am that bread of life, your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead." Such is the truth, the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Mar. 13, 1869.

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Advertisements

$5000 New Subscribers Wanted. Mail $2.25 to 631 Pine Street.

☞ Any member wishing a Hymn Book or Discipline, let them send us 90 cts. All of our lay members ought to have them.

NOTICE.

Will all the dead friends, at home and abroad, please send to the Editor whatever matter they may wish to be inserted in the *Recorder*. if

A Surprise!—On Tuesday evening, March 9th, when quietly seated at our fireside, a rap was heard at the door. The visitor asked, "Is Mr Tanner in?" and was answered in the affirmative. "Has the *company* come?" he asked. "There is no company here," was the reply. Though invited in he refused and walked away. Shortly after another load rap was heard. Two gents were then asked, "Is Mr. Tanner in?" "Is the company here?" Informed that there was no company at home, he remarked, "I will go round where they are," and started off. Of course we put on our stay ing cap, but before we got it well adjusted, "rap, rap," was heard. On opening the door crowds were there; the company had come. With singing did they enter, led by Mr Benj. Harrod. Soon the parlor was filled, when we were addressed by Messrs. Hopkins and Van Brackan on behalf of the company, who concluded by presenting us the very handsome sum of $85. Of course we received it with all the grace at our hand.

Preliminaries over the company were served with dainties, and for an hour or more singing and speech making was in order. Altogether the affair passed off most pleasantly, and our friends have all the thanks of the Editor.

The M. E. Church South.—This Church is making desperate efforts to regain her former standing among the colored people of the South. We heard of one of her ministers preaching lately to a colored congregation, and the burden of his text was, "Forgiveness" True, my brother, but does not repentance precede forgiveness? This Church had a scholarship of seventy at Atlanta, Georgia. For almost a generation these souls drank from her pool, and ate from her table. And wherefore? It was only that God in the unfathomable mystery of His providence gave. Yet their famishing souls now eat and drink, *for they would not be pagans.*

We make out a bill of indictment against the M. E. Church South. Let her disprove it if she can.

We charge her with Treason.

1st specification. Treason against God, the God who said, "He that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death."

2nd specification. Treason against Jesus, the Jesus who said, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. . . . Behold the hire of the laborers, who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

3rd specification. Treason against the Church; for she swayed to make it the bulwark of oppression.

4th specification. Treason against the Government; the Government she urged her children to resist.

5th specification Treason against liberty; for her ministers preached a crusade against it.

Say not in palliation of this Church that other Churches of the land have done the same. We deny it. *Individual members* of other Churches have done the same. But no Church organization ever gave these crimes *official recognition* but the M. E Church South. Guilty lies her condemnation. Because of her *official declarations* we frame our bill of indictment. As a Church she stands committed to treason against God, Christ, the Church, the Government,—to treason against liberty Nor does she repent She weeps and howls "Lord, Lord" the "ministers" which have come upon her; yes she in no wise acknowledges the enormities of her guilt, nor the justice of her punishment

With the black record she presumes to go before the colored people of the South and ask them to return. Will they do it? Let the future tell. We only ask our colored brethren to read the papers of the M. E. Church South, especially the "Baltimore Episcopal Methodist." We ask Richard Vanderhorst to read it; he has too much sense to be hoodwinked. We only ask him to read and then be true to his own convictions

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Raleigh, N. C., March 1st

In company with Rev A H Galloway, colored Senator from Nan Bannon Co., and the Hon. George H Peter, colored member from the same county, we left, Wilmington for the State capital. At Goldsboro we were compelled to remain three hours. Awaiting from the many blue coats that presented themselves, that a colored regiment was quartered here, we found that such was true. It proved to be the 40th U S Infantry. This regiment is made up mostly of Negro leaders Upon our arrival they were going through the motions" handsomely Among the members we saw two sons of Rev Wm H Hassel, a member of the Baltimore Conference The few moments we were there, prying into things in general, we saw an instance of an abuse we had long known to exist. It is not the "policy" of the U S to commission any Negroes as officers in the army. During the war, one or two honorable exceptions were made doubtless for the purpose of "firing up the Negro heart." Since the peace, however, these just precedents have not been followed out West Point, and not the nation, still rules the army, and West Point says that an nigger shall wear shoulder-straps. So it is. In out a few of the regiments colored men are found who are simply selected at least for the first and second lieutenancy But such qualification is useless to them—useless, did we say? No, they exactly the word It is not useless, for *they do the work, but the white lieutenants get the pay.* That is, all the money except a few dollars, *perhaps, et cetera*, which lieutenants ought to make out, they saddle upon these capable colored men Of course this is an injustice, but friendship has little to do with such exhibitions of official and governmental meanness A high-toned officer would not ask a man to do a work he is paid to do; and which he knows he governament is too mean to compensate his servant for to do. It is high time for West Point to change her policy If the Negro is qualified to obey, he is qualified to command, for no man knows better how to command, than he who knows how to obey Since these remarks may be in a few days read by some of our friends in the 40th regiment, we here state that it is made entirely upon our own responsibility, and no one is to be blamed for it. Subsequently we also visited the school of Miss Blenche Y Harris. We were too late to witness any examinations, but the ability of the school is well known. As assistants, she has her two younger sisters. It is a noble sphere to be the magnanimity of these two noble young ladies such as these withdraw themselves from society, and, we were about to say, from the world; for to be known in Goldsboro is in the world, though it be on the rim, for the sea-it pouring in the light of knowledge upon darkened humanity.

Raleigh.—Arriving at the depot, we were met by Rev Geo Brodie, the minister in charge, and the accompanied us to the home of the Freedmen's Bank The capital of North Carolina is situated nearly in the center of the State, about six miles from the Neuse river. It is pleasantly located, the surface is rolling, and consequently is dry and healthy.

Religion.—There is not a little of it in Raleigh, if we are to judge from the number of churches, white and colored. Our church is a neat structure, formerly owned by the Episcopalians. It is 80 feet long, 45 wide The membership is 750 There are 4 boxpreachers, 20 leaders, 20 stewards, and 8 trustees. The good people have just completed an addition to it, at a cost of $1,500. Judging from what we saw, it was "well forgiveness" Trne, my brother, but does not repentance precede forgiveness? This Church had a scholarship of seventy at Atlanta, Georgia. For almost a generation these souls drank from her pool, and ate from her table. And wherefore? It was only that God in the unfathomable mystery of His providence gave. Yet their famishing souls now eat and drink, *for they would not be pagans.*

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2nd specification. Treason against Jesus, the Jesus who said, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. . . . Behold the hire of the laborers, who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

3rd specification. Treason against the Church; for she swayed to make it the bulwark of oppression.

4th specification. Treason against the Government; the Government she urged her children to resist.

5th specification Treason against liberty; for her ministers preached a crusade against it.

Say not in palliation of this Church that other Churches of the land have done the same. We deny it. *Individual members* of other Churches have done the same. But no Church organization ever gave these crimes *official recognition* but the M E Church South. Guilty lies her condemnation. Because of her *official declarations* we frame our bill of indictment. As a Church she stands committed to treason against God, Christ, the Church, the Government,—to treason against liberty Nor does she repent She weeps and howls "Lord, Lord" the "ministers" which have come upon her; yes she in no wise acknowledges the enormities of her guilt, nor the justice of her punishment

With the black record she presumes to go before the colored people of the South and ask them to return. Will they do it? Let the future tell. We only ask our colored brethren to read the papers of the M. E. Church South, especially the "Baltimore Episcopal Methodist." We ask Richard Vanderhorst to read it; he has too much sense to be hoodwinked. We only ask him to read and then be true to his own convictions

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Raleigh, N. C., March 1st

In company with Rev A H Galloway, colored Senator from Nan Bannon Co., and the Hon. George H Peter, colored member from the same county, we left, Wilmington for the State capital. At Goldsboro we were compelled to remain three hours. Awaiting from the many blue coats that presented themselves, that a colored regiment was quartered here, we found that such was true. It proved to be the 40th U S Infantry. This regiment is made up mostly of Negro leaders Upon our arrival they were going through the motions" handsomely Among the members we saw two sons of Rev Wm H Hassel, a member of the Baltimore Conference The few moments we were there, prying into things in general, we saw an instance of an abuse we had long known to exist. It is not the "policy" of the U S to commission any Negroes as officers in the army. During the war, one or two honorable exceptions were made doubtless for the purpose of "firing up the Negro heart." Since the peace, however, these just precedents have not been followed out West Point, and not the nation, still rules the army, and West Point says that an nigger shall wear shoulder-straps. So it is. In out a few of the regiments colored men are found who are simply selected at least for the first and second lieutenancy But such qualification is useless to them—useless, did we say? No, they exactly the word It is not useless, for *they do the work, but the white lieutenants get the pay.* That is, all the money except a few dollars, *perhaps, et cetera*, which lieutenants ought to make out, they saddle upon these capable colored men Of course this is an injustice, but friendship has little to do with such exhibitions of official and governmental meanness A high-toned officer would not ask a man to do a work he is paid to do; and which he knows he governament is too mean to compensate his servant for to do. It is high time for West Point to change her policy If the Negro is qualified to obey, he is qualified to command, for no man knows better how to command, than he who knows how to obey Since these remarks may be in a few days read by some of our friends in the 40th regiment, we here state that it is made entirely upon our own responsibility, and no one is to be blamed for it. Subsequently we also visited the school of Miss Blenche Y Harris. We were too late to witness any examinations, but the ability of the school is well known. As assistants, she has her two younger sisters. It is a noble sphere to be the magnanimity of these two noble young ladies such as these withdraw themselves from society, and, we were about to say, from the world; for to be known in Goldsboro is in the world, though it be on the rim, for the sea-it pouring in the light of knowledge upon darkened humanity.

Raleigh.—Arriving at the depot, we were met by Rev Geo Brodie, the minister in charge, and the accompanied us to the home of the Freedmen's Bank The capital of North Carolina is situated nearly in the center of the State, about six miles from the Neuse river. It is pleasantly located, the surface is rolling, and consequently is dry and healthy.

Religion.—There is not a little of it in Raleigh, if we are to judge from the number of churches, white and colored. Our church is a neat structure, formerly owned by the Episcopalians. It is 80 feet long, 45 wide The membership is 750 There are 4 boxpreachers, 20 leaders, 20 stewards, and 8 trustees. The good people have just completed an addition to it, at a cost of $1,500. Judging from what we saw, it was "well done" when they say, "rap, rap," was heard. On opening the door crowds were there; the company had come. With singing did they enter, led by Mr Benj. Harrod. Soon the parlor was filled, when we were addressed by Messrs. Hopkins and Van Brackan on behalf of the company, who concluded by presenting us the very handsome sum of $85. Of course we received it with all the grace at our hand.

Preliminaries over the company were served with dainties, and for an hour or more singing and speech making was in order. Altogether the affair passed off most pleasantly, and our friends have all the thanks of the Editor.

"We are rising, we are rising."

In Raleigh there are ten Methodist, un Episcopalian, and two Baptist Sunday Schools.

Sunday School.—We will speak for this to our coadjuting article on "Our Sunday Schools"

Education.—The number of schools in Raleigh is six, in which many able teachers are engaged in leading out darkened intellects into the light. There is what is called Shaw Seminary, under the patronage of the Episcopal Church, and taught by Rev J. Reiland Smith, is a fine school, and is a monument to great excellence and efficiency to the time to come Finely situated is the admirably constructed building It is within the power of those who have it in hand to make it the first school in the State for colored persons. The school ought to a building erected on the land our church, is very large, now hosting nearly four hundred school ers The daughter of the Rev. Geo. W Brodie, Miss Alice, is one of the teachers in this building From all that we saw and heard, we are persuaded that a great education among our people in North Carolina is progressing finely.

Politics.—The political sea is troubled having spent its fury in the late Presidential canvass. It is now as calm in North Carolina as it is in Pennsylvania, *only a little more so.* Pennsylvania can not help, nor does she deserve, the peace of North Carolina, till she becomes as just as the old North State has become. We do not say that the unclean Negroes be sent to Harrisburgh, but we do ask that, in the race of life—political, financial, religious—the old-school be not shackled, and, if like some of the most of the old Grouse fathers, they win, who shall refuse to them the palm?

The People of North Carolina has fifty members, three of whom are colored The Senate has one colored member, and twenty-two, sixteen of whom are colored. Besides calming any desire in the least to covet, this reveals the present generation of negroes to be more white Americans, what would it prove? Why, it would turn the whole logic of the world into nonsense. It would prove that circumstances are nothing; that slavery is as good as freedom; that the lash is as good as the pedagogue's pointer It would prove that morals are nothing; that virtue is no better than vice—in fact, there would be no virtue, no vice. The people are to-day as *priority* to the Saxon, only on equality. He belongs to do nothing that a person would not do His argument to that the same circumstances will produce the same results among all the races of men, that they are

Recorder, at the appearing of which our readers will be notified.

Business.—The Freedmen's Bank, Cashier Brodie, in doing well, (opposed scarcely a year ago, yet have deposits to the amount of $70,000 best made. There are but few stores among us to borrow, yet they are just on the road to opening up a Joint Stock Store We wish it success From our reaks come the finest work men in the city The lore most builder in this section of the country is Mr Richard Billson the finest cabinet maker is Mr Hardy Lockhart. This latter gentleman, though a slave of his life, is one of the most remarkable men it ever was our fortune to meet. Nearly four score years old yet, in the enjoyment of good health, a monte of thrifty, and possessing a spirituality that he might envied.

We remained with Raleigh, as we were with all that we saw of North Carolina. It is a noble State Rich in resources, mineral and agricultural, it only needs development. Educated and wealthy colored men are greatly needed. Would not Stephen Gardner, Esq., of Baltimore, interest a few thousand now, it would double itself in less than five years.

The political sea of church in North Carolina is all that could be desired. Our preachers are the leaders of the colored people in the State, and we see fill get the most positions under their magnanimous executive, Gov. Holden By his appointment, Rev. W. H. Hunter, colored, one of the five Directors of the Insane Asylum, one of the most prominent positions in the State, which he fills with credit to himself and unmarked dignity and credit. Would that our dear Bishop Wayman had a dozen such points, *et cetera*, at his command! What splendid spots they could gave.

Brethren, let us resolve to push the battle to the gates—to the heights of the A. M. E. Church the poor of any. Heed the Bishop's address, and let us be up and doing in the spirit of the man who organized our Zion. Let the banner be thrown to the breeze.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S INAUGURAL.

Never were the words of any Chief Magistrate of this country received as were those of President Grant to be given by the Executive. As General of the Army he would not talk, and he was right. A soldier must be a soldier. Let his deeds be his; but not his words. The brightest side of Grant's character is that he had such high conceptions of his office as to think that he who had he been a talker he could never have taken Vicksburgh and Richmond, he never could have terminated the war at Appomattox Nones understood this better than he, and so he held his tongue; despite his efforts at muzzling him, he was one of "muzzled riddles on he lips," as Alexander cast the Gordian knot. But in vain. As General he could not talk. But he made a better as General sense. The soldier has come the President, and the President can talk, when he pleases. We are not those As Grant pressed the rare power of keeping still, we doubt not that he will now be able to keep his mouth closed when it is best. I seem, it requires more power to be silent, than it does to speak Already has he spoken, and to the satisfaction of the people; except, however, the following portions of it: (a.) The Democrats. These are not pleased. They have been trying to make such a State paper as they have no liking for. The Johnson Address is much more palatable to them. They complain that these are well nigh fourth with rage. They have such paternal love for the country that they fair fear if they do not get control it will be bankrupt. (c) The Anti-Reconstructionists are ready to faint. Their last hopes are dead. They can not get the ear even of Phil Sheridan (may he soon be called home) to be true, "that Grant is as radical as I am." (2) Some of the Republicans of the North. These have been told is vulgar parlance," what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander Despite the Negro is good for the South, it is equally good for the North; and the peers of the country recognize it, as the Senatorial vote that shall soon to the Inaugural as Beishaazar saw his doom on the wall, and they shake accordingly.

Altogether the country rejoices The night seems to have passed, and joy has come in the morning. The nations around us write now what we wrote four months ago, "He will give the country that which it so much needs, *even peace.*"

THEODORE TILTON—THE RECORDER—THE A. M. E. CHURCH.

" If there is one religious newspaper in the country that I like to see, it is the *Christian Recorder*, the organ of the African Methodists To be sure, we do not believe in the Negro's capacity for governing a church founded on the principle of outcast. But it is unreasonable to expect of the colored Christians a wisdom which most white people have not. It is worth praising, especially when the assertion of their claims to self-government is met with the cry that the colored brethren would put them under social disadvantages, against which there is no law. The *Recorder* replies by struggling. The *Recorder* displays a keenness, a common sense, a dignity, and a moral force in its Saxon nonequity Its comments on the religious affairs of the Methodist Episcopal Methodists have been exceedingly shrewd. Its tone has become. We do not see that the unclean Negroes be sent to Harrisburgh, but we do ask that, in the race of life—political, financial, religious—the old-school be not shackled, and, if like some of the most of the old Grouse fathers, they win, who shall refuse to them the palm?

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is no better and no worse than any other man would be under the same circumstances Hence, let our dear friends cease to flatter us A convention of ladies not yet come up to the American Congress

It would be hard to write better sense or lower English than that of Mr. Tilton, as more extract from the same paper. After uttering a poem in the *New Republic*, addressed to Baltimore it begs the author to accept the following editorial censure to supply a deficiency in the ode:

"He hastened in the flesh to man
And spurned the Negro from his door
Pathetic as the sob that chokes children

She took the negro hard earned mite,
That her self-sacrificing sisters wrung
From the cotton of the right
Wholly to the Negro *Independent*,
and insult it entire For doing which we offer them reasons. We state them in the order of their value.

(a) For the benefit of our paper Commendations are generally supposed to be beneficial, particularly those of the right kind and from the right parties. The commendations of Theodore Tilton will not hurt any paper except the Democratic Party and Baltimore They arrangedly currency with the people, and pass safely as green backs in Beaufortch But when they are given by those scribing for the Recorder they do not throw their money away. Theodore Tilton says, and we say it again, that the paper is good.

(b) This we will state allegorically A smooth, full grown, sweet potato from its clean sandy bed, with its dry, yet not parched, crash and seeking a lodgment in some congenial black soil, and reproached if for pos sible, a more luxuriant growth, is not encouraged the young peach seed, hastened home, and with downcast spirit told its parents the cause of its return. The high mighty child, said the parent seed, the potato is no judge. I tell you to work and hope The young seed took encouragement, and was content to work and hope

(c) Chiefly do we insert it to correct an error. The A. M. E. Church is not founded on the principle of color. If Mr Tilton thinks so, let him offer to join us. He will be gladly received, and we are sure will be pleased to come. But how will we receive him? The Catholic Church will receive us, but not as Negro Episcopalians, as Methodist, and so will the Congregationalists. But how? As men? as equals? subject to his pastor? Let us be plain. Words in his; but not words. The brightest side of Grant's character is that he had such high conceptions of his office as to think that he who had he been a talker he could never have taken Vicksburgh and Richmond, he never could have terminated the war at Appomattox Nones understood this better than he, and so he held his tongue; despite his efforts at muzzling him, he was one of "muzzled riddles on he lips," as Alexander cast the Gordian knot. But in vain. As General he could not talk. But he made a better as General sense. The soldier has come the President, and the President can talk, when he pleases. We are not those As Grant pressed the rare power of keeping still, we doubt not that he will now be able to keep his mouth closed when it is best. I seem, it requires more power to be silent, than it does to speak Already has he spoken, and to the satisfaction of the people; except, however, the following portions of it: (a.) The Democrats. These are not pleased. They have been trying to make such a State paper as they have no liking for. The Johnson Address is much more palatable to them. They complain that these are well nigh fourth with rage. They have such paternal love for the country that they fair fear if they do not get control it will be bankrupt. (c) The Anti-Reconstructionists are ready to faint. Their last hopes are dead. They can not get the ear even of Phil Sheridan (may he soon be called home) to be true, "that Grant is as radical as I am." (2) Some of the Republicans of the North. These have been told is vulgar parlance," what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander Despite the Negro is good for the South, it is equally good for the North; and the peers of the country recognize it, as the Senatorial vote that shall soon to the Inaugural as Beishaazar saw his doom on the wall, and they shake accordingly.

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THE LOCAL ATTACHMENT OF THE NEGRO

How often have we heard smooth tongued orators and writers descant upon the beauties of the above theme, and all to the supposed disadvantages of the Negro. Northerners by white intelligence more perfectly. Then I ceased to have no fearsof his rioning away He lived old manse and the plantation home of his youthful days. Many of his kindsmen, white and colored, shined in, and to techy-mous stories lamented his want of liberality—his want of ambition—his contentation often called go-aheadativeness. The maxim they placed in the mouth of the negro "Negro never leave Negro" was often applied, and here will I live and die." *Now* would he more until the old shanty fell down on his grave.

All this sounded very well, and, doubtless, some very often as a God send to nearly every white writer, but, when applied accurately for them, it is not true Nor did they themselves believe it All the while the Southern newspapers, the Rev. Gov. Faithful Negro they were whining for Reglize Sister Lawe, and for the repeal of New England Emigrant Aid Societies, Raymond & Co., were deploring the stupid satisfaction of their kinsmen, no words of reproach were heard from the negro in any against those energetic Negroes, who, weary with Southern oppression and Northern prejudice, were emigrating to Canada Hayti, and Liberia In their eyes Delaney was an enthusiast, Wathine a knave, and Crummel, and Blyden and Freeman were bigots

The Negro has no more local attachment than other negroes of race; yet he has not much so many His nature is altogether migratory compared to not a few of the nations of Europe and the Asiatic races of Asia. The Swiss is enchanted, like Prometheus, to his mountain home, the Arab to his desert, the Jew to his Jerusalem, and to no clime, zombies over the world Go you to the regions of the South, where the sun scorches and the yellow fever reigns, and you will find the Negro, "black and comely," in perfect harmony with the deep colored human race. Go you to the regions of the North, where the paleness of death is seen in the ice and the snow upon the pallid cheek of the Saxon and the Swede, there, too, will the sombre Negro be seen, though he be out of harmony with all the surroundings The race of the Negro race are the only ones that can keep pace with the fleet footed man of the white race, and those do keep pace with them White races came to America, the blacks followed them, and they are the only ones that have retained their complexion. Of all the races of the world, the Negro is the most migratory.

They jumped the Mississippi into the fields of Kansas and Nebraska, and there, too, jumped we. They scooped down the Atlantic, crossed the Isthmus, and in haste entered the golden gate of the Pacific—not to get away from us, but the door of those ends has not been severely shut, till the brawny hand of the Negro knocked for admittance, and he was admitted, even gladly admitted To the more distant North they went, to Oregon and Vancouver, and we went along And are their feet shall here girt waits among the icebergs of Alaska we will be there.

Somehow we have a hankering after our white brethren. We are with them in the South, and we follow them to the West. We are with them alike amidst the scenes of civilization and of barbarism. In peace are we found with them on the mountain, and at war cause as in run away from them; for have we not fought through three wars with them?

In the white man migratory? Even so is the Negro. The local attachment of both is about equal. Each moves and settles from his interest demands: and they both move together, showing that their interests are one and the same, and is not this true?

Fort Scott, Kansas.—The church at this place, under the charge of Rev. Thomas Whitlock is enjoying a season of spiritual refreshing.

Pendleton, Pa.—Rev. Henry Davis informs us that during a series of revival meetings in his charge, lasting four weeks, there is professed to be some two hundred to Christ, and ten were added to the church.

Egg Harbor Circuit, N. J.—Through Rev. J. H. Jackson, in charge of the circuit, we have learned of the death of Mrs. Lydia Jamison, an aged member of the church at White Marsh, and the bereaved wife of Henry Jamison. Mrs. Jamison, on entering from severe illness, attended divine worship on Christmas day, spending the entire day at church. She died at home on February 8th, her death resulting from accidental burning.

Bordentown, N. J.—From Rev. Wm. W Grimes, we have the following: " Bro. Joseph Green, of the Bordentown church, died on the 15th inst. He was a long and severe illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, to the 58th year of his age. At the organization of the A. M. E. church, at Bordentown, Bro. Green was the first to give his name, and assisted Elder Miller in the organization of the society and continued with the present church He was appointed steward and trustee which offices he filled with dignity until he was stricken with paralysis two years ago, since which time his health has been very feeble. Brother Green was a father to the church. His illness was that of a Christian. He passed away in the full assurance of a blissful immortality. His funeral was preached at the same church by the pastor. Revs. James Holland and James M. Williams assisted in the services. The audience was large."

FROM THE LATIN.

Bridgewater, Pa.—Rev. J. Mercer, in your column of " A M E Church News," in the *Recorder* of February 27th, I read the letter of Rev. Peter Clark, 1860, in regard to the churches at that place and Bridgewater, stating that the members of the last named church had raised a new church, and that since the arrival of Rev. E H Pettigrew the debt had been reduced to forty dollars, and that a new church was in contemplation. One day while, in company with a gentleman among his brethren, a prince and a ruler.

A. M. E. CHURCH NEWS.

FROM THE OLEBOT.

Buffalo, N Y.—Rev. E. Weaver writes: " We have held a series of meetings resulting in the conversion of ten or twelve persons. Ten have united with the church. The people have given me two donations one a few months since, and one on the 19th inst. Both were well filled. We have in this city, white and colored, were calling all day. The donations amounted to $65 in cash and over $10 in groceries and clothing.

Macon, Ga.—Rev. H. M Turner writes: " The large and splendid church in Macon, under the charge of Rev. Henry Cole, placed, was burned on the 18th ultimo It was the work of an incendiary."

Simpson Circuit, Del.—Rev. H H Lowe, in charge of this circuit, has been the recipient of a donation from the Lewis Tabernacle

Chambersburg Circuit, Pa.—Rev. Wm H. Hopkins writes: " At Mercersburg we are enjoying a precious revival, commencing the 14th. In one week twenty-five persons professed conversion, and numbers are still crowding the altar At Chambersburg we have had a blessed time of it, and twenty professed Christ Pray for us."

Columbia, Pa.—Rev. Frisby J. Cooper writes: " I arrived on my field of labor last week, and found the people in a cold state. However, I entered upon my work with the assistance of God, which made the labor light. The church was much revived during my life, but Columbia appeared to exceed all in wickedness Groups of men would assemble on the streets, and curse and swear, while small children would stand by and look on, and even try to imitate the men. Such a state of affairs was shocking to my church lacked consistency and religious duty. Therefore, I appealed to God for help, and resolved to stand in the breach, and preach nothing 'among men, but Jesus Christ and Him crucified,' help was given me in answer to prayer, and the following plants in Zion were watered, and a glorious revival took place in our midst. Some of the most wicked men in the place, and people as well as many strictly moral characters, sought earnestly and professed to have found peace and pardon in their souls, in the forgiveness of their sins The meeting commenced Jan 31th and closed Feb 11th, and during that time 32 professed a change of heart, and 31 joined the church, and are now happy on their way to heaven. The interest is still going on Prayer meetings are held during the day, and sinners attend

The receipts of the O S Boards, in January, are as follows: Domestic Missions, $11,839.31; Freedmen's Missions, $1,000; Publishing, $1,000; Sabbath-School Cause, $1,000; Tract Enterprise, $1,000; Fund for Disabled Ministers, $2,625.94; Conventions on Freedmen, $6,354.36.

Scottish Bible Society.—The annual meeting of the National Society was held in Edinburgh on January 26th. It appears that the entire issue of the year was 1,000,000 copies, and the amount secured for Scriptures was £5,985, making a total of £11,970. There was an increase of upwards of £1,000 as compared with last year. Dr. Dickson, Free Church, read the report, and Dr. Lee, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, and the Rev. Mr. Henderson, of the Free Church, addressed the meeting.

LAZY ATTITUDE IN PRAYER.

Posture is proper is of some economic Standing, kneeling and prostrate all are mentioned in the Bible as devotional attitudes adds to those of Scripture authority. sitting in the pews. This we are sorry to say, has head the spirit of the age to consider unbecoming and irreverent.

It is a city habit, mainly. But country churches are in their employ, are apt to ape city manners. Hence you will find, here and there in country churches, where the old devout habits are at all be broken in upon, the city style is copied by a select few.

Sitting during public worship and their families act then irreverently, and sad to say, their posture proves it. Sitting is irreverent to the congregation and to God It wears the look of pride. It is not reverent. It will in the jaw

In prayer meetings and special acts of humiliation, kneeling is the custom in our Church. In ordinary public worship, the standing attitude is observed. There are a few of our congregations with which we have a familiarity, where the Christian theory of the custom at is kneel always in prayer and stand in singing.

This comes from surrounding influences. The theory is not just, being true, for while most all rise up in sing, few kneel in time of prayer Nearly all sit bolt upright in the pews, and bow the head in a perfunctory sorts

The manner of church in one of those places, while attending a meeting of the Western Synod, was accepted to express the Baptism. He asked before service," what is the proper mode in prayer?

"Standing," was the reply of the Baptist deacon

In the proper time the minister said, "Let us pray," expecting the congregation to kneel.

No one moving to the pews, he repeated, "Let us pray," when they all bowed down in their last.

Here the congregation in the face and indicating his request with a gesture of uplifted hands. Again the minister challenged them with, "*Let us pray.*"

That brought the congregation to their feet, and he said, "Let us sing the 100th hymn.

A Boston congregation of many hundreds assembled, with which we once worshipped, a committee of six, or more, waited on the ministers, represented the people before the Lord in prayer. Sometimes they were called on in a smaller committee of four did the singing.

Let all things be done decently and in order. Prayer is the time to join in the worship of the congregation, in united acts of devotion to God. When they kneel, kneel. When they pray, then in the attitude of the adopted custom.—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

ONLY ONE MEMBER.

"God has a plan
For every man."

Confirmation services always bring to me most solemn memories of my early home, congregations, as each confirmation season, large numbers were brought into the communion of the Church. It is a most solemn time for memory and for tears—as well as for joy and thanksgiving.

It is a subject of remark among the people, from their speak of the Church as fifty, the three or four score, the hundred or more, that have been added to the Church at this season.

Once, on such an occasion in a small country church, only one candidate came forward to receive the holy rite of the laying on of hands; and there was a timid young lady a woman belonging to a plain family in the neighborhood, who had been awakened to the sacred ordinance Many went away from the solemn service, deeply affected, and reflecting out their thoughts. "That the church had been blessed much in the confirmation of *only one member*—a female, at that!"

Female members are not necessarily only a sentimental element in the church. God often uses the humblest means, and the feeble instruments, for His good ends Not His smallest blessing to a church, is its female members, as the history of the faith.

So here. That shrinking, modest and timid female, by her life in the house, and all the more closely to the cross. She became, in due time, an earnest woman. Her husband, by her influence, was brought to her life work. Her consecration to Christ, and to His work, was the means, in a large degree, in the steady devotion of a warm heart, all her life long, to the cause.

Piously meeting all her cares, years passed away. Her children grew up and left the family, moulded by the mother's nurturing Christian influence, and settled in homes of their own, all brought into their mother's church. The father did not belong to the church, but was moral.

In a ripe old age, she was taken prematurely from her family, and left to rest in the heavenly rest of the better land. Her husband, in turn, became head of the family. And now—*seventeen families*, of her children and children's children, with many others at the whole church can claim, are the substantial fruit of that *one member's life*.

Her husband, in his old age, returned to our blessed Lord's cause. He will soon, like his wife, be called to his rest, and will receive from her labors, yet her works do follow them, and their joy and his fellowship with those who so seriously loved has grown and will be her reward in heaven.

The silent, unobtrusive, yet powerful influences of that *one member*, "only a woman," in the Church militant, and now in the Church triumphant, will be a theme for many other members, for any whole congregation, to study and consider well.

One member is a power for good, though there be only a woman. Let the lonely elder, who gave us the above texts Himself, be encouraged. Let every member feel that he is a living proof, that God extends the blessings of His covenant to the children of His children, of them that love Him and keep His commandments.

"We owe it to our *grandmother*, that we are in the Reformed Church," mumbled a dying man, who had recently turned pastor.

What a divine mission every single member of the church has! Let that be the motto her, with God's blessing, is a host. Faith and prayer work wonders. Let the lonely and the memory fragrant throughout the generations following Act well thy part

METHODIST.

In Washington, last Sunday, with appropriate services, the Methodist Metropolitan church was dedicated. Gen Grant, Chief Justice Chase, Speaker Colfax and many Congressmen were among the audience.

Bishop Simpson preached in the morning, Rev. W. Morley Punshon in the afternoon, and Rev. Dr. Eddy in the evening. A debt of $10,000 still remained on the building, and during the day nearly $7000 were raised toward paying it. The church stands on the corner of 4 and Four and a

half streets, and numbered only 115 feet! The space is 300 feet high. The edifice is of the Gothic order and elaborately finished. Its windows are of stained glass, and memorials of them, are memorial tablets, each memorializing of various events in the history of the Methodist Church.

GEORGE H. STUART AND THE NATIONAL CABINET.

Every listener, as all our readers no doubt, was felt throughout the country in regard to the persons who would compose the new Cabinet, and this will have, strongly influenced financial circles and Mr. Grant. In Stuart, in connection with the name of Grant, and the latter's previous political views who had opposed such an appointment, was to the widely circulated report that Mr. Stuart was to be called to the honorable and important position of one of the President's confidential advisers. Hopefully were made to this effect at a press meeting, but we taken no active part in political movements, and it was said that the personage which he might dispense would be found for party purposes. Especially how our blended religious character was objected to by some, although not the most numerous or influential of the party, yet by no means inferior as a class of fellow." who would give to the country and to the Christian cause in the degree to which

Poetry.

THE SPARROWS.

From those quaint old roofs and chimneys
To the steps and town below,
A crowd of noisy sparrows
Are filling it and fro.

Now chattering at each other
Upon the mossy eaves,
Now dipping in full shower
And the ivy leaves

I have wondered long and often
What they find to do all day?
How such living motion comes on
Can keep busy all the day

I know, though many think
That they neither toil nor spin,
Nor care, nor store house have they,
And the meanest grain within

Yet I never once have wondered
How those birds are housed and fed
Nor in thinking of the heavens,
They have neither nor nor dread

For I know our Father wateth
For His creatures weak and small
That His watchful eye regardeth
The sparrow if it fall

Yet my faith grows weak and failure
Touch the weight of heavy pains,
And my heart is ever burdened
With the sorrow's anxious fears

Thirty nest—the nearest trifle—
A fortifying would repay;
My grimalkin soul is surely
Worth far more than these they

O! faithless heart and foolish!
Shall the children snares for friend?
Or shall merciful Father fail them,
While the birds are housed and fed?

Paris, November.

Home Circle.

LITTLE GLOSSTAIL.

A PABLE.

Once upon a time a little chicken, with a feathery toilet of brown and white, sprinkled with green and purple, lived with her comfortable three-weeks' dream, and said, "Where am I?"

Where was he, indeed?

In jail. There was another door nor window: the walls were solid, without so much as a chink to let in the sunlight.

"I'll never bear this," said little Glosstail, rousing herself and winking the sleep out of her eyes. "I know I have been dreaming. I was a dreadful giant, and he shut me up here. Let me once get out, and I'll fight him like a man!"

So Glosstail knocked on the wall till he had made a hole. Then he drew in his breath, and called the fresh morning air with the hard part of his face, which was meant for a nose.

"Good," said he, and knocked again.

He had eleven brothers and sisters, and they were all waking and getting hungry too. Their little white persons were trembling away, side by side, but Glosstail's crest bled fastest.

Presently out he stepped, trembling with eagerness, fortified with resolve, and with very sticky with bits of egg-shell.

"Horrid!" he cried, as he, looking down disdainfully upon his struggling brethren, and trying to compose himself upon a wisp of straw. "I love conquered! Horrid! Ha!"

You will at once observe that this heroic chicken started wrong. His dream-sleep had disagreed with him; his nerves were muddled. He entertained a nightmare fancy that some horrid giant on two legs held a deadly spite against him, had locked him up in a shell, and meant now to pursue him to the ends of the earth. So he shook his tiny legs and began to look about for the enemy.

He could not see over the top of the hen rail. Right overhead were the beams of the barn; but, young Glosstail, being quite inexperienced, did not know them from the sole out clouds of the summer sky.

"But I see something," said he, bristling his tender little body as fiercely as he could, "I see something, and so I shall find which is the strongest, he or I."

It was a fine day old motherly hen, he said.

"Good morning, my darling," said she, with an affectionate roll of her eye; "you are my eldest born, and I bid you welcome to this here sad harn-yard, where all the glories beyond and worms therein contained. There welcome, my son!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the astonished Glosstail, nodding the cotton-ball of a head in a drunken way, spreading out his yellow fingers, and glancing up doubtfully at his respected mother. "Well, I suppose life with a mortal leaf of being offended, and I don't know whether I am or not, onehow. Please speak again:—Yes, there is a certain something in your tone and voice which goes straight to my heart. I do, I will, I must believe you are my dear mother, and no giant."

A shower of abuse and dough put an untimely end to Glosstail's remarks. The young heart, which had just begun to throb with flow affection, now split open with such a desperate fright. Over the edge of the barrel was leaving a beautiful young girl with a straw hat on her head. Her name was Lucy Lacey, and she smiled down very pleasantly upon the new chicken.

But the unhappy Glosstail, who was looking for his giant, waited aloud, and cried with desperate courage to fly into her face; but only succeeded in falling over an egg shell.

"My dear son," said his mother soothingly, but in the gentle hen language which is not intelligible to human beings, "be not alarmed. She whom you love to your nerve-some mistake for an enemy, is our best friend. She has a very convenient face, is at times, and savage teeth such as we hens should be ashamed of, but she is kind, and also means well. See her smile, poor thing! Hear her speak to you! You see, she really supposes she is talking; that is the best sign! Sometimes as mankind can do with their great red tongues and thick lips. If they had our beaks like us, then they could talk, and there would be no occasion to it."

"But, mother," moaned little Glosstail, still trembling, "she looks as if she wanted to eat me up!"

"Oh! Oh!" said Mrs. Biddy reproachfully. "This indulgence! I'll see you, sir.

So Master Glosstail calmed himself, ate his breakfast, and looked about him to greet his brothers and sisters as they crept out from the shell.

They were sensible little creatures, and very well contented to take the world as they found it, having never so much as dreamed of a giant.

Presently when they had all pecked through, Miss Lucy took them one by one out of the barrel to straw, and let them wander off to see the world. The balmy air, the tender grass, the dainty worms were so new to the little prisoners, that their incessant hearts throbbed with delight—all but the heart of Glosstail. He, unhappy bird, tried to fight with his own shadow, he looked at the rake and pitchfork with distrust, and all the children who called, "Chickie, Chickie," were sure to frighten him out of his slender wits

"Alas, my son," said his kind mother, shaking the dust from her black and gold dress, "you are almost as stort-sighted as a human being, and that is saying enough, I hope! We who belong to the worn race of old chickendom must not be frightened by trifles. If you run from your best friends what will become of you when your real enemies appear, such as Neighbor Darling's golden cock?"

"Oh dear," replied little Glosstail, who had seen nothing but sunshine all his few days of his life, "things have gone against me ever since I was born. If anything bad hasn't happened yet, it certainly will by-and-by."

That very night report came that the husky tail of a fox had been seen in the neighborhood.

Lucy you may as well put them chickens into a box," said farmer Warner, and went out to finish mending his fence.

So Lucy and her mother, when the sun per dishes were washed, walked into the yard and called the flighty and her brood. Then they took the chickens one by one, and dropped them into a basket, over which was thrown a red cloth.

Going to jail, are we?" cried Master Glosstail, stepping from his friends in front and running round and round as if he silly head was off—"Going to jail!

"Be quiet, my son," counseled Madam Biddy. "It is no disgrace to go."

"But I've been in jail once," said Glosstail sturdily, "and I'll never go again."

The other chickens bowed their heads meekly and popped into the basket with very good grace. Glosstail was the last to be caught. He continued his little war dance around the hen, especially when he never'll go to jail, I never, *never* go to jail."

"The handsomest of all the brood," said Miss Lucy sorrowfully. "Do see the royal purple in his wings! Why will he run? I am sure him! There now, he has run under the barn!"

Foolish Glosstail, in his obstinacy, had jumped out of the frying pan straight into the fire. What was waiting under the barn? It was Neighbor Darling's yellow cat; and if you suppose her name was Tabby, were glowing therein the dark for nothing, and that she had no use for those sharp, pearl-ed daggers hands of her velvet paws, they shows that you are not acquainted with cats.

"Come here, my own precious tidbit," said she softly to Glosstail, "I have been waiting here ever so long for you. Is some of your mother's family wouldn't you like to see her?"

"I was the only one that had sense enough to come," said Master Glosstail with a sort of triumph.

Alas! it was his last "sir."

Lucy lifted the chicken basket and a dreadful cruel, so you did," continued Darling, tugging Glosstail's unwilling body to the light, "and you believe a word your mother said, you shall, that's flat!"

"Stupid thing!" said the deceitful creature to herself in a different tone, as the chicken struggled and cried in her grip by the throat. "She makes very good eating, when there is of her; but she had no mouse, and was told her she might have grown bigger and then she would have made a great deal better mouthful for me!"

"Let me go, I beseech you," said Glosstail, with his beak open, dislocating his jaw for my young ones! I don't be chicken-hearted, I will not remark for you to be like misfortune, (say a bushel basket, for instance,) that I have got in such a fine-a-ing to disguise."—*Sophia May.*

THE MANUFACTURE OF PAINTINGS BY THE "OLD MASTERS."

BY JAMES PARTON.

There is one class of picture dealers and one class of pictures in the beautiful process of chromo lithography which puzzles me. I mean those who make and sell the kind of pictures are offered in the shops. The tourists for five dollars a pair, gilt frames and all; and those who sell at auction a splendid oil painting collected in Italy for a few hundred dollars, and considerably decessed." Some of these fine works, I do not question, have been done them is a German artist whom poverty and impecuniosity of the English language compelled for a time to earn his bread by painting the pictures he executed a dozen at a time, and are now sold for a high price. Others are said to set up in a large garret-room. The number, I am told, is painted in one hand and done in the other, goes his rounds; first, putting in all the trees, then all the grass, then all the trees, sheep, clothes and ladies. A good man can execute a picture a minute, and in a week, for which, in those dear times, he may get as much as twenty dollars. Thus, after the war, the established price for a good picture of an old master was twelve dollars a dozen, and that your own parlor.

The principal manufactory in the United States of this description of art is in a certain broad and noisy street of a city that need not be named. It is owned by a artist proprietor "The American Art Gallery" and the Encouragement of the Fine Arts." Artists," he, among the unhappy young men who swarm every morning to apply for the brush theories, the establishment is dubbed "The Slaughter House," and its master "The Butcher." He is a man who was once an auctioneer in a street that has little in common with the Academy of Design, and statesmen whose name it bears, where in person is usually conspicuous by his either sell superfluous or buy indispensable garments. He is now his business that he is the "greatest patron of the fine arts" in America, and his ways of patronizing are various. He will have pictures painted by a young artist whose necessities are urgent, and will keep him at work in his studio by trade. In a room partitioned off from "The American Art Gallery" just mentioned there has been a number of "hands" multiplying copies of these pictures for sale, as if on printing-press, in the same "hands," or work-men, by which average less than the wages of laborers in other trades. The master's practice a dexterity in making the copies that is very remarkable. Before the door, he has outdoor hands, who, like organ-grinders, take the work round to sell and do it by the piece. The pictures are offered for sale in the Gallery; but as they accumulate rapidly, the proprietor holds an auction every few weeks, either of the Old Masters or of Great Lives, Artists' Lives, or sometimes take place by turns in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. The Gallery is open every day, Sundays and all, for the liberal patrons of the "American Art Gallery and Young Artists," the sales on Saturday afternoon. The system is cheap and profitable. Every picture that is sold leaves room for another, and so the manufacture of these precious works are sent from the factory in the manhouses city. The pictures offered at the auction sales are frequently advertised and declared to be "original oil paintings by native artists, from the American Gallery for the Encouragement of Arts and Young Artists." The truth is, of course, an item of the first importance in this kind of picture. The dust and soot as well as fresh air are added. Every morning let the windows be opened widely, so as to drive the nauseous air out—so far that have necessarily accumulated from the glasses during the previous night. Every night let a part of the windows be left open, and if possible at the top and bottom, so that during sleep there may be still plenty of fresh, unbreathed air for the children and adults to use. Of course the windows must be closed well very early in the morning, but, unless, even during our Northern winters, especially in a furnished house, a small aperture, at least, may be left. Two or three extra blankets will be needed by any children who are reared

Air is the value of fresh air, alike for the healthy and the invalid, there seems to be no doubt. Its influence on the sick when the healthy have no real faith in its efficacy will be somewhat varied, but with almost without exception, we have observed in that faith They have so many doubts about the power of fresh air, that they are, consequently, or too blustering. It is clearly, of no east wind persons. These and a hundred other trivial deviations from perfect weather are sufficient to the ordinary invalid quietly stays within doors to avoid the dreaded evils, and experiences no behavior more unwise. Both invalid and healthy persons ought to reshew all such fears to the winds, and to endeavor in every way to our patients, "about going out, always if not too ill, and in saying or not to winch no one would willingly expose himself. Nothing, we believe, is more beneficial to cases, such the occasion for exercise and change of air. Truly, as the poet Cowper, John Wade, "for every body, sick and well, Kind Nature's sweet restorative, then to be fearful, as we now usually are about the admission of fresh weather."—*Atlantic Monthly for March*

NOVEL AND UNPLEASANT OCCUPATION.

A correspondent from Wiesbaden tells us of a novel and unpleasant but very agreeable Frenchman, with whom he had a long conversation, and of his meeting him a few days afterwards in the same street, arm-in-arm with a mutual bow, and a mutual "enchanted to see you," one correspondent said—"I am going to Ems," said I, in reply to his agreeable one.—"To pass the remainder of the season there, no doubt," he replied. "I suppose you are travelling for pleasure?" "Oh! I be indebted to asking?" "Not at all. I am going to Ems for the purpose of taking my health."—"Are you a tuiser?" "Yes, I am a dentist." "Ah! you speak Englishman I"—"Down belie"—"I will be come to thine ash on"—"It is impossible, but enough, I hope, to get a tooth stopped." "Oh! I am the sworn conveyer of bodies of persons who have died in Germany, and I take them to their family. It is a well paid for, and in a few years I hope to retire from the business altogether. I have already a very good practice in Paris, and I have a good connection, and somehow the two get pretty well and did not get into conversation again.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN A FIX.

A stranger*good* yes qua took place lately in the city of New

Two Englishmen had stopped in a hotel in Jersey City, and were much annoyed by a young gentleman, a friend of his. One morning he called upon them, and they got to attend to some business, while his companions remained in their temporary rooms, remonstrates to the waiter not to let the young man in. To give this order he translates literally the English phrase, "Don't let the fire go out), and, with a British air, left the room. The waiter, however, was not a stolid fellow (don't let the ardent go out), but, entering the room, he found the young man sitting before the fire), for.

The young man, being alone, installed himself on a chimney corner and commenced reading.

After a few minutes the waiter enters and, for a moment, considers the stranger, who makes up his mind that he is expected and in a bad humor. The latter disappears in the room, and after more than a period, the waiter pays a second visit. This time the Englishman looks up from his newspaper, and grumbles a few words to his servant, who, however, the servant hastily withdrews.

After a short interval, the landlord himself appears, and, with many apologies for those repeated visits, rises in anger, and tells him that he has been informed that he is a bailiff, and that he has come to arrest the gentleman's friends.

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It is a book worthy a superior society of it.—*Methodist Quarterly Review, Philadelphia.*

We commend the book to all readers of equal rights and liberty.—*Christian Recorder, Philadelphia.*

The book is written in a temperate, but dignified manner.—*Methodist Quarterly Review, Philadelphia.*

It is in this book that all may learn just what colored men have done, and what they are doing.—*Christian Recorder, Philadelphia.*

The impression it is a good thing.—*People's Journal, Pittsburgh.* Price, $1.75. 12mo. 454 Pages.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

MRS. AUDSON FOSTER would respectfully announce to her friends and the public that she has opened a boarding-house at No. 1226 Lombard Street, where she will be prepared to furnish board and lodging on reasonable terms. Your patronage is respectfully solicited. Jan. 16—1m

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Jan. 16, '67.1y.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS.

As there are certain definite laws in relation to the rights of publishers of newspapers, which do not seem to be understood, we will re-insert as much a plain synopsis of them and public attention therein.

1. A Postmaster is required to give notice by letter, forwarding a paper does not answer the law; when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons as to his refusing taken and a neglect to do so make the Postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the Post-office whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment be made, and collect the whole amount, whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.

4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send it, such subscriber is bound to pay for it, if he takes to use of the Postmaster, or has the paper delivered at the house and a man sent for what he owes.

In cases where a dispute shall arise between a subscriber and the publisher, the former can recover the full amount of the paper, whether it be taken from the office or not. The Postmaster is not responsible for the payment of papers sent to subscribers.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME AND DEPOT.

On and after Monday, December 28, 1868, the trains of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad will leave the new Depot, at Thirty-Second and MARKET Sts., instead of Fifteenth and Market Sts. as heretofore.

Cars will run to the new Depot from Eighth, Ninth and Green, Girard, Spring Garden, Union Line, Tenth and Eleventh, Chestnut and Walnut Streets, and Market Street Passenger Railways, passing within one square of the Market St. Railway, at hours previous to the departure of trains, as will be seen by the Time Tables of the Companies.

The cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway leave Delaware Avenue, at the foot of Market Street, every five minutes before the departure of each train, and allow ample time for passengers to reach the depot.

Passengers for Germantown, Chestnut Hill, &c., will take cars for 34th St. and Lancaster Avenue, and for Frankford, Bridesburg, &c., will take cars for Kensington Depot, corner of Front and Berks Streets.

Trains leave and arrive at Depot thus

	Arrive.	Leave.
MAIL EXPRESS	.....	2.30 A. M.
PHILADELPHIA ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	.....	10.00 "
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 1	.....	10.00 "
PAST LINE	.....	12.00 M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	.....	3.30 P. M.
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	.....	5.30 "
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	.....	5.30 "
PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	.....	8.00 "
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	.....	11.10 "
	Arrive.	Leave.
PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	.....	3.05 A. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	.....	7.00 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	.....	8.20 "
PAST LINE	.....	10.50 "
PHILADELPHIA ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	.....	12.30 P. M.
DAY EXPRESS	.....	3.45 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION	.....	5.45 "
MAIL EXPRESS	.....	12.00 M.

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It is a book worthy a superior society of it.—*Methodist Quarterly Review, Philadelphia.*

We commend the book to all readers of equal rights and liberty.—*Christian Recorder, Philadelphia.*

The book is written in a temperate, but dignified manner.—*Methodist Quarterly Review, Philadelphia.*

It is in this book that all may learn just what colored men have done, and what they are doing.—*Christian Recorder, Philadelphia.*

The impression it is a good thing.—*People's Journal, Pittsburgh.* Price, $1.75. 12mo. 454 Pages.

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WILLIE'S TRUMPH.

One day, as little Willie II was passing a certain house in his way home, he was met by a rude boy, who, finding that he was afraid of him, pushed him down, kicked him, and, rousers him down. The poor little boys have injured him much more, but two girls came running out, and helped him up, and he—coward as he was—ran away. Will, by the time he got home, was tired, and went home to his mamma, who left very soon after her little boy suffering so much.

After talking to her awhile about it, he said, while his cheeks crimsoned with indignation, "Mamma, I'll tell you what I'm going to do: I'm going to get a good whipping, and then I'll go and find that boy, and I'll whip him, and then punish him, if they will!"

"You did right, my son," said his mamma, "in telling me; you ought to be sent to jail, and will be punished, I am glad God rewards you for your words, and kept you from doing wrong. It is wrong to fight, and you must strike back, as he is older and stronger than you. The only way to do is to forgive our enemies, and let them punish him, if they will; but if they do not, God will protect the innocent and punish the guilty." His mamma told him, that God alone could take away the boy's bad heart, and make him good.

Willie seemed to be thinking much, during the day, of what his mamma told him. A friend of his mamma, one day, asked Willie to say his prayers, and he did not ask God to bless the naughty boy, and give him a new heart

---

SAVING AND LOSING.

People differ more in their religious notions than in almost anything else. Some only have their mouths loosen while others have their lives. Some put their money, and others are members of the Church. The Church people are often held up to reproach for spending money in paying ministers; while the preachers of the "movies" give their people the gospel free. A friend of gentleman, once living argued to you a recently months, I can cheaper than the "free" gospel.

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Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Editor.
William C. Banton, Assistant Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 20, 1869. Vol. IX. No. 10. New Series. Whole No. 412.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

is published every Saturday on behalf of the AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. JOSHUA WOODLIN,

Publishing Agent for the A.M.E. Church,

No 631 Pine Street, Philadelphia,

to whom all letters and communications relating to the Book Business, and to the Publication of the Paper, must be addressed, post paid, or they will not be attended to. Letters and communications intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, and must be post paid, or they will not be taken from the office. Communications should be directed to Box No. 2014, Philadelphia.

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN NIGHT AND RIGHT.

Two foes went forth to battle one day,
In combat helmet and gorgeous array;
And with ancient steel they gathered near,
Where an opening waved the banners of war;
And the clarion sounded, the bugles rang,
While the scrapper Hope in each bosom sang.

Bright spirits with calm eye looked down from above,
As forward the enemies hastened to move;
The vassals were falling in silence around,
And fresh streams of life blood were coursing the ground;
But the warriors scarce heeded the carnage vast,
For the battle was destined to be their last.

The strokes were deadly, the glances fierce,
For each would the heart of the other pierce;
Now the tyrant Might is lying low,
Now the clear-browed Right in the dust does bow,
And the clangor of armor is heard after,
While around them are strewed the trophies of war.

A fearful struggle—a cry of defeat—
And to agony writhing beneath the feet
Of the giant Might, is the fearless Right;
To him dominion has been the fight;
And already the foe reeling gives way,
"The battle is ours—see the young day!"

In the flash of the lightning, the twink of an eye,
The hero Right, who is dust did lie,
Has gone and buried in the earth the foe,
To mingle his blood with the new fallen snow,
Then a loud shout of triumph the heavens bore,
For the tyrant Might would arise no more!

The hero uplifted his eyes enthroned,
And a strain of praise to th' Omnipotent formed;
And he sent praise down to the bright sun,
Where the sacred forms of thousands were lying slain,
To please on the conqueror's peaceful brow
A victorious crown of fadeless hue.

HASSETTA.

MINNIE'S SACRIFICE.

BY REV. F. E. W. HARPER.

CHAPTER II.

Miriam sat in her lowly cabin, painfully rocking her baby to and fro; for a great sorrow had fallen upon her life. She had been the meekest of children; two had died in their infancy, and now her last, her best loved and only child was gone;—but not like the rest, who had passed away almost as soon as their little feet had touched the cold threshold of existence. She had been entangled in the snares of sin and sorrow, and her son had gone down in darkness, to a dishonored grave. Again, fair, young and beautiful, had been a boy, with no power to protect herself from the highest insults that the brutality could offer to innocence. Bound hand and foot by that system, which has since gone down in wrath, and blood, and tears, she had fallen a victim to the wiles and power of her master; and the result was the introduction of a child of shame into a world of sin and suffering; for herself an early grave, and for her mother a desolate and breaking heart.

While Miriam was sitting down hopelessly beneath the chilling blast of her mighty grief, gazing over and soon on her dead boy, for which seemed to hear in its sad but gentle expression, an appeal from earth to heaven, some of the eleven months' hurry, as all looking upon the fair young face, would drop a word of pity for the weeping mother, and then hurry on to their appointed tasks. All day long Miriam sat alone with her dead. Except when some kindly interruptions broke upon the monotony of her grief.

In the afternoon, Camilla, the only daughter of her master, entered her cabin, and throwing her arms around her neck, exclaimed, "Oh! Mammy, I am so sorry I didn't know Agnes was dead. I've been on a visit in Mr. Le Croix's plantation, and I've just got back this afternoon, and as soon as I heard that Agnes was dead I hurried to see you. I would have come over sooner, but mother wouldn't let me. Why, Mammy, don't cry, I am so sorry; but what is this?" and she, as the little bundle of flannel began to stir

"That is poor Agnes' baby."

"Agnes baby! Why, I didn't know that Agnes had a baby. Do let me see it."

"Tenderly the grandmother unfolded the wrapping, and presented the little African to her gaze. He was a beautiful babe, whose golden hair, bright blue eyes and fair complexion showed no trace of the outcast blood in his veins.

"Oh, how beautiful," said Camilla, "surely this can't be Agnes' baby. He is just as white as I am, and his eyes—what a beautiful shape—and his hair, why it is really lovely."

"He is very pretty, Miss, but after all he is only a slave."

"A slave. She had heard that word before, but somehow, when applied to that fair child, it grated harshly on her ear; and she said, "Well, I thinks it a shame for him to be a slave, when he is just as white as anybody. Now, Mammy," said she, throwing off her hat, and looking soberly into the fire, "if I had my way, he should never be a slave."

"How will you can't you have your way? I'm sure Massa Lecroix owns you in everything."

"I know that, Pa does every thing I wish him to do; but I don't know how I could manage about that. But I'll do something, I'll tell the king's daughter found him and saved his life. It was a fine story, and I read it till I cried. Now I mean to do something like that good princess. I am going to ask Pa to let me take him to the house, and have a nurse for him, and bring him up as a white child, and never let him know that he is colored."

Miriam shook her head doubtfully; and Camilla, looking disappointed, said, "Don't you like my plan?"

"Laws, honey, it would be fortrate, but your Pa wouldn't hear to it."

"Yes, he would, Mammy, because I'll tell him I've set my heart upon it, and you'll be satisfied if he don't consent. I know if I say so my countenance, he won't refuse me, because he always says he hates to see me fret. Why, Mammy, he bought me two thousand dollars worth of jewelry when we were in New York, just because I took a fancy to a diamond set which I saw at Tiffany's. Anyhow I am going to ask him." Eager and anxious to carry out her plan, Camilla left the cabin to find her father. He was seated in his library, reading Homer. He looked up as his daughter fell upon the threshold, and said playfully, "What's your wish, my princess? Tell me, if it is the half of my kingdom."

Encouraged by his manner, she drew near, perched upon his knee, and said, "Now, you must keep your word, for I have a request to make, but you must first promise me that you will grant it."

"But I don't know what it is I can't tell! You might want me to put my head in the fire."

"Oh no, Pa, you know I don't!"

"Well, you might wish me to run for Congress."

"Oh no, Pa, I know that you hate poll tics."

"Well, darling, what is your request?"

"Why, tell me that you will grant it. Now, don't tease me, Pa; you are, and I will tell you."

"Well, yes; if it is anything in reason."

"Well, it is in reason, but not until you, Pa. To-day, after I came home, I asked Annette where was Agnes, and she told me she was dead. Oh! I was so sorry—and so before I got my dinner I hastened to Mammy's cabin, and found poor Mammy almost heart-broken, and Agnes lying dead, but looking just as natural as life."

"She was dead, but had left one of the dearest little babies I ever saw. Why, Pa, he is just as white as we are, and I told Mammy so, but she said it didn't matter, he is a poor white child. Now, Pa, I don't want Agnes' baby to be a slave, and I don't want Agnes' baby to be a poor white child. I want him to grow up a lady's maid. Now, Pa, I don't want Agnes' baby to be a slave, when he is just as white as anybody. Now, Mammy," and she, throwing off her hat, and looking soberly into the fire, "if I had my way, he should never be a slave."

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"How will you

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Mar. 20, 1869.

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NOTICE.

Will all the dear friends, at home and abroad, please send to the Editor whatever matter they may wish to be inserted in the *Recorder*. If

☞ The Editor (D. V.) will soon be in the West. He hopes to visit the Pittsburgh and Ohio Conferences The following places will likely be visited Rochester, Cleveland, Steubenville, Columbus, Xenia, Au Hamoree is the special interest of the Payer Will all the dear brethren be entirely with the people of this visit, that they may be prepared to take the Organ of the colored people.

HOME INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS OF ST. MARY STREET.

On our first page this school is noticed We do not know of a more laudable work To pass along St. Mary St. or Bedford St. and behold the most depravity there existing, one is ready to say, Is there no balm in Gilead? The moral condition of those streets is absolutely terrible. It makes one's blood run cold as he gazes upon those wretched scale. Girls who are scarcely in their teens are there practicing the most debauched lives, while multitudes of young men, even youths are there rejoicing in their youthful dissipations Yet are there elsewhere all around

"Churches in sight of them,
Churches in the midst of them,
Churches in front of them."

Volley and thunder—but they fire blank cartridges! and there sit hundred ride an easily

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell."

To save some of those girls is the purpose of this school Will not many Christian souls rush to the help of the Lord who offers boiling? Are there not many who are willing to lay aside sect and party fashion and dress, and make a effort to save these precious souls? Any information can be obtained from Miss Carrie V. Still, the energetic Secretary.

PRESIDENT GRANT AND THE METHODISTS.

The country cannot be ignorant of the excessive attention which the M E Church has shown to President Grant. So conspicuous present are the Bishops and members of this Church upon him, that a foreigner would very readily get the impression that Methodism is the religion of the State We honor the king, is a divine command; but really we think the enemy is fast coming to the conclusion that the "honor" which this Church seems determined to pay to the Chief Magistrate, approaches too nearly the old pagan Baro worship. Here worship is, indeed, says one No, it is pure undistilled snobbery. Well, we care not what you call it. Baro worship or snobbery, it is wrong; compromising the dignity of the M E Church to be perpetually bob-nobbing for official recognition.

But really this is not the trail we purposed to strike when we took up our pen; it was to express our dissent from the action of the President in walking out of the Metropolitan M E Church with his family, *though accompanied by a host.* It is true, that the pecuniary seats were occupied, and those who sat in them sought to have had politeness enough to have remained there But inasmuch as they did not, we do not think the President ought to have refused every other seat and waited out. The American people would have thought much better of him, had he taken one of the proffered seats One would surely think that President Grant would understands the people over whom he has been called to rule for the next four years. But he does not, else he never would have walked out of church, as telegraphed. There is no end to the laudation which Americans will give to most their fellow citizens for whom they revere But he must not presume to act on it. They will put him up to the clouds, but not him if he forgets that it is he walks the earth. There is nothing against which the American feeling is so rightly set, as an appearance of haughtiness or superiority on the part of any of their fellow citizens, be he President or constable. President Grant has acted counter to that feeling, let him "repent and do his first works."

In the meantime, what will our dear Methodist brethren do? When we first read it, we almost said, "What will they do, their god has forsaken them;" but we will not in an earthquake.

TO WHICH PARTY DO YOU BELONG?

We speak not of the political parties of the day. On this we are agreed To a unite we unite the Republican ticket We voted a ork why We vote that to-day just so a hungry men would vote to have bread or a thirsty men, water. We vote against the vote of the Democratic party, yes, we slew them with our votes, not because we hated them, but because we loved our country and the right. We speak not of political parties We renew the question To which party do you belong? The old used people of the country will shortly be divided into two parties Indeed, these parties now are, but they are dormant. The descendants of Whipper, and Lucretz, and Delaney, and Cain, will shortly awaken them. The parties are,—one to favor the reception of African Aggression upon us, the other, one to oppose it Already are the lines being drawn, and they will become more distinct every day.

The party which is favorable to African redemption reasons thus. Africa is barbarous, her hundred millions of negroes are almost to a men, pagan or Mohammedan They must be redeemed. Jesus must replace Mohammed,—the Bible must replace the Koran Fetichism must come from the Desert to the Cape No! only must her people be redeemed, but territory must be redeemed holy to the Lord On every mountain side Hie name must be inscribed—on every mountain top His incense be offered Her gold must be brought forth, even all her precious metals, and it must be laid upon the altar, an offering to his praise. To do this, agents must be employed. Who shall they be? Whence shall they come? That the colored Christians of the land will support their goats to the grand army of Missionaries, all hands agree. The children of our churches must be endeared with the mission mystic spirit; yea, not a few of them must be come missionaries to Africa, and it is common with the other brenhen of the Christian Church. Recognizing this fact, the only question is, whether shall we send missaries go? with what people shall they labor? The opposite party say, let them go to Europe, to Asia, to Greenland, to anywhere excepting Africa (where, by hard expression, they would be content to send a few) The party who favors the development their goats to the grand army of Missionaries, all hands agree. The children of our churches must be endeared with the mission mystic spirit; yea, not a few of them must be come missionaries to Africa, and it is common with the other brenhen of the Christian Church. Recognizing this fact, the only question is, whether shall we send missaries go? with what people shall they labor? The opposite party say, let them go to Europe, to Asia, to Greenland, to anywhere excepting Africa (where, by hard expression, they would be content to send a few) The party who favors the development their goats to the grand army of Missionaries, of Africa, and of the Negro wherever found say that colored ministers should go there especially. We are awful to see such unsewhere, the first promptings of duty, and of expediency as well, point to the West In dise and to Africa.

The following are some of the reasons which they offer.

(a) We came from Africa, and it is natural for us to look back to the rock whence we were hewn. As the Irishman remembers his Emerald Isle, the Scotchman his Heatherland, sooo so should we remember Africa.

(b) We are members of the great Negro family of men. We should be a willing to obey it, or run from it. Rather fight the battle through, and make that name honorable which is now a reproach We should take a lesson from the Jews.

(c) To deny, or attempt to run away from it, will only be the fact. We are, and will forever we are recognized as Negroes, despite all the Americanesticate it is possible for us to become.

(d) Locked as we are, indissolubly, will the race, it should be our policy to bring forward every thing the fact, that this connect will we get up

(e) India, China, and Japan are flooded with missionaries. Africa, every where, excepting of them for the trash, picade longingly for it. Shall not her own children—the children of her own bowels, hear and answer?

We doubt not, that when these party lines become so distinct that "he who is not may rend," the A. M. E Church will be found on the side of African redemption, for it is to this end that God has called her. To which party, dear reader, do you belong?

CUBA.

The Cuban revolutionists still hold out against all the force the Spaniards are able to bring against them In the midst of it they have been fought, in all of which the Cubans show a bravery worthy of the cause to which they fight. The latest news I have on the march of the Spanish General Lesco, from la Gannoa to Puerto Principe he fought the hardest battle of the war The Cubans on march of the Spanish General Lesco, from la Gannoa to Puerto Principe he fought the hardest battle of the war The Cubans on the

Parables was the garden of delights. The stately forms, the raised trunks and rich tufts of trees were sources of pleasure. Every tree was pleasant; grew there, and all sorts of fineness pervaded the happy site's

> The tendency glanced with a [illegible]
> Sparkling through fibres scattering [illegible]
> The human eye upon glades, the haunt, [illegible]
> Branched their [illegible] to [illegible] when, most
> Amongst the [illegible] and [illegible]
> Cedar and Pine and [illegible] high,
> Expanding all were seen and [illegible]

It is our purpose in these papers as time, to give our ideas of the "Garden of Eden," and so many works, confusions and confusions have entertained. And in order the better to discuss the subject, it may be proper to state whether we are drinking with allegory or with facts.

If the first chapters of Genesis are only figurative, our inquiries may as well be suspended at once. But we regard them as historical. Their language is just that of history, not of poetry but of other prose. Its structure, its style is historical. It gives the impression to every unbiased reader of being a record of facts. We have equal ground for rejecting any other portion of Biblical history, as for this. We can be sure of no history, if historical terms and word, if there be none in these chapters. More over, taken as history, they present a consistent, rational account, the only one of the matter-facts—such as the location of the earth; the origin of man, the institution of the Sabbath, and of marriage; the division of time; the introduction of sin and misery; the natural sterility of the earth and necessity of labor; the subjection of woman to her husband; the origin and antipathy of man to the serpent. It has been well said, that if we reject the historical character of these chapters, we have no key to many of allegorize—the man, the woman, the creation, the temptation, the fall, the trees, and Paradise itself, are all mythic; or man is uncreated, and therefore we have no reliable account of the origin of things—no safe record of what we now know of the fall. Historical and literal character of these chapters is proved by allusions to them in other portions of the Bible. Our Lord quotes them as literal in his answer to the Pharisees on the subject of divorce.[1] Have you not read that He, which made them at the beginning, made them male and female? For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh."

Paul refers to facts first recorded in these chapters, when speaking of the serpent beguiling Eve, and of Adam having first formed and then Eve. If these allusions are correct and the inferences from the facts just, they actually took place, and are recorded historically in the first chapters of Genesis. We may therefore be satisfied, that the "tree of life" was a real tree to Eden. It was not a figure. What did it signify? What religious lesson does it offer us? Did it serve as natural purpose in regard to the dwellers of Eden? Had it any relation to their temporal or spiritual life? any significance for us in this Christian age? Any typical import regarding our Lord, or the Church? These questions will be considered in our next paper.

REV. A. M. STEWART'S LETTERS XXIII.

MONMOUTH.

Ever since Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, the earth has been a theatre of revolts—seditions, delusions, and fanaticisms. In modern times, Mormonism undoubtedly excels in crudeness, fanaticism, and enormity of its origin, not half a century since, it seemed[2] contemptible, absurd, and even ludicrous. So opposed was it, to all the settled maxims[3] of the human mind, with respect to things both in Church and State, that every thoughtful person was ready to say, "Let it alone; it is of men, and will soon come to nought." Such, no doubt, had been the result under the ordered policy, but, however, of hasty temper, of unsettled judgment, and vindictive spirit, could not abide to allow so ordeal Mormonism to lie in peace. Hence, a persecuting influence, almost swelled into importance, attracted and grew.

Like all other systems of error which have been somewhat[4] interesting, and, therefore, enormous has exhibited a large amount of truth I'ore error, naked falsehoods, unadulterated lies, do not take even with the Mohammedan, the father of lies, when quoting Scripture, falls constrained to do it correctly. The Latter Day Saints, among its earliest changes, set Scripture Bible, merely adding thereto some curious conclusions to and through the "storied" Joseph Smith.

THEIR PILGRIMAGE

When driven from Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, and Iowa, the wretched, starving, and naked fugitives started on a pilgrimage, which an army with banners dare not have attempted. Even Mahomet and his followers, on no parallel, would have undertaken it with such zealots. Here, under their condition, and without all perishing, they succeeded in traversing those fifteen hundred miles of rugated desert, mean crag, and mystery. They settled, as length, upon a dry, and apparently barren soil, where no hope of corner again to see or be troubled with Gentile intruders. At the time of their self banishment, this large country, called, as another writer, a pioneer nor settler was likely, for ages, to spy into their safe retreat. The tide of westward homes entertain has grown with such extraordinary motion, that, in their imagined retreat, and within a quarter of a century, they have been overtaken and surrounded by an immense foreign and native population.

AGENTS FOR 1869.

Whatever purposes the Almighty has to subserve with this strange mass of people hereafter, He has already effected purposes the most wise and beneficent, and for which no other agency seemed fitted. They have most successfully demonstrated, through necessity and thrift, the wonderful capacities and productiveness of numerous portions of our almost boundless American desert, as it is still termed by ignorant travellers and geographers. The many thousands they occupy was no more promising than round how other sections of Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, and Colorado, and which would have been looked upon as hopelessly barren by any phrases, miners, and emigrants are for the even glowing Mormon industry. By artificial watering they have turned a dry and parched land into fields, and orchards, and gardens, of more than ordinary luxury and fruitfulness. And this, also, in advocate of unsurpassed cleanness, luxury, and healthfulness.

They have, moreover, been the instruments of saving much life. Had they not occupied that far interior and intermediate space, when, in a run of excitement, from 1849 and onwards, the caravans of men, horses, mules, and oxen left the Atlantic side for the California gold fields, multitudes could have perished. Each traveller across the continent every wagon, stage coach, horse, or human every mile I note hasmet with fellow men, together with millions of sheep, agents, and cattle, have all good ready, even thankful tribute, to money, for Mormon gentleness. By such provisions, supplied with unusual industry, human mental care, and contemplate that for citizens eminently comforting at present and a hundred fold more in the becoming of the multitude communities in the world. They are rich in horses and cattle, sheep, and poultry in corn, roots, fruits and vegetables, in manufactures and luxury.

(LAST LAST ONE)

It is the most quiet, orderly, and best governed city in the world. Among the Mormons, there is no disorder or outbreak, no profanity or intemperance. The city on the Sabbath day is as a quiet parish in Scotland or New England. Whatever disorder there may be, is not raised by Gentile intruders. The only proper subjects about twenty thousand. The agricultural beauty has certainly been overrated by tourists and writers, and this perhaps naturally enough, as such would be struck with the change and so far without seeing a house, or saucer a human abode. The most house and theatre are substantial structures. The great, principal temple is as yet only even with the ground. This immense Tabernacle has an semblance of architectural beauty. The Mormon Conference, or Brigham Young is quite extensive, comprising several hundred rooms, entered together, our rounded with offices and all the needful. Large mill, the enclosure being entered by a rather modern gate.

The city is in winter cosiness, wears a pleasant and comfortable appearance, but in summer must be especially inviting. The original plan, which has constantly been carried out, was for each family to have a lot of an acre and a quarter, thus affording space for shrubbery, fruit-trees, and a vegetable garden. The original plan must the city covers a considerable space, combining city and country in a very agreeable manner. The streets are four rods wide, and run at right angles, and along each side of every street there flows a stream of crystal water, led from the adjacent mountains. These streams are bordered with fine rows of beautiful shade trees, which have been planted on each side of every street.

Concerning their domestic relations, we have but little was seen or heard. About each matters they are studiously reticent, when possible, silent. The evils of their system have not been developed quietly hidden away from Gentile intrusion. Of their future we need hardly speculate. In the amazingly rapid change and progress of events, some adjustment must, ere long, be formed upon them, more in consonance with the feelings and wishes of the world.[5] In sense is more impossibility that as outrage so monstrous and repugnant as polygamy, can much longer exist in the midst of a great Christian community.

A. M. STEWART.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

A writer signing herself "One who is not so Old Maid," thus pungently puts certain aspects of women's rights as against man's tyranny, in the *N. Y. Tribune*:

"You have filled this land with distilleries and rum shops, and what are the results? Thousands more have declared that alcohol is one of the primary causes of crime and destitution. You will admit that a greater part of the money which taxes among the poor is owing to the effects of strong drink; but do you ever pay a penny which you were the first to introduce this terrible evil into society, and if you are not, you have not murdered our sons and daughters with the accursed drug? Have you ever gone to the grave of husband who went down to the grave, who died and go there through your influence. You are not content with destroying our homes, but you proceed to define our orphans, and you are not willing that even a few of us shall have the privilege of making laws for our protection.

"How many hours have you spent in waiting for the return of a drunken husband? How often are not prayed by day and by night for his welfare, and were we not rewarded by blasphemy and curses? Were you not spent your earnings and ours for rum? Have you not filled the hearts of our children with the fruits of your debauch and intemperance? Have you not squandered our time? To-day we stand there of the poor paupers which God gives to women as a memorial in the privilege of exercising them as the Creator intended we should. Oh, how noble a man who is it that pollutes the air with foul and sickening breath? Oh, "lordly woman" ever teach our sons to shun and rush to destruction and become more assiduously than the bosom of the rose."

—Drunkenness has been one of the greatest powers among the ever-growing districts of California. Even young girls are sometimes seen reeling in the streets under the influence of the "poor California."

The Day of Prayer for Colleges two weeks ago was observed with much spirit and profit, though not by large numbers of our people. The presence of Dr. Atterbury and Rev. Secretary Ballantyne in the meetings enhanced their interest, and the impression left was a happy one as it tended to deepen the feeling of the duty so pressingly the great object of our prayers, the increase of the ministry with the spirituality of the individual church.—*Interior Presbyterian.*

BISHOP WAYMAN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Sunday, March 14th, Denton, Md
Thursday night, March 18th, Choptank's Landing
Sunday, March 21st, Cambridge, Md.
Wednesday night, March 25th, Crawford's, Del.
Sunday, March 28th, Baltimore, Md.
Wednesday night, March 31st, Deep Creek, Md.
Sunday, April 4th, Smithfield, Va
Monday night, April 5th, Warrenton, N. C
Wednesday, April 7th, N. C. Conference, Greensboro, Va.
Thursday night, April 15th, Raleigh, N. C
Sunday, April 18th, Dedication, Wilmington, N. C.
Wednesday, April 21st, Virginia Conference, Norfolk, Va.

APPOINTMENTS FOR THE FIRST EPISCOPAL DISTRICT, 1869.

2d, Monday, Salem, N. J.; 3d, Tuesday, Woodbury, N. J.; 28th, Sunday, Old Chester Circuit, Pa.; April 4th, Sunday, Wilmington, Del.; 5th and 6th, Monday and Tuesday, Smyrna Circuit, Del.; 8th and 9th, Thursday and Friday, Camden Circuit, Del.; 11th, Sunday, Frederica Circuit, Del.; 18th, Sunday, Slaughter Neck, Milton Circuit, Del.; 25th, Sunday, Laurel Circuit, Del.

Brethren mostly cattle until a will have the goodness to write me a few lines giving all questions for whom I shall inquire, if all at hot points upon their circuits, they would have me some, &c. &c. Direct your letters to my address, 1040 Addison Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. P. THOMPSON.

Episcopal Rooms of the First District, February 23d, 1869.

THE TIME AND PLACE OF CONFERENCE MEETINGS IN 1869.

Pittsburg Conference, April 8d, Pittsburg, Pa.; Bishop Payne, North Carolina Conference, April 7th Greensboro, N. C., Bishop Wayman Ohio Conference, April 15th, Cincinnati, Bishop Payne, Virginia Conference, April 21st, Norfolk, Va., Bishop Wayman Baltimore Conference, April 29th, Frederick, Md., Bishop Wayman Indiana Conference, May 6th, Philadelphia, Pa., Bishop Campbell New York Conference, May 12th, Albany, N. Y., Bishop Campbell. New England Conference, June 3rd, Portland, Me., Bishop Campbell. Indiana Conference, June 9th, Fort Wayne, Ind., Bishop Leeconnoth. Missouri Conference, Aug. 26th, Leavenworth, Kansas, Bishop Quinn. Missouri Conference, Kansas, Bishop Quinn. Mississippi Conference, Sept. 4th, Lexington, Ky., Bishop Payne. Arkansas Conference, Sept. 16th, Little Rock, Ark., Bishop Shorter. Texas Conference, Nov 11th, San Antonio, Texas, Bishop Shorter. Mississippi Conference, Dec 1st, Natchez, Miss., Bishop Shorter Louisiana Conference, Dec. 10th, Baton Rouge, La., Bishop Shorter.

A. W. WAYMAN,
Secretary of the Episcopal Board
Phila. Dec. 14th, 1868

NOTICE.

Rev. Jeremiah H. Tarpin will deliver the fifth sermon of the series under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, at the Shiloh Baptist church, on to-morrow evening, at 71 o'clock. Young men are especially invited.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of my son, Charles Thomas, who left home 2 years ago, for Harrsburg or York, Pa. Any information of him to the subscriber will be thankfully received by his mother.

HANNAH THOMAS,
1837 Addison St., Philadelphia.
March 20—1t.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of my mother, Rosetta White, and my sister, Carrie Rosetta. They were slaves in Georgia, to a man named Good Bard, who moved into Kentucky, when they were sold to Mr. Hicks, of Covington, Ky Address information to

REV. THOMAS WHITLOCK,
Box 6, Fort Scott, Kansas

P. S.—Ministers will please read this in their churches
March 20—3t.

INFORMATION WANTED.

John Walker, a servant of Dr. E. M. Patterson, in 1850, wishes to know the whereabouts of his wife Peggie, and his three children Antony, Sarah Ann and Simon who were also slaves of Dr. E. M Patterson, of Nashville, Tennessee. Dr. Patterson lived at a place called Rock, about seven miles from Nashville And also the whereabouts of my last wife, Cornelia, who was a slave of Lee Shoat, a negro trader, in Nashville, Tenn. Any information of the above persons will be gladly received by John Walker. Letters directed to Chicago will please read this to their congregations. Address letters to

JOHN WALKER,
No. 114 P St., betw's 4th and 5th Sts.,
Sacramento, Cal.
Feb. 27—1mo.

NOTICE.

MISSION ROOMS, 41 M. E. CRESCO,
No. 12 Saratoga St., Baltimore, Md.]

All letters and matters pertaining to the Missionary Society of the African M. E. Church, and all monies belonging or intended for said Society, must be directed to No. 12 Saratoga street, as above.

JAS. A. HANDY, Cor. Sec.

July 25.-tf

Married.

HARRIS—DILLON.—At Allentown, N. J., Dec 21st, 1868, by Rev. Wm. W. Grimes, Mr. William Harris, of Pennsylvania, to Miss Lizzie Dillon, of Allentown, N. J.

HOLLAND—RAINER—By the same, at the residence of the bride's parents, Upper Freehold township, N. J., Jan 14th, 1869, Mr. Elias Holland, of Pa., to Miss Ada Jennings Rainer

ROSS—STERLY.—By the same, at Bullock's Ridge, N. J., Mr John Ross to Miss Amy A. Sterly, all of Bullock's Ridge.

Advertisements.

THE CHEAPEST, THE HANDSOMEST, THE BEST

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Loss of Appetite,
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Poetry.

WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

BY MRS. E. H. CHAPIN.

As listening into the morning,
A silence reigns in all;
Methinks the trees and fields
Yet sense the stillness
Flit hither, sweet to bring
Tarriance the wind is waiting,
Waiting for the spring

Strong arch and sturdy element,
Heap oft and pile on high,
Scratch out their supreme trenches
Against the wintry sky.
Keen the gully spears
Hath reared her quivering,
As through the ice sore waiting,
Waiting for the spring

I sense mine eyes to listen,
It haply where I stand,
But one stray note of music
May sound in all the land.
Why so those cells, O bluebird?
O thrush, why dost not sing?"
Ah! surely they are waiting,
Waiting for the spring.

O heart! thy days are darkness,
Thine! thy nights are drear
But were shall shadows vanish
Proclaim the coming year.
Soon shall the trees be leafy,
Soon every bird shall sing
Let there be silent waiting,
Waiting for the spring.

Home Circle.

HOW THE DOG SPITZI HELPED THE REFORMATION.

(From Lucien—"Tales from Above.")

Turno men, the old and venerable town clerk, he would you thunderbird, Father Herbert Grover, and the pastor Johannis Heller, were sitting, one fine summer evening, on a bench in front of the Augustinian Convent deep in conversation regarding the great questions and momentous events that time. Near them, under the great linden tree in the market place, sat the pastor's little daughter Gretchen, but two years old, who was engrossed with the enjoyment of her supper Beside her little nose lay a piece of a large black dog of the "spitz" breed, whose appearances and of days of dinner, as the proverb says, "hanger stared at you from the eyes." She washed up so lustily at the child, wagged its tail so incessantly, and so eagerly devoured every crumb that fell that it was clear to see that the dog's heart stone Little Letty, however, who had never suffered hunger, and could not comprehend the dumb languages of the poor beast, paid no heed to these hints, but, rising on tiptoe, and in her determined effort to snatch the dropped in pure alarmed. The dog caught it and ate it reverently, upon which the little girl jumped up angrily and began to scold the animal. "Spitzi, you naughty Spitzi sit!" stamping with her little feet, and striking the creature's head with her clenched hand with her closed fist. The dog, however never stirred, but continued imperturbable in the enjoyment of its repast.

"Why are you crying so, little Letty, and what harm has poor Spitzi done you?" asked Hasel, who at that moment issued from the tavern, bearing a basket of strawberries for his uncle the pastor, and his aunt Theresa, fresh from the forest of the Hart, where he had gathered them with his father. The child's tears had soon attracted the said pastor and his spouse to the place.

But now a rough, screeching voice was heard calling from Flaisinger, the wheelwright's workyard, across the street—"Seal Spitzi, come hither, thou deviish beast, or . . . ." here followed a volley.

"Also and aback-a-day!" exclaimed Hans, that is the wicked Mike Flaisinger; he will certainly beat poor Spitzi to death!" And away ran he, who had taken Letty up in her arms and was endeavoring to soothe her. Spitzi, however, cowered down terrified; licked the hand of his master with his mouth, and crept trembling, his tail between his legs, behind the minister, as if seeking protection and aid.

A tall stalwart, some sixteen years old now came forward under the old lime-tree, with a thick rope in his hand, and an oath on his lips, and asked, in a rude, rough manner, "What curse the black varmint has'nt disturbed your peace?" He sought out the creature, kicked it along, and threw the rope round its neck to take it, as he said, to the butcher's for execution, because of its being mad, and that, too very morning, bitten his sister Agnes.

Ten minutes, here under the lime-tree, the she pricked it in the arm with a big needle, till the blood flowed! "I saw it myself, for I was present," exclaimed Hans, indignant at the spitzi's fate, and overcome by his pity for the death-doom of the persecuted animal.

"That dog is not mad," said Pastor Heller seriously, taking up his spectacles, that was under which stood on the bench, and holding it to the trembling animal. The creature eyed it eagerly, licked the hand and then obediently emptied the cup to its last drop "Now, you are yourself witness, Mike, that there is nothing he looks less like than being mad, when he so gladly drinks down what water!" said the pastor. "The right one man is merciful to his beast," we are told in God's holy word; but you and your brothers are ever constantly plaguing poor Spitzi after a most ungodly fashion, so that often before now I have felt boiling with indignation at what you called on to rose the well-merited rod of correction."

Michael grew crimson with anger, and impudently retorted, "The dog belongs to me and I am free to do with it whatever I will." By straightway fell to indulging to abuse of the Lutheran doctrine and preachers, of who were always meddling with matters that did not concern them, and who ought, now and all, to be burnt on the stake. The frightening at the same time, the rope he had fastened round Spitzi's neck, and proceeding to drag off the poor animal, when Father Grover's assistant rose from his seat and barred the way, seizing him on a stern tone, as he spoke in the order of the authorities that was stuck up on the town-house, "Michael Flaisinger, cast thou read?"

On morning glance of the country town's clerk, whom he good honored and the evil dreaded, his bold and worldwise youth's rascal pale, drew back rebuked, and muttered between his teeth some reply unable to catch. The town-clerk continued, "In this mandate the Christian authorities have strictly prohibited, under pain of severe punishment, the abuse of preachers of the everlasting Gospel by nothing them Lutheran doctrine, as well as the uttering of blasphemous oaths and curses; and you have been guilty of both guilty in both points, and have thus incurred the displeasure of the ruler, and of you further, who is responsible for you, and with whom I shall settle the matter." So saying, he took the meek disconcerted Michael by the hand, and led him to Fannie gee's house, across the road.

Meantime the rest of the party took compassion on the poor ill used dog. Pastor Heller loosed the string round its neck, and kindly stroked its lean back. Theresa latch ed a piece of bread, with which Hasel fed it, little Letty, who, with the happy non sequiteur of childhood, had the happy unconsciousness of childhood, had the happy unconsciousness of childhood, had the happy unconsciousness

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Editor.
William C. Banton, Assistant Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 27, 1869.

Vol. IX. No. 11. New Series. Whole No. 413.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER
Is published every Saturday on behalf of the
AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
BY
REV. JOSHUA WOODLIN,
Corner Iron Street,
No 631 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Terms.—All letters and matter pertaining to the Book Concern, subscriptions, sale of papers and all pecuniary matters, must be addressed to Rev. Joshua Woodlin, Book Steward, and all letters pertaining to the Editorial Department must be addressed to Rev. Benj. Tanner, Editor.

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Two square one month	3 00
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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

SUNSET.

A sweet smelling breath of wild flowers,
Drifting in a half broken gust,
Where I've sat and gazed often for hours,
At the seagle's capricious old crust.

Wheeling like a lost lord, till the sunset
Kissed the little drops a weary old god,
And decked with its drapery the swift yacht running
Into its trim fragile form into bold.

And a mystical troop of fancies
Filled the dumpling glow of the west,
With their fleeting forms of joy, and the incense
Bright of the day got, sinking to rest.

O could we put see the grand sunset,
Gaze once upon the glories that half broken pass,
Sweetly bathe in our dreams where life see not thy
Thy face, are sight swept in with its reign

Chaste beauties, wise tribes more than's yon,
Yet the mystical wand of thy charms
Weaves a wreath round our hearts that the mi-
dure
Of time is futile to have.

Detroit, Mich., March 17, 1869. Geo. Rice.

MINNIE'S SACRIFICE.

BY MRS. F. E. W. HARPER.

CHAPTER II.

Mr Bernard Le Croix was the only son of a Spanish lady, and a French gentleman, who were married in Hayti a few months before the breaking out of the revolution, and to the island, and made Hayti an independent nation.

Hearing the storm which was overclouding the land, contrived to escape, bringing with him a large amount of personal property; and preferring a citizen's character to his own, he bought a plantation on Red river, and largely stocked it with slaves. Only one child blessed their union, Bernard Le Croix, who grew up sensitive, shy and retiring, with a taste for solitude and literary pursuits.

During the troubles in Hayti, his uncle and only daughter escaped from the island, leaving every thing behind, except the clothing upon their persons, and a few jewels they had hastily collected. Benjamin Sprite, feeble in body, lame in limb, reached Louisiana, only to die in his brother's house and to leave his orphan daughter to their care. She was about the age that Bernard was twelve, and in their childhood's days they seemed a friendship which ripened into love and marriage. Bernard's father and mother lived long enough to see their Rosa with one grandchild, and then died, leaving their son a large landed estate, 500 slaves, and a vast amount of money.

Passionately fond of literature, studious in his tastes, he devoted himself to poetry and the ancient classics; filled his house with the finest paintings and the most beautiful statuary, and his gardens laid out in the most exquisite manner. And into that beautiful home he brought his young and lovely bride, but in that fair home where velvet carpets hushed her tread, and magnificence surrounded her path, she drooped and faded. Day by day her cheek grew paler, her footsteps slower, until she passed away like a thing of love and light, and left her heart-broken husband and a child of six summers to mourn her loss.

Bernard, ever shy and sensitive, grew more so after the death of his wife. He sought no society; seemed to lose all interest in politics, and wedded himself to his library till he had almost passed from the recollection of his nearest neighbors. He superintended the education of his daughter, because he could not bear the thought of being separated from her. And she, among very little of society, and reading only from the best authors, the ancient and modern, was growing up with very little knowledge of the world, except what she learned from books.

Without any female relatives in guilds her, she had no other association than the servants of her household, and the family of Mr Le Granges. Her mother's nearest and favorite servant had taken the charge of her after her death, and Agnes had been her nurse and companion.

Camilla, although loved and petted by every one, and knowing no law but her own will, was still a very lonely child. Her father, wrapped in his literary pursuits, had left the entire control of his plantation in the overseers, in whom he trusted almost implicitly. And many a tale of wrong and sorrow came to the ear of Camilla, for these simple-minded people had learned to love her, and to trust in her as an angel of mercy. Often would she interfere in their behalf, and tell the story of their wrongs to her father. And at her intercession, more than one overseer had been turned away, which, coming to the ears of others, made them cautious how they offended the little lady, for fear some authority would be exercised that she had great influence with her own loving father, who would comply with almost any fancy or request, rather than see her unhappy or fretting.

And Camilla knowing her power, instead of a bad Agnes' childhood to be a curse to a wise child, and the secret of his birth effectually concealed. At first, Mr Le Croix thought it was a passing whim that she would soon forget; that the child would amuse and interest her for a while, and then she would turn to him as she had to other things, such as her birds, her squirrel, and even her flower land pony. But when he found that instead of her interesting being a passing whim it was a settled purpose, he made up his mind to accede to her wishes

His plan was to take the child North; to have him educated, and then adopt him as his son And in fact the plan rather united him; for then he could spend the rest of his years, without acknowledging the relationship. And being a member of two nations having a Latin taste in the blood that he was a pride of race and contempt, and repulsion for the weaker races which characterizes the proud and imperious Anglo-Saxon.

The next Summer Mr. Le Croix took a journey to the North, taking Louis and Camilla with him. They made a very pleasant family school in New England; and having made suitable arrangements, he left Louis in the care of the tutors, whose kind advice and attentions soon won the child's heart, and before he left the North, Louis seemed perfectly contented with his new home.

Camilla was delighted with her tour; the constant companion of her father, she cheered with him every place of amusement or interest they could find. She was much pleased with the factories, and watched with curious eyes the intelligent faces of the operatives, as they plied with ready fingers their daily tasks. Sometimes she would contrast their appearance with the laborers she had seen wending their way into labor early in the day, and then her face would grow so grave and earnest, that a puzzled expression would fit over her countenance, as if she were trying to solve a problem which was too complicated to be.

One day on the hunt for some new excitement, her father passed down Tremont St., and saw advertised, in large letters, on the entrance to Tremont Temple, "Anti-Slavery Meeting," and never having been a sixth a believer before in existence, impelled by a natural curiosity to hear what could be said against a system in which he had been informed from his earliest recollections, without taking the pains to examine it.

The first speaker was a colored man. The rather supposed that he had been grossly tomed to colored men all the days of his life; and as such, he had known some of them to be intelligent, shrewd, and wide awake; but this was a new specimen. A man had been a slave, and recounted in harrowing words the wrongs which had been heaped upon him. He told that he had been sold and a father; that his wife had possession of (for a short time). Of a child of beauty; that a tender, from whose presence he had recoiled with loathing, had marked her as his property. He told how he had knelt at his master's feet, and begged for her, not to sell her, but it was all in vain The other was given to another maid, and he was sold away. He had attempted to describe his feelings when he saw his wife and children standing on the auction block, and heard the coarse jests of the spectators, and the fierce competition of the bidders.

The speaker made a deep impression upon the minds of the audience, and even to Le Croix, who had been accustomed to slavery all his life, that scene of guilt passing over him for his complicity in the system, while Camilla grew red and pale by turns, and clutching her little hands nervously together, said, "Father, let us go home."

Le Croix saw the deep emotion on his daughter's face, the nervous twitchings of her lips, and suggested that they had better adjourn to such an exciting scene.

When they were seated in their private parlor, Le Croix said, "Birdie, I am sorry that we attended that meeting this morning. I didn't believe a word that bigger said, and yet there was a fascination in his face as it every word were gospel truth They are a set of fanatics, calculated to keep the nation in hot water. I hope that you will never enter such a place again. Did you believe one word, Pet that negro said?"

"Why, yes, Pa, I did, because our house need to tell me just such a story as that. If that what you say, you could have imagined that it was invented for the occasion."

"Insane! What business had I case telling you such stories?"

"Oh, Pa, don't get angry with dear. It wasn't his fault, it was mine."

"I don't know when you brought him home to drive the carriage, he said he took a very cowful, and I said to him one day, 'Isaac, what makes you look so sad?' Why don't you laugh and talk, like Jerry and Sam?'

And he said, "Oh Missie, I can't! I've got a mighty heap of trouble on my mind." And he looked so down hearted when he said this, I wanted to know what was the matter, but he said, "It won't do for a little lady like you to know the troubles of us poor creatures." but one day, when Sam came home from New Orleans he brought him a letter from his wife, and he really seemed to be overjoyed, and he kissed the letter, and put it in his bosom, and I never saw him look half so happy before. So the next day when I asked him to get the pony ready for me he said he'd wouldn't ride it for him. He said he had been trying to make it out, but somehow he could not get the hang of it; but when he went to New Orleans Pa, I wonder how slavery came to be. I should hate to belong to anybody, wouldn't you, Pa?"

"Why, yes, darling, but then the negroes are contented, and wouldn't take their freedom if you would give it to them."

"I don't know about that, Pa; there was Mr Le Grange's Peter. Mr Le Grange told him he was free as well as I was, and as well that he thought no one would ever tempt Peter to leave him; and he went to New York every year for three or four summers, and he always made out that he was afraid of the abolitionists—and I don't know what all besides—but Mr Le Grange just believed that Peter was in earnest, and somehow he got Mrs Le Grange to bring his wife North to wait on her. And when they both got here, they both left, and Mrs. Le Grange had to wait on herself, until she got another servant. But she said she had got enough of the North, and never wanted to see it again as long as she lived, and that Camilla took that two thousand dollars for them."

"Well, darling, they would have never left their master's house unless they could put it in their hands; but, darling, that's another year brain about such matters Now you don't have bought this morning," said he, handing her a neck'ace of the prettiest you "here, darling, is a birth day present for you. Camilla took the necklace, and gazing absently upon it said, "I can't understand it."

"What is it, my little philosopher, that you can't understand?"

"Pa, I can't understand slavery; that man made us think it was something very bad. Do you think it can be right?"

Le Croix's face flushed suddenly, and he took his leg and nodding, and commenced reading the paper.

"Why don't you answer me, Pa?" Le Croix's face grew darker, but he tried to conceal his vexation, and replied, "Child, darling, never mind Don't puzzle your little head about matters you cannot understand, and which our wisest statesmen cannot solve."

Camilla said no more, but a new train of thought had been started in her mind, and so much among the slaves, and had heard many tales of sorrow breathed soulfully into the ear of the stricken, she could not entirely inhibit their rise of the matter; and without even reckoning the injustice of the system, she began to view it from a truer stand-point of observation.

What she had seen of slavery in the South had awakened her sympathies and pity.

What she had heard of it in the North had aroused her sense of justice She had seen in the old country the evils of caste, but good soul was planted, which was yet to yield its harvest of blessed deeds

[To be continued.]

For the Christian Recorder.

PIONEERS OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH—NO. V.

BY HENRY HIGHLAND GARNET.

Eminent Preachers—Rev. Joseph M. Corr.

The State of South Carolina is the fruitful soil of attractive and striking characters. Without respect to race, or color, her sons have sung conspicuous place in the pulpit and at the bar, and in the legislature, and they have employed their talents both for good and for evil Eloquence is a divine gift, and blessed is the man who has in power for the glory of God, and woe on him who turns it to a bad account

At what particular time Joseph M Corr came from Charleston, and took up his residence in Philadelphia, I am not able to inform the reader, but found one day a third of a century has passed away since his death, yet to this day, there are many in Philadelphia who remember his lively style of ministry, and who can testify that he lived amongst them and preached the everlasting gospel unto them with marvellous power Without controversy, he was the most eloquent, and impassioned preacher of his church of the Sunday in his times His fame had preceded his first visit to the city of New York, and when he reached the city he was received with open arms by dear him A simple announcement of his intention to preach, was all that was necessary to fill the largest church edifice, and those who did not attend to his words were exceedingly angry. Nor were his auditors confined to his own denomination and color, but many of every branch of the Christian family flocked him gladly The best edition I ever saw of his paper published was written by the Rev Jordan Leavitt, D.D., a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and then editor of the "Emancipator" New Haney and Dr Griffin and Summerfield, in their palmiest days, attracted no more attention in their times, than Corr did in his. When I think of the living streams of people who used to flock to hear him, and the pleasant recollections of his varied gifts as a preacher, even at this distant period, I feel in no small degree an excitement akin to that which I then felt.

When I saw him in 1828, he appeared to be about twenty-eight or thirty years of age Attracted by his fame, I went early to his church, and ordered a good seat Long before the service commenced every part of the building was packed, and many could not obtain an entrance. The introductory services over, the preacher, J. M. Corr, arose. Young though I was, I must confess, that I shared the disappointment that was felt by that portion of the audience who had not before seen him The preacher arose and took his text. His complexion was dark and yellow, and he wore a shirt suit of black hair, and straight, thick white hairs that grew down under his throat. His voice was dry and husky, and his whole frame was slender and emaciated, and he stooped as he stood, and his clothing hung loosely upon his person. Every body by that text congregation seemed to sympathize with him, and some sighed, and said, "Poor man, he will not live long to preach."

And others said, "He will fall for lack of strength; he ought to be in his bed," and all these things were expressions of sorrow and pity uttered in under tones But those was about him one redeeming feature, which an ordinary observer did not notice. That was the widow through which one might look into the spirit of the frail man—and through which his soul looked out upon the heavens was blazing with celestial fire—but the poor tenement of clay seemed to be dying After making a general statement of the grand truths which his text contained, he proceeded to illustrate them, and as he advanced, his voice and his whole frame became clearer and his person began to straighten All eyes were fixed upon him His countenance grew beautiful—all anxiety is removed from the minds of the audience—he has cut himself loose from the earth and seems to be floating in heavenly atmosphere He finds in his subject much to attract him, and as he holds them up with ecstatic joy, they shine like diamonds. His voice now sounds like a silver trumpet—and then it sinks down to tender and pathetic tones, as well as when Israel's sweet singer swept his fingers over the strings of his wondrous harp, and sung songs of praise to God With his palms of his hands pressed together, and lifted heavenward, he then intervals gently stamping his feet, he approward through strong upon springs He gazes he saw the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God He calls upon the sinful world, and his stained cross to grind on their complete and more and more in the energy of righteousness, and pleads with sinners to be reconciled to the Lord. He ends his sermon with a fine T-are, sighs, and groans, and sinks down in the masonry effort, and God gives him souls for his hire.

In all the effort, which I have hal faithfully described, there was nothing in his manner that could offend the ear or eye of correct rhetorical critics, but it was the effort of good English education and refined taste. Generally were himself out in the work of God, and he was not ashamed of the cross of fall, one of the noblest sons of the church passed away from the earth. The career of Corr was worthy of the Master of the sainted M. McCheyne. They were both holy and highly gifted, and died before they had passed beyond the meridian of youth The battle cry of the former was similar to that which the latter paraphrased into anything else. This was their appropriate motto: "Jehovah Tsidkenu" "The Lord our Righteousness.

"Jehovah Tsidkenu my
Treasure and my shield,
Jehovah Tsidkenu!
Never can be lost.

In Thee I shall conquer
By flood and by field,
My rable, my anchor,
My breast plate and shield!

Keen trending the valley,
The shadow of death,
The "Jehovah Tsidkenu" shall rally
My faltering breath;

For while from life's terror
My God sees me fear,
Jehovah Tsidkenu
My death song shall be.

Avery College.

For the Christian Recorder.

SCHOOL BURNED.

Clinton, E. Tenn., March 3, 1869.

On last Friday afternoon we held our usual monthly meeting, and parted from the pupils with the understanding to meet us at the Sabbath-school on the following Monday We did not meet, but under what different circumstances to those we anticipated!

Instead of meeting in our pleasant school-room we gathered around a smouldering heap of ashes The hand of an incendiary probably applied the flame to the Bibles and other books, which soon communicated itself to the building which, being built of pine, was in a short time reduced to ashes.

Through the kindness of our white friends we obtained possession of one of their churches in which to teach, until ours shall have been rebuilt

On the 9th instant the white citizens of this vicinity, irrespective of party, held a meeting for the purpose of expressing the sentiments of the community in relation to the outrage.

The speeches made were all denunciatory of the cowardly act, and highly sympathetic with the colored people.

The sum of $175 was contributed towards rebuilding the house. Offers of assistance in doing the work and teams for hauling purposes have also been generously made, and we hope in a short time to have a much more comfortable house than the one was which has been destroyed.

The day school has not been stopped for a single hour; and we verily believe, that what seemed so great a misfortune at first, has been productive of good results

SALLIE.

For the Christian Recorder.

PITTSBURG CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:—In your review of the Bishops address in the *Recorder* of the 6th instant, in reference to that paper you say: "It can be read with profit by the old and young," and that part of the address bearing upon this point, you especially commend to the prayerful consideration of the Rev Joseph Parker, of Pittsburg, Charleston and Macon. I presume that each of us did consider the matter, and pray for guidance; but what must we, the Lord of glory should die for sinners so that sinners may go free, and have a right to repent of more; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and he had as it were, our faces from Him; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not. He was full of sorrows our griefs, and carried our sorrows for us, we were stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed" Is. 53 chap.

"I will slight the pain in darkness hide,
Nor let my languishing
When Christ my Mighty Maker died
For me was the creature's cries."

In this line our readers will see that it was the Mighty Maker who died. No more man could affect that which was accomplished or accomplished when the words "It is finished" were spoken, meaning that how our dear Lord's passion is emptied of its power when He is represented as a good man merely, as we have proved Him by daily prayer for His doctrine! If this were all we would say yes on our own, and on your behalf; but there is open the gloom of human hearts in their despair. What man could atone for his own infinite sins against his God? What man could make good his wrongs already charged against him, even though all his subsequent life were, what no man's life ever could be, perfect? Who is the man to atone for himself, how could he presume to say, "I am holy, therefore I will not die," for the whole human race? The folly of such a thought is prodigious, and the blood of the mad press of pretending to pay every farthing for their own sins, and by their own means redeem his brother, and give to God a ransom for him; for the redemption of their souls, and leave it for ever, that is forever." Ps. 49: 5-8 To effect man's redemption, Christ Himself became man as a man, that he might suffer and die instead of man, that by His suffering and death he might have infinite value Therefore it is that Christ died for us, and we live by Him, we live, and to all the world, and the whole Holy Ghost has made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which He has purchased with His own blood." Acts 20: 28 Remember, it is not sufficient to say to God that was slain for the sins of the world" but that He was slain for our sins.

Our salvation is thus accomplished, and we need to use without money and without price in the name of grace. Let us then contemplate the mystery of redemption, and the love and salvation of her who, when a remember that the stupendous sacrifice was made for us, and that at the same time we rejoice in the hope of glory, because our God and Saviour is willing to endure all for our sakes, that the cares, which we lay upon Him, might be removed from us. It is humbling to us, that such a terrible pain was brought upon the innocent One on our account; we see the impropriety of sin and the unyielding justice of God in the suffering of our Saviour, who bruised for our offences; who bore the penalty which we deserved; who gave His life up that we might not perish, but have the eternal life. It is humbling to us, that we should bow by fear of death and the judgment, because we see that all the demands of righteousness are satisfied now, and we have pardon through Jesus' name, which is appropriated by faith alone; we have all that are believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

And while the passion of Jesus's our before us, and the salvation of the anguish was endured, and who confess ourselves to be believers in the great salvation which He effected, what shall those the cross of Christ is pleased, for our own welfare, to lay upon us? Of all shall we not rather confess to shame, that while our Saviour endured in our cause our own sufferings are ungrateful, declined to accept it unless the light afflictions of this present time, which are momentary and, turning our backs upon such unspeakable love and mercy, pray the good Lord to give us strength to bear the cross which He has laid on us here on earth, until we reach the mansions of bliss where we shall be exchanged for the crown?—*Lutheran Standard.*

For the Christian Recorder.

THE RESURRECTION

This festival is celebrated on the first Sunday in the spring of the year, as suggested by the time of the paschal celebration among the Jews. A correspondent, who seems to be possessed of more than ordinary ability in general and about Easter in particular, will find nothing to do in forwarding the proper method of calculating them if he will remember that Easter comes only after the days and nights have been equal in the spring, and that after the first crescent, it does come on the first Sunday after the first full moon Accordingly it will be sometimes early, sometimes later

The Easter season the Church has ever regarded as one of the gladdest of the year, second to the joyfulness only to Christmas. It second to any It was among the earliest festivals which Christians celebrated, as commemorative of one of the most important events in the history of the world. The progressing of its blissful tidings is heightened by the contrast with the thoughts of grief suggested by Gethsemane and Golgotha which had been occupying the Christian's mind during the days preceding.

When the Saviour died it might have seemed as though His whole gracious plan had failed and the pains of hell had secured a signal victory The loss of the Lord and Giver of life seemed to have accomplished purpose, He who troubled the consciences by urging home eternal truth, was at school effectually from the sight of those who hated Him, and consequently the banishment was perpetual. His followers were dispersed, and their friend and guide was gone. It seemed a time for hell, wicked men and heaven to weep. But the victory, as the victory of sin and death ever always is, has but appeared. When the Lord came forth and the joyful tidings were spread abroad that the Lord is risen, the hopes of the enemies and the fears of the friends of Jesus were driven away The glorious work of salvation was accomplished, and in such an easy way of hope in themselves were dead to principles which they comprehended in the hope of glory which He secured. No longer was the world has ever conceived, and once that is more important in the chain of occurrences which form the foundation of our faith and give vigor to our Christian life.

In the triumph of our Lord over His foes and ours, we have the pledge of the Church's final victory over all sin, and of the end of the victory of each individual over the adversaries of his soul. Our Lord's resurrection opens through Him that loved us The Lord's day is the day which we observe in memory of this great event, and on which we meet to worship Him. But the Saviour's power over and mastery are exercised in behalf of those that are His, and no one of the many hundred years has ever been to harm them, since their risen Head has conquered every foe. Not a single one of each Christian can safely rest his hope of heaven, viewing that death is put under His feet, and that the resurrection is secured, and upon it the Church can joyfully rest. Let us, then, feel fervent love and zeal for our enemies, seeing that the gates of hell could not prevail against Him, but that He lives and reigns over present with His people.

Let us, then, rejoice that the Lord is imparted to us, that we might, through faith in Him, become, like godly lives here in time and in heaven, life godly lives here in time and in heaven, life eternal. Be communicated in Baptism is connected with our Saviour's resurrection, and we are born of God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." And this impress upon us the necessity of our seeking all that is of Satan and the world and the flesh, and of our putting on the Lord and the new life which is imputed, and perish in our sins at last. The Church is the witness to the victory for us and custom upon us the fruits of that victory, and we are to be communicates grace, let us not despise the gift, but unfold, as we have it in faith and earnestly seek glory in the Lord, that for us and rose again.—*Lutheran Standard*

A MEMOIR.

At Marcoura, a Bille S. of the Black Sea, a new Evangelical Conference, practically a Congregational Association, was formed in October by the missionaries of the American Board. It met in order to found churches; to license, ordain, and discipline preachers; to have the oversight of the churches—advise, help, counsel. The Imperial Turkish Edict of toleration of history half as large as New England. Any pastor living out of the limits of a church may preach by assenting to its rules, provided a majority of the church approve.

—The veteran Missionary, Schneider, has removed from Scutari to Broosa. It was from Broosa that he came three and twenty years ago to carry on the marvellously successful work among Armenians, which after his expulsion Broosa is on the Sea of Marmora opposite Constantinople Of the work among the Hungarians, he has also been expelled, and Austria has gotten as strong hold upon all classes of the Empire. The consciences of thinking men are with them.

—The Beirut Protestant College numbered in January 57 students, of whom 47 are in the Preparatory and 21 in the medical department. The college will open there for the 1st of October. In the new class, are quite heavy for this country, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, value about $150 each, we consider that the system in the direction of self-support

—The annual reviews of the liberality of nations in Christ's cause, we observe that we are gaining in strength at Aboundingmight many cases forward with a liberality which is not to be found in the Bible, and it was mostly secured with silver and gold. Many years since, during, told her followers they were to receive twenties from the western lands, and rejoiced upon them to listen to these instructions. Mr. Post, of Foochow, says: We are looking with much interest for Miss Peyton, of whom mention has been made in the *Herald*; and hope others may soon follow to help us in our work here A wide field for missionary labor, among the women in particular, is becoming more apparent.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Mar. 27, 1869.

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☞ *5000* New Subscribers Wanted. Mail *$2.25* to *821* Pine Street.

☞ Any member wishing a Hymn Book or Discipline, let them send to 60 cts. Each of our lay members ought to have them.

NOTICE.

Will all the dear friends, at home and abroad, please send to the Editor whatever matter they may wish to be inserted in the *Recorder*.

LAIN OVER.—Our column of A. M. E. Church News and City Items are laid over until next week

COLORED NEWSPAPERS.

A writer signing himself, "Give the Devil his Due," in the *Colored Citizen* of Cincinnati, is attempting to prove that "there is no necessity for a colored man's newspaper."

The calibre of this writer's judgment may be estimated from the following paragraph which appears in his article. "*The fact it requires very little brains to run a newspaper*" (!!)

Surely the Devil got more than his due, in the side two column reply given to his article by the Editor of the *Citizen*. The *Citizen* has thanks of our Church for the following reply to this thoughtless writer in regard to our Church and its organ. "Give the Devil his Due," had said, that the 20,000 of our Church did not sustain the *Recorder*.

The *Citizen* answers as follows:

"The inaccuracy of the above statement consists in directing attention to the 'Border' alone, as having the full force of 20,000 communicants of the African Methodist Church. Ever and anon, for snippets, are saying nothing about the schools, and churches, the ministers and the missionaries, the Book Concern and Wilberforce University, which those 20,000 communicants, many of whom are poor brethren,—have to support and sustain, in addition to the 'Recorder.'"

THE RECORDER A NECESSITY.

The Southern Conferences are almost over. With a desire to make our "Recorder" a necessity, there is many a brother and reporter for our Church organ. Sed to tell not one of those reporters sans us the scratch of a pen! Is it laziness or is it a desire to fight, why do ye, like Ephraim turn back in the day of battle?

With such sons of you help us make the "Recorder" a necessity? Every one can do something. A journal becomes a necessary or unnecessary in proportion as its columns are filled with bright thoughts and living truths. All of our ministers can contribute one or other of these. Will you not do it, brethren? Will ant our dear Bishops help us. Your Editor cannot do all himself. It is a "Recorder" in your name, and surely all hands must lay hold. There must be a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

More than one of our Bishops could say, *silly one* Church in the eyes of the country. We know, dear Bishops, your hands are full, also your minds and hearts. But do—do help us make the "Recorder" a necessity. Likewise our Presiding Elders all the South. What a valuable service they could do for us, and for our Church. So, too, the Editors in such cities as Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Nashville, New Orleans. In the words of Peel we say, "Come over and help us."

MINISTER TO HAYTI.

That President Grant should appoint a colored man to office in both past and present. Not one, nor yet two, but at least a dozen. Let him not think that we have no man qualified for positions. Without in the least flattering our race, a thing that we despise, yet do we affirm that among us could be found men capable of filling, not a few of the offices in his gift. In the Church, why not appoint a few Postmasters. We would in extremely glad, for there would our literary stand a better chance. Let Mr. Joubert have the collectorship of New Orleans. From all that we can learn, he is eminently qualified for the post. And there to John Langston, Esq. Who doubts his ability to represent the country at a court?—and Hayti. Indeed, we think a few of those South American missions ought to be filled by colored men, for colored man in a measure is at that continent. We at least, nothing of the cities in the West Indies where Cosmeis must be sent.

We sincerely hope our townsman, Prof. Bassett, will be sent to Hayti. A scholar and a gentleman, he would reflect credit upon his race and government. Indeed the endorsement of individuals and parties will weigh anything with the President, his appointment is assured. Not one, in a hundred of all made, can boast of such flattering commendations as has the Professor. We know of no appointment that would give more satisfaction.

Let the 4½ hundred thousand colored voters of the South, be made to renew their fealty to the great Republican party, by giving them a substantial token of their appreciation of a very moderate share of patronage

THE A. M. E. CHURCH: THE CHARGE AGAINST IT.

How well can the M. E Church say the Psalmist's prayer, "Let satan still speaker be established in the earth." He, alone that feels the sting of slander knows its sorrows. From the day of our organization, even to the present have we been traduced. Truly may she say, "All the day have I been plagued." The son of old man Richard Allen was made to tingle, and his heart to bleed at the accusation brought against him, and his infant Body But, truly with the Apostle can we say, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken, cast down, but not destroyed."

When slavery was king, did our humble ministers wisamply "to lift up the voice," in the sure of their poor sistant brethren, in Maryland, Kentucky, Delaware, aye in some of the border, Free States, the cry was at once raised abolitionist! Abolitionist! This was the work of our offense in the dark, oppressive days, now happily passed away. We will say that the Church then was not true. Of course our ministers were abolitionists, for God made them those, yet in all the slave states where they were permitted to go, they possessed their souls in peace. They wrestled with God. Like the ministers of old they were "mighty in prayer." The harder of their prayer was, "O Lord how long?" Under slavery we were branded as abolitionists; and we paid for our temerity.

Liberty had scarcely dawned, and the hand more substantial than the morning sun than a new charge was hatched up against us. This time we were rebels, or rather sympathizers with rebels. Frowned the church would be at sanity with the M E. Church South, and receive from her hands the thousands of refugees that were put to mitted to go, they possessed their souls in peace. They wrestled with God. Like the ministers of old they were "mighty in prayer." The harder of their prayer was, "O Lord how long?" Under slavery we were branded as abolitionists; and we paid for our temerity.

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But time rectified that mistake. Our fidelity to liberty, was in some other than to ourselves, appears to all.

One would think that now we would be let alone, and such, for a time, we were. But we were already in store for us. No longer branded as abolitionists, no longer the allies of the unreconstructed slaveholders, are the M E Church South we charged with affiliation with Unitarians! False to the Constitution, false to liberty, we are false to Orthodoxy. Most horrible indeed! Were ever wretches more faithless than we! The thought is now being solemnly uttered, by our common orthodoxy is getting money from those miserable New England Heretics (!!!) and sustains us. Yes, in the eyes of our common faith, but behold "our very good is spoken against."

But no peace for us in the wicked, saith our God. Another charge against us has been thrown to the breezes. Sounded in Macedonia—the cry is heard, that we are unorthodox, heterodoxy, its first oath was in No. 20 Camp street, New Orleans. This time we are playing into the hands of Church and Most laudable work to be sure! Only equalled by the Christians of Maryland and Delaware.

Our people had been turned out of their Church in Macon, Ga., by the same spirit that turned our forefathers out from the street at Atlantic The night following the church burned down. We know nothing of the particulars pro nor con. We do not presume, however, to say that some one of our members, might not have been foolish enough and vicious enough (for slavery makes even Christians vicious) to commit the act, but to brand the whole congregation and the Church with it, is to brand the Christian Church with all the sources of Christendom—is to brand the American people for all the lawlessness and viciousness of the late A. J.

THEODORE TILTON—A. M. E. CHURCH.

In concluding that our Church is based on the principle of color, the editor of the *Independent* gives the following additional reasons:

"There is one other reason: and if, in giving it, we smite a colored church, it is no more than we would do to a white one. They are the *African* M. E. Church. That is their official name. Were the Methodists to take the name of the American M. E. Church, it would not require a very large stretch of the conscience that he was not wanted there. Were the *Independent* to move to Philadelphia, he would not be proud to be members of the same church as the officers of the Brooklyn one that he was threshold we are told 'This is an *African* Church.' Doubtless there are many excellent African churches may be very excellent institutions; but the principle that crops out in their name is an unchristian abomination. The African M E Church has a membership of 200,000 (its own paper says nearer 85,000!000); it has in the *Recordrene* of our most valuable exchanges; and that paper says: We stand ready to join the M E. Church (which we left over fifty years ago, because of her oppression), on terms of perfect equality, bishop for bishop, elder for elder, deacon for deacon. But the M E Church says, Nay! We recognize the inequality which there would be in a consolidation which would give the two smaller African branches of Methodism a larger representation in the episcopacy than four times their numbers in the larger body but it will be to the shame of all Wesleyans if a fair and amicable union cannot be consummated. Till the old Church is ready to right, let us accept the boy. Poor that name 'African,' and with it the last vestige of a consciousness of race or color in Christ's Church."

To all of which we reply as follows:

In No not apologize for naming us out the church—aught we not because to wash smite a white man, *but because we deserved to be smitten.*

The *African* M E Church is our official name, and wherefore did we fathers assume that name? Let us quote from our Discipline and answer for ourselves. Behold it other doubtless has in his library. Tanner's Apology

"All say they the title, 'African,' that covers the whole ground, and makes our special creation an unnecessary.

"To this you may say that because the English Establishment is called the British Church, we may be living in a land in which man would not be allowed to reside at London or Windsor, while no German would be allowed to tread its sacrosanct soil. The truth is, these governments are for all who choose to submit to their authority, and, as a matter of fact, we find among their subjects, men of every race, and hue, and tongue.

"As well might these cavillers say, that the German Methodists are not entitled to the M E. Church, are only for those of German birth. Well, as these churches are to the M E Church, the A M E Church is to the M E Church. Both are integral parts. Finally say, that none but those of German birth would be allowed to unite with these churches, is the idea only, that the German language is spoken, and the doctrines to which they adhere, are only understood that language, or are proper to unite with them? Is all this true with the African M E Church, where the Negro language is spoken? Is the Negro the only Anthony Trollope said he had none; but we assert that he has, and that is why so many are to be found in it notwithstanding. The Negro language. What is it but the broad Anglo-Saxon, mainly? The language which says to men at every rate. 'All we are brethren.' Is it unchristian that the Negro should be it is the Pauline tongue, to him the Bible is a book of love, and humanity and he Jew or Greek

"African M E Church, what is the intention of the title, African? Is it doctrinal, or national? Be not surprised that we answer, nationally? Doctrinally we are Methodists, and only national, secondarily.

"Thus have we briefly looked at almost the many organized Churches, and, to a degree, their professed objections to another forms of doctrine, but in the systematic extraction of a whole race—practical delocation. They professed to have their doctrine taught by Paul, that God made of one blood all nations to dwell, &c., and in the face of the earth, but the fact was they gave it a stinkere. Surely, it is undeniable that doctrine was a thought appermost in the minds of those who organized the of the Negro was the goal to which he aspired. How could this truth best be set forth? By a distinct and wide separation but taught? Why, thought the prolific Genius, by the use of a short indefinite deny it. They denied it practically, he denied it practically. Let the name African rise a Church, having for its vitalizing power, the truth that God made of one blood all nations to dwell, &c., no contention were held; him, on whom the ban rested. Christ's Church, the Church of the majority of the despised class would be practically healthy. Behold, Africa, Africa! Behold the finger-board, the index to the sublime truth, and yet unrecognized, and yet which can descent are to be found there, and found as men, not as Africans, as equals, as brethren. *The Genius of the Negro's Human ity is its primary acquisition*

"All this and much more author does it say, that none others are admitted or found there; but that is the glory of the Church whoever else you may find, you will be sure to find the Negro's humanity. Such is one of the prominence! save for the simple reason, that other Churches would not receive him as a man, and not as a thing, and thereby giving given it tongue to speak, it said so.

"And here we see why it is a fact that many are making haste to blot out the African Methodist Church, and substitute in its simple time to remove an effect when the cause remains. Whom God hath joined together, and Churches—has the Methodist Episcopal Church in particular, shall have learned, and it is well that it should, that

bit desire of inaugurating an effort to protect the Indians in their just rights and enforce integrity in the administration of their affairs, as well as to improve their general condition?" A report is made for a list of names of members of the Society of Friends, the case to be closed as suitable persons for Indian Agents. The President says that he will encourage and protect any attempt which Friends shall make for the improvement, education and Christianization of the people.

HUMORS OF LEGISLATURE.—In the Mexican Legislature last week one member, in behalf of another, moved a resolution of thanks. Somebody moved to amend by striking out "thanks" and inserting "a pension." Another Deputy opposed the proposal, as all physicians knew that the administration of strychnine was dangerous to life.

THE CURRENCY.—A clipper for the investigation of the Chinese, New York has two or three, and is that city. Thirty five Chinese went every day at 11 o'clock to the Custom House to do the finishing privilege, calling their attention to the provisions of the act of July No. 28, to restrict and regulate the branding privilege approved March 1, 1869, and stating that manifests as said act requires in the entries assigning to importers the matters by the persons entitled to exercise such privilege, all such matter as cannot be so treated must be stamped by the Custom stamps, as required by said acts. The circulars state that all letters or packages not so franked or prepaid will be held for postage.

HARD ON LIQUOR.—The Fifth District Court in Alaska suffer serious inconveniences from their transfer to the United States. There was a regular fair for their support under the Russian Government. This the United States authorities declined to continue to collect, and the people do not volunteer anything. The Russian Church, also, is trying in proffer for them.

YOUR DOLLARS.—It is reported, rashion a salary of $18,000 as Chancellor of the North Carolina Confederation, and a similar sum as Financial Minister of Republican Italia.

SOUTH CAROLINA LAWS.—It is reported, are now selling at favorable prices. The Cincinnati Gazette of ex Democratic Governor Keshaw Bratton, was recently disposed of at private sale to what could have been obtained in Boston. The estate was divided into small lots, some of which were purchased by the Negroes. At the sales on Beaufort, in Sanitor and other districts, the local papers report that good prices were paid.

INDIAN WORSHIP.—The worship of stocks and stones by the heathen is very expensive, as will be seen by a calculation made by a Missionary in China, who has recently been engaged in obtaining statistics on this subject. It is reported that in one district in Shanghai, at least $100,000 in cash sum are expended to appease the souls of the dead. There are 1820 districts in the empire of China and taking the average it is estimated that nearly twenty millions of dollars a year are spent for the Hien gods. In the same manner it is calculated that $71,232,000 are expended annually to the Pho gods. The amount spent in each family for the worship of its ancestors is nearly $1.50 to each family, and with 80,000,000 families five persons each an aggregate of $120,000,000 is reached.

POOR ECONOMY.—A thousand and forty dollars in price, of the new edition of the Shorthorn, were recently disposed of to Trenton, New Jersey, after having been for hoarded for nearly-four years. The loss of interest in that time was somewhat over four thousand dollars.

THE FREEDMEN'S UNIVERSITY IN KANSAS.—A cheering report of the progress of this institution is in this Freedmen's Bureau. The University was founded at Quindaro, Kansas. From very small beginnings it has gradually advanced, until now its catalogue numbers one hundred and fifty students, and for loss instruction during the year, and its property consists of two stone and three frame buildings, and two hundred acres of land valued at $10,000.

The grand object of the institution is to secure the general culture and education of the Freedmen, with a view to preparing them for the position which the providence of God has assigned them, and especially for becoming instruments in the civilization and redemption of their native Southern Continent Falmland. Late discoveries in Africa indicate that a most glorious field for evangelical labor is opening there, and the Church of God Vast tracts of rich, beautiful and healthy country have been discovered, inhabited by millions of people, many tribes of superior intelligence and physique, and in a high degree susceptible of the influences of the gospel. The University in this situation at Quindaro is pronounced favorable in every respect to the objects of the institution. Land has been recently purchased and appraises interest which now represents a debt of $2,000. A appeal for aid to liquidate this is now made to the churches.

KEEPING CHILDREN COMFORTABLE BY RUNNING THEM.—Men, women and children in Norway start to church on Sunday, and in the far north the Lapps, who do the same, and who are punctilious in the discharge of their religious duties, bury their children in the snow outside the church, while they (the parents) attend the service. Do not start, reader! The reason is, that their cries might disturb the congregation; and it is done by the parents underneath the snow, wrapped up in pelts, or skins, that is their church. A trump dog is attached near them to keep off the wolves, should any be prowling about in the neighborhood.—*Members' Journal.*

PAT AND THE DEACON.

Some months ago, as Deacon Ingalls, of Swampsville, N. Y., was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman, who had lately arrived in this country, and was in search of a brother who had preceded him and settled in some of the diggings in that part of the country.

Pat was a strong man, a true Roman Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. Ingalls was a pious man. He told Pat he was going to church, and invited his new made friend to keep him company thither, his destination being a small meeting-house near by. There was a great natural theme at the time, and one of the deacons who was a very small man in stature invited brother Ingalls to a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation, followed by Pat, who looked in vain for the altar, etc. After he was seated he turned around to brother Ingalls, and in a whisper that could be heard all around, he inquired:

"Sure, an' am I in a theatre shared?"

"Hush!" said Ingalls; "if you speak a word they will put you out."

"Devil a word will I speak at all, at all," said Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor.

Pat was eyeing him very closely, when an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat sneezed.

"Amen!"

"Hist, ye divil!" rejoined Pat, in his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister, congregation, and only a handful of yourself."

The parson grew more fervent in his devotions. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan.

"Amen!"

"Hoot, ye black-guard. Have ye an disaster at all?" said Pat, and at the same time giving him a punch in the ribs, which caused him to lose his equilibrium.

The congregation stopped, and deacon Ingalls had his hands in a suppliant manner, said:

"Brother, you must not be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?"

"Yes, your reverence," shouted Pat. "I will do it."

And suiting the action to the word, he pulled the deacon down, and the other part of the pastor, he dragged him up the aisles, and with a tremendous kick, sent him into the vestibule of the church.

INTELLIGENT WITNESS.—A statute in a trial in Winchester, England, before Mr. Baron Martin, prevailed in sifting what client words said, and interlarded her testimony so often with "and" and "said he" that Martin exclaimed at last impatiently: "The court attempted to set the man right: "My good man, it is exactly the reverse of what you say." "Yes, my lord, certainly. I said I should not have the pig." "Well what was he going to do?" "He said that he would have the pig for me, and that he—" "No, no, he did not say that—he could not have said it; he spoke in the first person." "I was the first person that spoke, my lord." "I mean the—don't bring in the third person—repeat his exact word." "These was no person my lord; only him and myself." "Look here my good fellow—he did not say he had hens keeping the pig: he said 'I have been keeping a pig.'" "Yes, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship at all." "I am not, my good fellow, my lord. There was no third person, my lord; and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it."

Mrs. S. A. Allen's

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Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S HAIR RESTORER is sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the United States, Canada, and all parts of the World.

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Poetry.

LITTLE FANNIE.

BY DANIEL O. LANTZ.

Little feet
Upon the street,
Outside the parlor door,
By winter's storms,
Almost frost,
Wearily, anxiously, waft
Up, angel seraphs, who hinged, bright,
Heaven's ever sunset of gold,
There's a whirlpool missing this winter's night,
I have a flesh that has stayed from the fold.

Little form
In the storm,
Watch and weep, sit here,
At the gate,
Cease to wait,
Where unadving composts roar.
Mamma's come! Yes, mamma's come;
Come to guard her wandering child,
While the storms their centre rue,
While the tempest rages wild.

Mamma's come!
Mamma's come!
Echo through parlor and hall.
Angelic love,
Have set above,
Mingle in their childish call
Tenderly, softer, glad than flower,
Chide them little feet that stray
Death has sucked the swift hour.
Soon that flower will decay.

Little lair
Upon the stair
Never more will tread,
Weather bear young heart
Lay her to rest,
Little Fannie's dead.
Cold and dead! Oh, angels bright,
Whisper of whose
Haunting this dark world of night,
That death has made so drear.

Silently slow
Mourners go,
Lift the table pall;
Sorrowing, there
Is nothing fair
Heaven will bear thy call
Trust not mortal, mortal clay,
Earth is but a shadow line.
Little Fannie passed away,
But to watch all hours again.

Reformed Church Messenger.

Home Circle.

HOW THE DOG SPITZI HELPED THE REFORMATION.—II.

(From Carters' "Tales from Alsace.")

Weary and nastrung did pastor John return home on that same evening with Father Herzard. The expedition had been long and messy, and only one sleepy-eyed lad did meet them at God's grace, born nobly was. And now, the pastor we will the next morning to go to Christ-hems, and there, as his duty required, to conduct Divine worship. It was the Lord's day "Oh! do not go!" pleaded Theresa for the first time, and pouring out her whole soul, she added as her reason for this unwonted entreaty, the assurance that truly she trembled for his life, and well knew he ought to be exposed himself, if he dared to proclaim the gospel on Austrian territory. She reminded him, that during the negotiations in the Town-house at St. Stephen's church, the partisans of the Emperor Ferdinand their comrades had been visiting about "St. Augustine, throughout the streets at the convent, launching forth threats against the pastor, and singing in derision:

"Ho! ho! ho! wo! wo!
Hefor must now
To the gallows go!"

While, since the departure of the ambassadors, they had, in common with all the evil disposed, indulged in loud and triumphant rejoicings at the oppressed state of the case.

By the way I answer the pastor allegedly quoted Idelette's fields; with clasped hands he assured a short prayer; and then arose, and he and Theresa read three words: "He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep." verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young thou girdedst thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldst: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not. This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God. And when he had spoken he saith unto him, Follow me." (John xxi. 17-19).

Through the name of God, folding his will in his arms, and deeply moved — "As sunset legend relates concerning the death of Peter, that, guided by the brethren, he escaped from the flame, because the Father had recommended that he should be put to death. After the manner he had left him, and the apostle was going on his way alone, a light suddenly appeared before him, and he saw the Lord pass by. 'Lord, whither goest thou?' asked Peter, and he fell down before Jesus. Then the Lord turned to His disciple, and said—'I go unto Rome, there to be crucified. FOLLOW THOU ME!' Dear Theresa, Peter also had as his house a beloved and cherished wife, and yet he turned round on the spot and followed the Lord, and in Rome he suffered martyrdom. Dost thou see now that I should not follow thee Lord—should not find His sheep?"

"No! oh no, John! let the Lord's will be mine!" exclaimed Theresa with tears, and she laid her head on her husband's shoulder, and wept long and bitterly. After that both had done to pray together in silence, and Father Herzard, who had been a silent witness of their betting scene, laid his hands on their heads and blessed the mercies in the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

The following morning, in the stillness of the Sabbath dawn, pastor John rose from his couch, pressed his wife and children to his heart, then crowded himself and them to the mercy and protection of God, with whom his spirit as his faithful companion, he started on the road to Christ-hems, there to fulfil his duties, although an inner voice told him that he too would soon be girded by another man and led whither he would not.

There are in this life long, dark, dreary days, in which a bleak cloud hangs heavily over our heads, and an indescribable anxiety weighs down the spirit with the burden of Alp on Alp. Nature creeps on heavily; and the sensation of oppression prevails as an element of leaden weight. Such a long and heavy day did the Sunday prove to our friend Theresa. After she had not all in order at home, had cast out her pent-up flood of tears in the church, and had besought the Lord in great fear and earnest, she went to the Gertrude Farm where her brother Frank, his Jane-lon, and Adam were arrived before her warmly, and closed round her in a circle of love. They too, however, were restless, and full of uneasiness and apprehension. While Thereza sought to hush the cravings of her troubled heart by conversation with the aged Andrew, Frank already repeated, first to the gate, then to the Augustinian Convent, to see whether pastor John had not just returned. When at length evening's shadows had deepened into night, and the longed-for expected one had not yet arrived, the uneasiness became general,—messengers were despatched to inquire, and the most conflicting rumours were spread abroad

The night was singularly dark, the sky was overcast, and only a violent storm arose. Wind and rain raged furiously against the round towns of the Augustinian Convent, in whose ancient refectory all the waiting ones had assembled for united prayer. In that circle was theould von Gundebrand, and his cousin were perpetually singing and going. Suddenly Hassel, who had spied without in a watch, threw open the door with these words,—"Spirit has arrived, but without any mule." Instantly the dog dashed into the room, dripping, fawning, howling and whining, he rushed from one to another, pulled the men by their trousers, and then sprang back in the door, as though it meant to constrain them to be up and doing; to help their master. The exhilarating the dreaded nobleman had actually taken place; but how and where? Of this nothing truly beautiful could give an intelligence. At the moment of supposed the audacious facts of Michael Plaisinger was seen peeping round the door, and the open door, like an evil spirit, as, sharking with diabolical glee, he cried out,—"They have him." He then vanished as swiftly as he had come, pursued by Hassel, who, however, only with the greatest difficulty succeeded in catching him.

But now came back the mounted town messenger sent out by Herr von Gundebrant to Obersteinbrenn, bringing the following intelligence:

—Pastor John had, as usual, conducted service, and punished and he stood on the step, when the rich and firm home to house, and town, accompanied by the Count Venetz to the gate, gone on his way homeward, on the road he had been stayed by a dozen armed men, who had overtire to the safe stronghold, the Castle of Brunnstein. The above village of Ob-steinbrenn was formed, by the growth of rich commerce and conservation; indeed, the enemy would not have hesitated taking the parson prisoner in the midst of the place itself, which would infallibly have prevailed that part of the peasantry, poorly to John being universally beloved and revered, not only on account of his generous guarding of the rights of the spiritual interests of the flock, but also by parishioners during the Swedish war for the Peace which all found in him help, counsel and consolation, in every case a hero human and could be offended

"If he is imprisoned in the Castle of Brunnstein we cannot set him free" exclaimed Ludwig von Gundebrand with a deep sigh, "for the Count Venetz would prostrate thither to present our complaints in the right quarter; and to see appeasing negotiations, they would not be interrupted him! We know by experience what short work of the Imperial Governors make with the priest of our Evangelical ministers!"

"He is not in the Castle of Brunnstein pt," said Vincent the forester, who had just entered, hoarsely breathed, and had been sent forward on a chase. "They want to take him to Ensisheim through by-paths to avoid the villages. Up therefore, ye men, up to the rescue! Up, all ye the Herr as quickly as possible! They must pass through the forest, and with God's help may yet be rescued in liberating the good pastor from the grasp of his executioners." He proceeded to explain how he had escorted pastor John, they to evading themselves by paths which he had formerly pointed out to him for safety's sake, but which unfortunately Michael Plaisinger had spied, he having that day followed him, and he had also all and thus gained the power of leading the Austrians to fire an ambuscade, by which they rushed on to seize the pastor, had not he with his four companions on a horse, and thus beaten off with their victim.

Spirit, when the forester had ceased, nothing else to put to death, took to flight, after vainly endeavoring to defend his master and he, Vincent, concealed himself in the thicket, and there overheard their devotion regarding the road by which they should carry their prisoner.

With the circumspection and quiet presence of mind for which he was so frequently famed, Vincent had now immediately took all the steps necessary for the safety of his master and friend minister. To escape all notice, Frank was to drive off directly with the hay-cart to the forest of the Hart. Herr von Gundebrand with several armed men were to ride with him in the party, arrived there, and forming an immediate force, were to ride out when they should receive a signal by the firing of a pistol at the founder's hut in the Hart, from whence they were to conduct the pastor by a by-path to Ensisheim. In the town meanwhile the walls were to be garrisoned, a strong guard was to be set to watch the house of the Count Venetz and other suspicious parties, and the sentries at the gates were to be doubled. Vincent was the only one to pass in or out who was not provided with the pass-word, "*Spirit for us.*" "And so," exclaimed Herr von Gundebrand with enthusiasm, "we propose to the Imperial Governors to-day, and all, and so let us go forth in God's name, with the almighty and in the strength only!"

Thereza, who had sat there speechless and deadly pale like a marble statue, now the dread of the moment had passed away, rose up, and animated these words, and said, "Take Spirit with you, that he may scent out the pastor's track, and guide, lead to his master's track; and may the Lord guide and protect you!"

"Well said! and I too may go with you!" cried Hassel, on hearing the notice to the word he leapt with the dog at a single bound, into the cart, which had already stood some time waiting before the accustomed gate. Also the Gundebrand was inclined to retain the boy at minister, but Frank urged that he was needful to them, as he was acquainted with every little path and track in the forest, and as he had also a dog with him, he might render the most effectual service by spying out the road along which the prisoner was to be carried through the Hart. Father Herzard and Vincent the forester mounted the cart also, and with rolling thunder, crossing in the direction of the Hart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHO FIRST USED THE MARINER'S COMPASS?

BY JAMES PARTON

When I was a school-boy and studied geography, I was taught that the Portuguese nation was a boring over a large map of the world, and that there was not only a country in Portugal but so many possessions in different parts of the world. It is a little thing now, about as large as our State of Maine, and has not more than only about as many people as the State of New York. But these small people, travellers tell us, are not very industrious, while they are very proud of what in the old map which I used to look at seemed to be dotted all over with the words "Portugal Belongs to Portugal."

It is very surprising that this small kingdom, this odd corner of Europe, this little peninsula, a slice of Spain, should have gained possession of such a large part of the world. Not only all over the African coast,—the Azores, Madeiras, and the Cape Verdes,—because they are not very far from Portugal, and because there is no other continuous territory to which they can be conveniently reached. Most of those islands are within sight, or eight hundred miles of its south-west border. But a great region on the other side of the world, which a Portuguese town by it, a Portuguese governor general, and churches conducted by Portuguese priests, in which crowds of half-naked negroes and mulattoes bow down before the cross and the image of the Virgin.

And then, on the other side of Africa, there is another extensive region, ruled by Mussulmans, which also belongs to Portugal. Here Portugal has a territory as large as the State of Virginia, from which are shipped plenty of indigo and rare drugs, fine woods for furniture, elephants' teeths, the teeth of the hippopotamus, and the horns of the rhinoceros, to say nothing of common things, such as rice, sugar, spices, coffee, and gold. Here again we find a Portuguese city of considerable size, with great barracks for soldiers, with storehouses and warehouses, a splendid palace for the governor general, a cathedral, and several smaller churches and convents. In this city, as in the other cities of palaces for the Portuguese and built for the natives, there are a Portuguese bishop, Portuguese priests, nuns and monks, Portuguese soldiers and civil officers. The Portuguese have been so long established in that country that they have become, as they would say, negro to-day. It is called Malinda, and you may see, by looking at the map, Portuguese churches, convents, storehouses, whatever, and you would say, quite built three centuries ago.

But this is not all. If you should sail from the ruined walls and wharves of Malinda, and steer your course for the opposite side across the ocean, and enter the harbor of Goa, on the coast of India, you would find a Portuguese settlement and city that would seem to have been built by an industrialborn. Neither the English, nor the French, nor the Dutch, have ever built in the part of the world rather more solid and splendid houses than those with which the Portuguese have already adorned Goa. So far from their native land. One church there is de ortied and crumbled, and is no longer used for holy and the cathedral is so exceedingly gorgeous, and so richly adorned with ivory and silver, that I thought out of place in one of a very poor pat cation of Catholic Europe. Thus built the Portuguese in every part of the world. They show what power the Portuguese must have had in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the reverse of an Indian province upon one of the islands of the Indian Sea. To this day there is a Portuguese viceroy residant there, with a council of the peasantry, poorly to John being universally beloved and revered, not only on account of his generous guarding of the rights of the spiritual interests of the flock, but also by parishioners during the Swedish war for the Peace which all found in him help, counsel and consolation, in every case a hero human and could be offended

"If he is imprisoned in the Castle of Brunnstein we cannot set him free" exclaimed Ludwig von Gundebrand with a deep sigh, "for the Count Venetz would prostrate thither to present our complaints in the right quarter; and to see appeasing negotiations, they would not be interrupted him! We know by experience what short work of the Imperial Governors make with the priest of our Evangelical ministers!"

"He is not in the Castle of Brunnstein pt," said Vincent the forester, who had just entered, hoarsely breathed, and had been sent forward on a chase. "They want to take him to Ensisheim through by-paths to avoid the villages. Up therefore, ye men, up to the rescue! Up, all ye the Herr as quickly as possible! They must pass through the forest, and with God's help may yet be rescued in liberating the good pastor from the grasp of his executioners." He proceeded to explain how he had escorted pastor John, they to evading themselves by paths which he had formerly pointed out to him for safety's sake, but which unfortunately Michael Plaisinger had spied, he having that day followed him, and he had also all and thus gained the power of leading the Austrians to fire an ambuscade, by which they rushed on to seize the pastor, had not he with his four companions on a horse, and thus beaten off with their victim.

Spirit, when the forester had ceased, nothing else to put to death, took to flight, after vainly endeavoring to defend his master and he, Vincent, concealed himself in the thicket, and there overheard their devotion regarding the road by which they should carry their prisoner.

With the circumspection and quiet presence of mind for which he was so frequently famed, Vincent had now immediately took all the steps necessary for the safety of his master and friend minister. To escape all notice, Frank was to drive off directly with the hay-cart to the forest of the Hart. Herr von Gundebrand with several armed men were to ride with him in the party, arrived there, and forming an immediate force, were to ride out when they should receive a signal by the firing of a pistol at the founder's hut in the Hart, from whence they were to conduct the pastor by a by-path to Ensisheim. In the town meanwhile the walls were to be garrisoned, a strong guard was to be set to watch the house of the Count Venetz and other suspicious parties, and the sentries at the gates were to be doubled. Vincent was the only one to pass in or out who was not provided with the pass-word, "*Spirit for us.*" "And so," exclaimed Herr von Gundebrand with enthusiasm, "we propose to the Imperial Governors to-day, and all, and so let us go forth in God's name, with the almighty and in the strength only!"

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"Well said! and I too may go with you!" cried Hassel, on hearing the notice to the word he leapt with the dog at a single bound, into the cart, which had already stood some time waiting before the accustomed gate. Also the Gundebrand was inclined to retain the boy at minister, but Frank urged that he was needful to them, as he was acquainted with every little path and track in the forest, and as he had also a dog with him, he might render the most effectual service by spying out the road along which the prisoner was to be carried through the Hart. Father Herzard and Vincent the forester mounted the cart also, and with rolling thunder, crossing in the direction of the Hart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHO FIRST USED THE MARINER'S COMPASS?

BY JAMES PARTON

When I was a school-boy and studied geography, I was taught that the Portuguese nation was a boring over a large map of the world, and that there was not only a country in Portugal but so many possessions in different parts of the world. It is a little thing now, about as large as our State of Maine, and has not more than only about as many people as the State of New York. But these small people, travellers tell us, are not very industrious, while they are very proud of what in the old map which I used to look at seemed to be dotted all over with the words "Portugal Belongs to Portugal."

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Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bullets, and shells,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! So young and so brave,
Wearing the dress of a soldier boy,
Scarce could he tell by the form of the grave,
Nor the sunny hair tossed in wild joy.

But this is all we could tell
From the ruined walls and wherries of Mobile—
Of limb lacerated and torn and mangled,
Across the ocean, and enter the harbor of
Goa, on the coast of India, you would find
a Portuguese settlement and city that would
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Business Directory.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

As there are certain definite laws in relation to the rights of publishers of newspapers, which do not seem to be understood, we will endeavor to make a plain synopsis of them and solicit attentive thereto.

1. A P.M. master is required to give notice by letter, (by writing a letter does not answer the law,) when a subscriber does not wish his paper sent of the office, and state the reasons for not having taken it, and a neglect to do so makes the P. Master responsible to the publisher for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the Post-Office whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay.

3. If a person orders no paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the pay is all settled.

4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a day certain, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it, if he takes it out of the office, or has it delivered to him; and this is decided in several decisions from the highest courts in the country.

In courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME AND DEPOT.

On and after Monday, December 28, 1868, the trains of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad will run from the Depot, 7th STREET and MARKET Sts., instead of Kensington Depot, as heretofore.

The Depot is reached by the Second and Third Streets Cars and Coates, Fifth and Sixth, Union Line, Tenth and Eleventh, Chestnut and Walnut, Spruce and Pine, Callowhill and Penn Passenger Railways, connect with the Market St. Railway. Depot in West Philadelphia, corner of Market and Thirty-first Streets.

The cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway leave the Depot, 7th and Market Sts., every five minutes, and will run during the time of departure of each train, and allow about 20 minutes for the trip.

Union cars are in waiting on the arrival of each Train to convey passengers to the City.

The Depot, 7th and Market Sts., Second and Market Sts. and T. M. N., in connection with Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago and Cincinnati Express Trains.

Hotel's Baggage Express will, hereafter, be limited as follows: Trunks, Valises, Carpet-bags, Shawl-straps, Bundles, &c., but no one will have to draw off their trunks, upon application to him.

DEALS & LEAVE AND ARRIVE AT DEPOT THUS

MAIL EXPRESS	8.00 A. M.	3.30
ERIE MAIL	12.00 M.	8.00
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	9
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION	4.30 P. M.	9.30
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	1.10 P. M.	6.30
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	4.30	9.30
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	5.00	9.30
PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	8.00	9.30
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.30	9.30

FARES.

PITTSBURG AND ERIE MAIL	8.10 A. M.	9.30
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	8.00	9.30
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	9.30	9.30
PAOLI TRAIN	9.30	9.30
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.00 P. M.	9.30
FAST LINE	12.00	9.30
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	3.45	9.30
DAY EXPRESS	4.45	9.30
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	8.45	9.30
MAIL TRAIN	11.30	9.30

The Pittsburg Express leaves daily. Philadelphia Express, (with Sleeping Car attached,) leaves daily, except Sunday. All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

Through Tickets to all points West, South and North, and Sleeping Car Tickets and Berths can be procured at the Office, No. 116 S. THIRD STREET, and at the Depot.

JOHN W. PITTMAN, Ticket Agent,
At the Depot,
An Emigrant Train runs daily. Office open from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. Full information as to fare and accommodations, apply to
J. N. DUBARRY,
Jan'68 187 Race Street.

TANNER'S APOLOGY
FOR THE
African Methodism.

A Succinct History of the Rise and Progress of the A. M. CHURCH, with a Defense of the same.

"We think it must prove a work of great interest to the denomination."—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

"It is a work of great value, and should have a place in every family."—*Methodist Home Journal.*

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"It is to this book that all may have just what solicit of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and an impregnable justification."—*Christian Recorder.*

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"A book replete with strength and marble."—*Montgomery Reporter.*

Price, $1.75. 12mo. 484 Pages.

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MRS. AGUSTUS POSTER would respectfully announce to her friends and the travelling public, that she has opened a boarding house, No. 1325 SOUTH STREET, where she will be happy to accommodate, her old and friends. Terms reasonable. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

Dec. 31—1mo.

ERMINIE FRASER'S COLLEGE. The thirty-fourth session of this College will commence on the first Monday in October, at the usual place, No. 1520 Spruce street. Circulars can be had at the College office, or at the residence of the Principal, No. 1518 Spruce street, where she can be consulted on the subject of education. Application for admission may be made to Miss Fraser, at the College, or at her residence, as above.

Sept. 19—1yr.

No. 13.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

DR. HUMPHREY'S
HOMŒPATHIC SPECIFICS

Have proved themselves the most successful remedies ever discovered, and are used by Families, Physicians and Hospitals throughout the country. Simple—Prompt—Effectual—and Reliable in all Acute Diseases. Each Specific is a special cure for the disease named. Thousands of cases in constant use by single Druggists. Sold by Druggists, or sent free and post-paid on receipt of price.

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2—Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	25
3—Teething, Cholic, Crying, Wakefulness	25
4—Diarrhea of Children or Adults	25
5—Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	25
6—Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	25
7—Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis	25
8—Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	25
9—Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	25
10—Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	25
11—Suppressed or Painful Periods	25
12—Whites, too Profuse Periods	25
13—Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	25
14—Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
15—Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	25
16—Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Ague	50
17—Piles, Blind or Bleeding	50
18—Ophthalmy, and sore and weak Eyes	50
19—Catarrh, Acute or Chronic, Influenza	50
20—Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	50
21—Asthma, Oppressed Breathing	50
22—Ear Discharges, Impaired Hearing	50
23—Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
24—General Debility, Physical Weakness	50
25—Dropsy, Scanty Discharges, Kidney Disease	50
26—Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Discharges	1.00
27—Sores, Ulcers, Indolent Inflammations	1.00
28—Kidney Disease, Gravel	1.00
29—Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions	1.00
30—Sea Sickness, Sickness from Motion	1.00
31—Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	1.00
32—Painful Periods, with Spasms	1.00
33—Epilepsy, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance	1.00
34—Diphtheria, ulcerated sore throat	1.00

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Of 20 Specifics, Book, and Manual, in Case, from $10 to $25
Single Vials, Family or Travelling, 25 and 50 cts.
Single Vials, Family or Travelling, 1.00
Case for Lodging or for Preventive Practice, from 40 to 60

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Office and Depot, No. 562 Broadway, New York.
Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are for sale by all Druggists throughout the United States and Canada.
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BOARDING HOUSE,
HOME
Corner of Short & Cranberry Sts.,
HARRISBURG, PA.

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A. S. J. J. COHEN, Agents and Managers,
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BOOTS AND SHOES
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Second-Hand Boots and Shoes Bought and Sold
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Card and Job Printers,
PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING,
Done with Neatness and Despatch,
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No. 631 *Pine Street*,
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We keep on hand, to accommodate with our other book Publish the best books of various kinds: Question Books Sabbath School Books, &c., and we have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Any publication, John Penn Tract, Hymn and Prayer Books.

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MINGS OF EVERY VARIETY,
No. 616 Lombard Street, Philadelphia.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS continues to keep constantly on hand a good assortment of goods—articles to sell at reasonable the newest fashion.

Ladies' Ready-Made Clothing and Gentlemen' Furnishing Goods always on hand.

☞ A liberal share of patronage is solicited. ☜
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1st. The Preparatory Department.
2d. The Collegiate Department.
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WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.
The Medical Department.

Of the Institution is now open and in full work. Many prominent physicians and the whole Methodist Episcopal Church are solicited to call the notice to gentlemen, desirous of studying medicine, to the Medical Department of Wilberforce University, where no bigotry and intolerance is held sway. Students can enter at any time, and graduate at the end of the course. For further information, apply to the Rev. Bishop PAYNE, D. D., LL. D., President of Wilberforce University, or reply to Bishop D. A. PAYNE, Xenia, Greene county, Ohio.

DIRECTORY
Of I. O. of Good Samaritans and Daughters of Samaria.

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JUVENILE I. O. OF GOOD SAMARITANS
AND D. OF SAMARIA,
meets 2d Thursday of each month, at 8 o'clock, P. M., at Bethel Church, Seventh St., Philadelphia.
A. CROPPER, *Sec.*
S. YOUNG, *P. G.*
Feb. 20—1 yr.

Olive Union Lodge No. 3,
I. O. of Good Samaritans and Daughters of Samaria, meet on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, at Union Hall, Seventh Street, Ph. Philadelphia, at 8 o'clock.
Jan. 9th, 69.—1y.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Editor.
William C. Banton, Assistant Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 17, 1869.

Vol. IX. No. 12. New Series. Whole No. 414.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER
Is published every Saturday on behalf of the
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Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, strictly in advance. It will be sent to clubs of ten or more persons, at the rate of two dollars and fifty cents per annum, when the money is paid in advance. Ministers and local preachers will receive a copy of the Recorder one year gratis.

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE PEBBLE, THE BIRD, AND THE FLOWER.

A child upon the sea shore played,
A pebble in her hand!
The waves in mighty grandeur rolled,
And swept the toy from land.

A bird sang cheering lays at noon,
Beside an orphan's door.
The wind blew fierce—he missed the song,
The bird returned no more!

A blooming rose hung gracefully
Upon a dark grain stalk,
A chilling air fell,—but it drooped,
Lay moistured on the walk.

* * * * * * *

The pebble found, in childlike hands,
A costly jewel made!
More use in one, than use in six,
With which the fair child played.

Far to the sunny southland warm,
The feeding flew away,
Sang sweetly by a sick one's couch,
And cheered the weary day.

Next morn, upon the same green stalk,
A flower bud was seen,
Of richer perfume! Chaste thou wilt
The blighting bud not bear!

HERSILIA.

For the Christian Recorder.

MINNIE'S SACRIFICE.

BY REV. F. E. W. HARPER.

CHAPTER III.

"What is the matter?" said St. Pierre Le Grange, as he entered suddenly the sitting-room of his wife, Georgiette Le Grange, and saw her rushing off the curls from the head of a little girl about five years old, the child of a favorite slave.

"Matter, enough?" said the angry wife, her cheeks red with excitement and her eyes half blinded with tears of vexation. "This child should have been sent off long ago, she shall never again be taken for mine."

"Who took her for years? What has happened that has brought about all this excitement?"

"Just wait a minute," said Georgiette, trying to frame her excitement into words.

"Yesterday I invited the Le Ferres and the Le Comtes and a Northern lady that I had stopping with Mrs. Le Ferre, to dine with us. To-day I told Ellen to have the servants dressed up, and looking as nice and as possible, and so I distributed around more than a dozen turbans, for I wanted Mrs. Lady to see how much better than Hagar our negroes looked here than they do when they are free in the North, and when should Ellen do her dress up her little mine in her best clothes, and curl her hair and let her run around in the front yard."

"So she crowded the thing," said Le Grange, beginning to comprehend the trouble.

"Yes, she did, but she will never do it again," exclaimed Mrs. Le Grange, her dark eye flashing distinctly.

Le Grange's lip slipt, but said nothing. He saw the storm that was brewing, and about to fall on the head of the hapless child and mother, and thought that he would do nothing to increase it.

"When Mrs. Le Ferre," continued Georgiette, "alighted from the carriage, she noticed the child, and calling the attention of the whole party to her, said, 'Oh, how beautiful she is! The very image of her father.' 'Mrs. Le Grange,' said she, after passing the compliments of the day, 'I congratulate you on having such a beautiful child. She is the very image of her father. And how large she is for her age.' Just then Marie came to the door and said, 'She's not my sister, that is Ellen's child.' I saw the gentlemen exchange glances, and the young ladies screw up their mouths to hide their merriment, while Mrs. Le Ferre, with all her chivalrousness, seemed to comprehended the matter, and said, 'Child, you must excuse me, for my poor old eyes are getting so good for nothing I can hardly tell one person from another.' I disordered some kind of answer. I hardly know what I said. I was almost ready to die with vexation; but this shall never happen again."

"What are you going to do?"

"You see what I have begun to do. I am going to have all this exciting business broken up, and I am going to have her dressed in domestic, like the other little niggers. I'll let Miss know that I am mistress here; and as soon as a tender comes along I mean to sell her. I want a new set of pearls anyhow."

Le Grange made no reply. He was fond of the child, but knowing what a termagant his wife was, he thought that silence like discretion was the better part of valor, and hastily beat a retreat from her presence.

"Take those curls and throw them away," said Mrs Le Grange to Sally, her waiting-maid. "Marie, quick, and take this child to the kitchen, and don't let me see her in the front yard again. Do you hear what I say?" said Georgiette in a sharp, shrill tone. "Don't you let me see that child in the front yard again. Here, before you go, fetch me the brush, and let me see if I can get any rest. I am so nervous, I am almost ready to fly."

Sally did as she was bidden; and taking the child to the kitchen, exclaimed to Milly, the cook, "Ill! Oh! there's been high times up stairs, I tell you."

"What's the matter?" said Milly, wiping the dough from her hands, and turning her face to Sally.

"Oh! Missus mad 'bout Ellen's child. She's mad as a March hare. See how she cut off all her hair!"

"A debil," said Milly. "What did she do dat for? She is allers up to some debilmost. What did they pour limonsene oder ile to her? I wonder what she'll get at next?"

"I don't know, but to day when Mrs. Le Ferre and Marie she kissed the child, and said it was the very image of Le Grange, and Missus just looked mad enough to run her through."

Milly, in spite of her indignation, could not help laughing. "Well, that's a good joke. I guess Missus' high as ninety. What did Moses say?"

"He neber said a word; he looked like he'd been stealin's a sheep; and Missus she just cut up high, and said she was going to keep her hair cut short, and have her dresses all domestic, and kept in the kitchen, and when she got a good chance she meant to sell her, for she wanted a new set of pearls anyhow. Mosus neber said boane. I jist b'lieve he's fear'd of her. She's such a mity place. I spect some night she debil will come and fly way wid her. I hope so anyhow."

To which not very pious wish Milly replied, "I am frait there is no such good luck. Nashin don't 'pears to me that Miss Georgiette doss, 'cause she's a ship of de old block. Her mother's poor niggers need to be cut up and skinned all the time; for she was a borne at the mill. De debil was in het woman big as a sheep. Den was Nancy, my blessed contrary, somehow she got a spite agin Nancy's husban', said he shouldn't sit cross dere any more. Pore Nancy, her and Andy was tiking together in her nice little cabin, and Nancy did keep chery ting shinin' like a new pin, 'cause she would work so hard when she was done her task for Missus. Den one day Missus got into debil in her, and say'ed Andy shouldn't come dar say more, and she jist had all Nancy's things took out and sent where it is, and made her come and sleep in de house. Pore Nancy, she cried as if her heart would break right in two; and she said she'd be fear'd to tiken my husban' from me? and Missus said I did it to please my own self, and den Nancy locked at her face and say'ed she'd I'll get up before day and set up till twelve or one o'clock at night and work for you, but please don't take my husban' from me. An' what do you think ole Missus did? Why she jist up wid her foot and kicked Nancy her whole body right across de room, and said I need her do it wid my own blessed eyes. An' I sad to myself de debil will never git into dat woman, for he will stay in her. I worry dat pore orester almost to death. She used to make her sleep in the room wid her children, and locked de door every night, and Sundays she'd lebe some one to watch her, she was so frait she'd git to see her husban'. An' dis Miss Georgiette is de very moral of her Ma, and she's jist as big a spirite."

"Hush," said Milly, "here comes Josie. Don't say no more 'bout Missus, cause she's real white people's nigger, and tells all she knows, and whas she don't."

CHAPTER IV.

ELLEN AND HER MASTER.

"I am really sorry, Ellen, that I can't help it. Georgiette has taken a dislike to the child, and there is no living in peace with her unless I sell child or take it away."

"Oh! Mr. St. Pierre, you would not sell that child when it is your own flesh and blood?" Le Grange winced under these words.

"No, Ellen, I'll never consent to sell the child, but it won't do for her to stay here. I've made up my mind to send her North, and have her educated."

"And then I'll never see my darling any more."

"But, Ellen, that is better than having her here to be wounded around by Georgiette. She will die before she will come. I just told you what I'll do, Ellen. I'll take the child down to New Orleans, and make out to Georgiette that I am going to sell her, but instead of that I'll get a friend of mine who is going to Pennsylvania to take her with him, and have her boarded there, and educated. Nobody need know anything about her being colored. I'd send you both, Ellen, but, to tell you the truth, the plantation is running down, and the crops are so short this year I can't afford it, but when times get better I'll send you up there and tell you where you can find her."

"Well, Mr. St. Pierre, that is better than having Missus knocking her around or selling her off to one of those old mean nigger traders, and never having a chance to see my darling no more. But, Mr. St. Pierre, before you take her a way won't you please give me her likeness? Maybe I won't know her when I see her again."

Le Grange consented, and when he went to the city again he told his wife he was going to sell the child.

"I am glad of it," said Georgiette, "I would have her mother sold, but we can't spare her; she is so handy with her needle, and does all the cutting out on the place."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM HANNIBAL.

BOSTON OF THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER:—Dear Sir—I take my pen in hand to inform those whom it may concern that I am "not dead" or ill dead, I yet speak, and I will further add, that my pen and ink-horn was not owing to any real or imaginary enterprises contemplated on my part among the snow capped peaks of the alpine mountains, much as I should like to follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor. No, sir, I have been detained in the East for the want of something better I have been quietly participating among the snow-capped hills of Pennsylvania, which by no little stretching of imagination, I have been partially able to realize and appreciate some of the difficulties engaged the attention of my worthy friend of Carthaginian fame.

To say "all inquiet in Thibarth," would forcibly remind one of a former example of quietude that did not altogether suit our friend Leonidas in his military strategy. But it is not quiet in the "Quarter," or, as is the contrary, there is quite an unusual commotion in the religious quarters that has begun to assume formidable proportions, without raising among the much

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 17, 1869.

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☞ $5000 New Subscribers Wanted. Mail $2.25 to 681 Pine Street.

☞ Any member wishing a Hymn Book or Discipline, let them send us 60 cts. All of our lay members ought to have them.

NOTICE.

Will all the dear friends, at home and abroad, please to send in the Editor whatever matter they may wish to be inserted in the *Recorder*. tf

AVERY COLLEGE.—This College continues to have a good degree of prosperity under Pres. Carter. The closing exercises of the last term were most interesting indeed. It has lately secured in money and property an additional $25,000 from the Avery estate.

THE LATE DR. H. R. WILLIAMSON, OF ALLEGHANY, PA.

The death of this distinguished citizen of Western Pennsylvania, occurred on Sabbath, March 28. His disease was one of long suffering with which he lingered for some weeks, when quietly and with a Christian spirit, he passed away. In the death of Dr. Williamson, Alleghany city, and we might say Western Pennsylvania, has lost one of its most energetic and honorable citizens. Born in Maryland, he came to Alleghany when a young man. We need not say that he was poor and unknown, for such is the condition of nearly par excellence. Henry J. Williamson was as poor as any; yet did he possess a spirit of character that would enable to remain to the lower walks of life He went to work. His head, and his heart, and his hands went to work, and after a short time of seniority he died. But how? With a Christian character that the best might covet—with a medical knowledge not to be despised; with an element of wealth that leaves he widow and only son in the most comfortable circumstances. By his life, he improved himself. He knew a great man. Who is great, if it be not the man who begins life poor and ends it rich; who begins it with a little of natural intelligence and ends it with a vast amount of it; who begins ignorant, and ends it measurably well informed, measurably good. This Dr. Williamson did. As a leader among the colored people of Western Pennsylvania, his place will be hard to fill. Men of words may easily be had—many an empty talker will make haste to fill his shoes, but they will not be filled. A worker, a man of action, a man armed with business and common sense, we fear that his place will no long remain empty.

On the day of his funeral, though it was exceedingly disagreeable, yet the people testified their appreciation of the man by turning out.

THE NEGRO A SPECIALITY.

Thank God the day is fast passing away when the Negro must be the special attention of the whole American people. President Grant in his Inaugural had the storehouse of promises to mention him. He shall striking the word "White" from the Statute Books of the District of Columbia has set the precedent in law. That is a shrewd be. quite long enough has the Negro monopolized Congress; quite too long enough has he monopolized every State Legislature; it is quite consoling to know that hereafter the white people will receive some attention. We know of no class of people that we have more pleased with this coming state of affairs than the Negroes themselves. It is just what we want. Long have we implored to be sought the nation to let us alone, but they said. "Nay, the poor Negro must have some especial attention." A special bill must be enacted for him, a special school house provided, a special car hitched on, a special table at the depot. He was the one to break off man of the nation General provision would not answer for him, something special must be called into play He must have special house are over. The Negro must be content to receive general treatment. He must come down to the level of the white man the King of Nineveh we have heard the voice of Jerusalem, and have laid aside our covered corrosive with sackcloth and ashes sitting in the ashes. Alas! that we have come down to the level of the white.

It is really refreshing to see this age of reason down on the people, especially on our legislators Here no much will be gained by it. That which is reasonable is always practicable, unreasonable things are always expensive He who acts in harmony with God's established laws always fares better than he man who acts in opposition to them. The race finds down the stream, the other has to row up To legislate for *class* or *color*, and not for *man*, opposed as it is to reason has never been unsuccessful and expensive. To carry it out to its logical sequence, where would it end The Negro is a man and a citizen He will demand all the honors and emoluments of any other citizen. He will demand all the appointments Are we to have two sets of colleges and institutions generally? Are we to have two legislatures? Are we to have two Governments? The whole is but a race of the Evil Genius of our glorious country in the words of the *London Times* during Reconstruction. "Let no stamp it out, as we would stamp out the cattle plague."

We say the American people to let the Negro severely alone

A UNITED METHODISM.

As we forecast the good to men, and the glory to Christ which a united Methodism would bring about, we must confess to our surprise, that every Christian, in either branch of the followers of Wesley, is not infatuated with the idea. A united Methodism! Why it could conquer the world in a century. The Pope and the Devil would not stand half a chance. Their eyes remember well the Osgood's church, that the attraction between our Church and Unitarianism was mutual. How much more active is this in regard to the M. E. Church. In this latter case, it is the essential attraction of brethren of the same love, with the attraction of opposite indeed ideas. It is the farther attraction of children toward parents; of saints toward their saviour. To be human not to consider that the most thoughtful mean in our church, earnestly desire a United Methodism. Why should they not desire it? All Christian hearts earnestly long to see accomplished the most good, even so, these thoughtful worthies, knowing well the heathenish results which most wrecessarily flow from union carnestly long for it. God speed the day when the children of the Methodist family will form one invincible host, and move on to the conquest of the world.

DR. SORD—THE "RECORDER."

The Dr. calls upon us to prove that the A. M. E. Church, does not belong to the treasonable. We hesitate for the simple reason that we might meet the same obstacles in the way that we met in the case of trying to prove Jeff. Davis a traitor—that are met every day in attempting to prove there is a God. First principles never can be proven Nor does the world expect it. They are only to be recognized. The first principle of the M. E. Church South is slavery. The only distinguishing feature she has to oppose allen to the Government and to the Negro which is the strongest possible claim. Take it away, and give it a healthy atmosphere, and the M. E. Church will soon abhorth it.

Upon the subject of our travels, and the abuses we met, which the Dr. so speedily introduced, we have to thank him for his liberal assistance. The Dr., of course, objects to the Creator in placing white men and black men upon the same planet; but inasmuch as it is done, and as we are content in keeping them apart, he goes in for giving them both good treatment. We trust now that Gilbert Haven will not be allowed by the Dr. to be a hopeless case; and we trust the press generally will stop branding the "*Spanish Methodist*" as the "wickedest" paper in the United States.

As we are ignorant of the mind of the Synod in regard to sending an agent to Dr. Bord the propriety of getting up a petition, asking the Lord of the Universe to create another world, and transport all the Negroes thither. It would be better late then never.

FRAUDS ON COLORED SOLDIERS.

Everybody must read in this country, or pay terribly for it. The reading people of this country ignorance is more or less a crime, in our country it is a positive ruin, it is *res dom nostrum*. No man can expect to get justice in the country, who fails to keep his eyes open and care open. He must keep awake. He must read. Everybody is expected to read the papers published in America, and to read them balance the world. Would our valiant soldiers get their dues, they must read They must keep posted. They must not take their eyes off Congress, and the Legislatures of their States.

We clip the following from one of our exchanges. After they have read it let them subscribe for the colored people's Organ, published at 631 Pine St., Phila., subscription $2.25. It will keep you posted.

Yesterday afternoon, a representative of *The Tribune* had an interview with a gentleman lately, an office-holder at Washington, who made the following statement, provoked by the report above referred to:

"Before the bill was passed allowing pension and bounty to colored volunteers in the late war our informant says, he was approached by an ex Major General, who invited him to enter into a money-making scheme, which, he said, required an investment of $20,000 to start with. The bill having asked for a full explanation of the scheme, the General told Mr. X that it consisted in purchasing the claims of soldiers for bounty

Mr. X—But I have no law granting neither pensions or bounty to colored troops

Gen. Gra—True. But such a law will soon be passed, and unless we take time by the forelock the chance will be gone by for a thousand agents, and our opportunities lost forever

Mr. X—What better opportunity have we than anybody else?

Gen. Gra—We have already been promised by ——— the monopoly of the business He is to receive one fifth of the profits for consideration of his services.

Mr. X—What becomes of the balance?

Major Gen.—I receive one fifth, and you, if you invest $20,000, will come in for a like share

Mr. X—That's three-fifths How about the other two fifths?

Major Gen.—They are divided equally between —— —— (just supposed Government officers) one of the Territories; and ——, a United States official at Huntington Ky.

Mr. X—And what do you expect to make?

Major Gen.—Somewhere in the neighborhood of $500,000.

Mr. X—How?

Major Gen.—The ignorant blacks who have served in the army, especially those who enlisted in Kentucky and Tennessee, are not aware that their claims are worth anything In fact, they do not know that they have any claims against the Government We propose to send out agents well up in our line discharge papers at an expense of from $5 to $10 each, procure the necessary documents to accompany them, and send them all to the proper officer at Washington, who will not object to liquidating the claims, and pocketing his share of the profit."

Mr X listened with patience to an elaborate explanation of the plan, learned the terms and position of each of the gentlemen who were asserted to be connected with the said proposals, and then, according to his statement, refused to have anything what ever to do with the business

It seemed advisable at this time to make public the names of the parties to this projected fraud, for reasons which are sufficiently obvious. When the proper time comes, that is, when a publication of all that has been omitted of this transaction shall not in any way tend to defeat the ends of justice, the names of the interested parties will be given. Whether the statement made by Mr. X is correct, or the statement of the Major General stated, is for the present immaterial. Both are of repute, is true or false, we have no means of knowing. If true, it instigates a gentleman of the highest standing in the U. S. Army, another who has occupied places of trust and responsibility for many years, and a third who has long been entrusted with the recipient of valuable favors from the Government.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

The question is often asked, What are the 20,000 members of the A. M. E. Church doing? accompanied with such remarks as, Surely they can't be doing much, else they would long since have had a Tract Society for Wilberforce and rebuilt and endowed it, as well as provided for their missionaries. We have no intention to apologize for any remissness of duty on the part of our members. We cheerfully acknowledge that at no time since the days of St. Paul, the Apostle, have we met the dreams that some people pretend to believe. We learn that we are doing all things that the Apostle could or can expect us to do. It should be remembered that the vast majority of these 200,000 members are poor people. Truth to tell, even they scarcely possess sufficient to keep "soul and body together." Homeless and landless, moneyless and friendless, are those that our pecuniary assistance can reasonably be expected of them! They are not only poor, but ignorant, and the latter is the worst feature of all. As a Church know how to manage her finances, the little which we have would tell more to our advantage. But we are doing more than can be expected of us. Yet are we not

ure that, by the ingenuity of the ex-
bers of our pleasure-seeking age
ofiers are debauched by degrees
le declines in the beauty of
ed, the worn, the soul
But it is true that, at last, they
but what, to some minds, is utterly in-
What would be held enormous or as-
ding abomination, if produced separately, is
ot forth in combinations of fascinating grace,
ellence brilliancy, and the dazzling ex-
phisite and expression of sensual exile pleasure.

It is a dangerous and harming theme, that while the masters of the land spare love-lorn tales, intendued frequently as some of the students of Europe, they should have ever been permitted to gain a footing here.

It has come, we know, through the easy-going ment and influence of artists concerned of both genders, whose presence in personal interest has been sufficient to predispose them at Paris. Persons of this stamp, who have resulted for even a few months in that most cogent of the world, making reality, nay, naturally to its frivolities, fashions and dissipations, and are the very ones to add, in the impressions of a Parisian residence, to their such "endowments" as these in their native land. It was well seen that no romantic ill-ware can stay long in the air of a pure and moral home, after all, would fail of earnest energy in, but for the aid to support they gain from the newspaper press. Our countrymen here sing yet learned how much "long dresses" is, to be guided by the popular press, in anything, but especially in all matters where the advertising interest is to be predicated. Alas! for our country, when the necessary principle takes the reins, when the opinions of those who aspire to lead, take counsel, can be bought and sold!

But above all, when the press runs into irresponsible licentiousness!

E. D. M.

—A direct allusion to Darwinism is contained in the poem by Professor Owen, in the last volume of his work, *The Anatomy of Vertebrates*. At the conclusion of an earnest and carefully written paragraph, he says: "In the acquisition and comparison of all fresh facts he has endeavored to keep in mind the one supreme aim—the continuous operation of natural law, or secondary cause, and that not only successively but progressively from the first embodiment of the vertebrate idea, under its old typical environment, until it became merged in the higher type of the human form."

[There seems to us still very considerable gap between the great naturalist and the wild speculator. Ed.]

—From recent accounts it would appear that the purchase of Alaska was a profitable speculation after all. Dispatches from San Francisco state that immense discoveries of gold placers are reported on the mainland 70 miles from Kodiak Island, in latitude 61 degrees north and 100 degrees west from Greenwich. There several discoveries have been made, the latest on Peak River and Chignik Mountain; the second about 60 miles above Sitka, and that on Kodiak Island, the cause of which is well known. The mines, as reported, are very rich, and have already worked five months in the year. Five specimens of gold from these mines are on exhibition at San Francisco.

—The solar engine invented by a Frenchman named Mouchot, has proved successful, it is said. A concave reflector is used to concentrate the sunshine on a boiler thickened with soot. The boiler is corrugated that it the latitude of Paris the heat reflected from a surface of a square meter, 10.75 square feet, will make a quart of water, when at the zenith, boil in about twenty minutes. An area of 100 square metres will furnish enough heat in 10 hours so as to get from burning 60 pounds of coal.

—It is said that most of the book reviews in the London daily papers are written by young barristers and undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge.

SOME REQUISITES OF A GOOD HOME.

BY REV. THOMAS L. SHIPMAN.

1. *Parental Authority*.—There must be no doubt, no hesitancy, or *wavering*, about it. The question is, in whom shall it be vested; in the parents or children? Where the child is, as it has remarked, rather tartly, that there is as much authority over some as in a former days, only the order is reversed. The Bible has settled the question as to the order. Of Abraham it is said, "I know him that he will command his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." Eli was punished because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. He counseled them, perhaps I should say entreated them—Why do ye such things?—but did not command them. "Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord." Where the authority of the parents complies with the authority of God, children may say as Peter and John said to the rulers, "We must obey God rather than man," but this implies only limitation of parental authority. Children are not to obey in the sinful carelessness of their parents' commands. Very young children are to obey their parents (Eph. 6: 1), and even when advanced to years of discretion the Christian child is to be biased by passion, besides, it is better to obey unreasonable commands than to prevent or to be at conflict with the revealed will of God, than to offer resistance in the great principle of parental authority. It is a principle which is as well to it that their authority, which is absolute in its origin and righteous, shall gratify against jealousies on the one hand and scorning on the other. By the former we lose his confidence; and to lose his confidence is to lose the child. The government of parents should be mild but firm, and as one has well said, "it is said that it may be mild." When once the child perceives that the parents' will, however opposed, must prevail, the conscious sense of weakness in opposition follows without difficulty as a thing of course. Till then a few days of struggle must be answering and the occasion for coercion perpetual. A distinguished lawyer used upon being introduced to the mother of Washington, ventured to ask her how she trained her son to make him such a man? Her answer was as significant as short, "*I taught him to obey me.*" Would that we had more such mothers and than we might hope to see more such men!

2. *Right Teaching*.—Teaching of some kind there will be, and must be, from the very commencement of being. "Some parents," observes a very sensible writer, "speak of bestowing the education of their children

The moment they were capable of forming an idea their education was already begun — the education of circumstances, incessant attention, which like insensible perspiration is of more constant and powerful effect, and of far more consequence to the habit than that which a direct and apparent. That education goes on at every instant of time; it goes on like time, you can neither stop it nor turn its course." Right teaching is obtained the instruction both of precept and example, the former will probably be worse than lost, if not enforced by the latter. The instruction of the lips should act, in my judgment, be given as much as possible in answer to the phrase, as new and anew, familiarly and incidentally. The parent's lips should keep knowledge. His doctrine should "drop as the rain, and his speech distil as the dew," as the small rain upon the tender herb and as showers upon the grass." Children are not to be sought to in public, nor in a wrong manner to the values of a pin, and to thus and the parents themselves should avoid every thing like overreaching and sharpness in trade. It is not well for parents to be in the presence of their children of capital hair. Children, for capital, are apt to be cheating bargains. Solomon describes them, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: when he goeth his way then he boasteth." Children should be taught to speak the truth, and to do it from principle, to abhor, and they, when relating it, say it happened at another. By one of the most sensible British moralist, "let it pass, but instantly check them; you do not know where to begin from their truth will end." The instruction of children in their early years, as I suppose myself out of a round by the roadside, amid the fragments of the locomotive, dead and dying men, and the dead and neglected lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along, and with it with quick light the cause that I had heard the engineer use when he first saw the horrors.

"Oh, my God!" he was dead before his voice got to him. After that we tried lights, supposing that the train would faster than we. We got one so powerful that the children awoke all along the road, supposing it was day. Our fireman, who was there ahead of it still, and was in the darkness with only the cross behind it. The obstacle was pathoned against it. They couldn't slow with so much light in the night-time. Before they could stop it had to build my car. We saw a two-horse wagon crossing the track about five miles ahead, and the engineer put on the whistle and reversed, but a trooper. It screamed awfully, but it wasn't a bit of use. The next thing I saw I was pushing

Poetry.

BE KIND TO THE ERRING.

BY MRS. EVERETT.

Be kind to the erring, the humble, the weak,
Tho the steward alone would trample the weak;
Ye know not how deeply the cost they deplore,
Or the chastly error their sins conceive.

Be kind to the erring, the lowly, the old,
Oh shrinkableness reliefs, whose shade divests naught
All! touch not thy voice, but our only heart's cry,
Commune we with self-wisdom pride exorcise.

Commune with thyself, think how restless thou art
Searching thy pillow to wither thine heart;
Take wings to the morning, and flee to the shades
Remember, thy soul must atone ourselves.

Charitable good for nought, nor measures thy gain;
Such motives are sordidly selfish and vain;
In deeds blessing all, and with heart gushing stir
Flowing on to the ocean of love evermore.

Religion is naught, all possessions are vain,
If works we don't wantingly, all is but empty gain;
As hark cast away on smote cloudless shore,
As wreck on the deep, thou art gone evermore.

Thy days first away on a mariner's gleam
Flashing bright for a moment they fade as a dream
Yes, dream they are, and as dreams they depart shore
Shall be thanders re-echo the past evermore.

As flower dost then blossom more thing or a day
As breath at the flower thou a nil vanish away.
Let love by note thine the every day is be,
Than in cessation of love with thee bank evermore.

Home Circle.

LOVING IN WORDS.

"How much I love you, dear mamma!" said little Mary Lee as she kissed her mother again and again.

"If my little daughter loves me so much," hope she will be happy by being very good and obedient to day," said Mrs. Lee as she smoothed the curls of the child as they clustered around her neck, and wept the watch as her mother did. She did so, and had just composed herself in the glass, quite pleased that she looked so much like a grown-up lady, when she heard some one coming. In her hurry to conceal the watch, it slipped through her fingers, and fell with a crash to the floor. Mary took up the pieces, and otherwise arguing it.

Just then the door opened, and her mother entered the room; and oh, how grieved and pained she was to see that one of her rules had been broken! Mary could not deny her fault, and asked her mother's forgiveness, and seemed so truly sorry for her fault, that Mrs. Lee promised to try and forget her bad conduct if she would do better in future.

I have been thinking that perhaps some of the readers of this paper not only love their parents in the same way that Mary did, but that they grieve their kind heavenly Father with grief. Him ugly kind of wandering, when by some any little boy thinks he loves Jesus, and then very often do what is not true, or quarrel with playmates, or play on the Sabbath, he is certainly deceiving God; for God is a spirit, and sees all these things, and he says, "He that keepeth My commandments, he it is that loveth Me." Neither God nor parents have any love for those who do not love which is shown only in words.—*Child at Home.*

JOHN FLOWMAN'S TALK ABOUT WIVES.

When a couple fall out, there are always faults on both sides; and generally each has a good deal to say, and silence seems on the other. When a house is miserable it is not the husband's fault as the wife's. Darby is as much to blame as Joan, and sometimes more so. If the husband won't keep sugar in the cupboard, no wonder his wife puts some. Want of bread makes most folks cross. But the dog fight generally rules home on the husband's fare, for it is not always the women's place to eat scolding for wages. A man down our parts gave his wife a rope and this is on't: "If I don't love her, then she's out." He was a brute. It was no business of hers to bring in the pigs, and when she see it is wait used, and not wanted. Therefore I say almost someone are not her fault. She is not the bread winner, but the husband is. She earns more at home than any wages she can get abroad.

It is not the wife who smokes and drinks away the wages: "The House Dog's Meat," or "The Jolly Topers." Ones sees a drunken woman now and then, and it's an awful sight; but in sixty-nine men out of a hundred, it is the man who comes home tipsy and abuses the children; and frightens the servant. On the other hand, if a wife is a teetotaler, whether she likes it or not, and spends penny of her master as well as old Women are found fault with for often looking into the glass. But that is not so bad a fault as men drown their senses in. The worse do not sit drinking over the tap-room fire; they are ashamed: are shivering at home with the baby, watching the clock (if there is one); wondering when their lords and masters will come home, and drying which they will. I wonder they don't strike. Some of them do, and get wretched as a workhouse or a pit, or a mouse in a cat's mouth. They have to amuse the sick girl, and wash the dirty boy, and bear with the crying and cross of the children, while their lordship gets on her last, lights his pipe, and goes off about his own pleasure, or comes in at his own time to find fault with his wife's cooking, not getting him a fine supper. How could he expect to be like a fighting-cock when he brought home as little money on Saturday night, and spent as much as would keep a family for Only forty-one? I say it, and I know it, there's many a house where there would be no wedding wife if there was not a shrinking, grubbing husband. Fellows set worth their salt money drink and drink till all is blue, and then turn on their books for not having more to give them. Don't tell me: I say it, and will maintain it, a woman can't help being vexed, when, with all her needing and striving, she can't keep house, because her husband won't let her. It would provoke any of us if we had to make bricks without straw, keep the pot boiling without fire, and pay out of an empty purse. What can she

get out of the cow when she has neither meal nor dough? Bad husbands are great seamen, and ought to be hung up by their heels till they learn to behave better.

They say a man of straw is worth a woman of gold; but I assure excellent it a man of straw is worth no more than a woman of straw, let old cronyms be in they like. Jack is no better than Jill, as a rule. When there is wisdom in the husband, there's goodness in the wife, and the tween them the old wedding wish is worked out. "Long pull, pull and strong pull, and all the rest of content." Where hearts agree, there lay will be. United hearts don't only parts. They say marriage is not often happy age, but very uncommon may age: well, if so, the men and women have as much to do with it as the game and pettiest. The honeymoon need not come to an end; and when it does, it is often the man's fault for eating all the honey, and leaving nothing for supper. When both feel agree, that whatever sorrow of the men, they will each keep as their share of bonny there's no bad thing. When a man finds the first sign of the end a fact, where faces get stretched, either his wife did not marry a man, or he did not marry a woman. I don't pity most of the men-martyrs: I save my pity for the women. When the Burrow flitch is lost, neither of the pair will eat the bacon; but the wife is often likely to fast for the want of it. Every herring must hang by its own gill, and every person must grease it for his own cart. Some men are rich, but Joke Plowman can't bear to see all the brass laid on the outside of a carriage. Gush is brashy, the eat did it, and whenever there is sickshed, there's a mouse at the bottom of it. Here are two as pretty flies as you will meet with in a month's march. There's a key for every wheelbarrow; but the why for family jars does not always lie with the housekeeper. I have seen a good deal of both sides of the house, and the ply that the wife husbands should set them go by. But the master of the house is often a bear-parlor when the men's tongues are well oiled with liquor, and if any one can't or won't talk bear, or be more supple, than the men, my name is not John Flowman.

My experience of my first wife, who will, I hope, live to be my last, is much as follows:—Matrimony more than paradise, and much less so. I never was half so happy before I was a married man as I thought I was in the days of courting, your blue begins. I have no doubt, that where there is much love there will be much strife; and where love is scant, faults will be plentiful. If there is only one pair of shoes in the house, the man who put the ring on her finger; and long may she wear it! God bless the dear soul! Take care you don't put the ring on your nose by mistake.—*Spurgeon's Sword and Trowel.*

LITTLE CHILDREN'S WORK.

We remember being much struck by a little story, showing that "a word fitly spoken," or, to use the expressive Hebrew reading, "a word in season," is "like apples of gold in a basket," even by the weakest and youngest, if the occasion be right and silver

One day a boy was tormenting a kitten, when his little sister, about five years old, looked up with her eyes: "O! Philip don't do it, it is God's kitten."

The word of the little one was not lost; it was set upon a wheels. Philip left off tormenting the kitten, and from that time was much awakened in his mind regarding the cruelties he had before committed over God's property.

"God's kitten, God's creature; for he made it." It was a new idea.

The next day, on his way to school, he met one of his companions, who was beating unmercifully a poor, starved-looking dog. Philip's heart was full, and almost unconsciously used his sister's words. He said: "Don't, don't, it is God's creature."

The boy looked abashed, and explained that the dog had been stealing meat.

"Never mind," said Philip, "I will give you mine which I have got for dinner." And sitting down together, the little boy's anger was soon forgotten.

Again had the word been unconsciously set upon wheels Two passers by heard Philip's words; one a young man, the other perhaps a mean in a neighboring town, and the other a dirty and drunken man. The man, in one of those of his intemperate habits, had that morning been disturbed by his employer, and was on his way to his work, full of anger.

"God's creature!" said the poor, forlorn one; it was a new idea to him also.

"If I, too, belong to God, he will take care of me though no one else will."

Just then he overtook a little boy, whom he had been in the habit of drowning his miseries, and then staggering homeie into one of his cellars. He was about to have stepped—the temptation was strong, but the new idea was stronger still. "It is God's creature:" and he passed on.

His wife was astonished to see him sober, and still more when he burst into tears, declaring that he was a wicked man, but that he was determined to give up drinking, and to trust in God.

At that moment a knock was heard at the door, and the gentleman came in to whom we have before alluded. He, too, had been rebuked by the boy's words for the scorn and loathing with which he had looked on the miserable object before him. "God's creature, and therefore I must not despise him."

We need not detail the words of hope and comfort, the promises and perfect-ance of acceptance which he spoke to a sinner; but, looking on the poor man's bread, and made him one of God's thankful family.—*Child's Friend.*

MR. GOUGH AND HIS MOTHER.

In one of his addresses, in Exeter Hall, Mr. Gough said:

After a speech in Boston, a short time ago, a lady came up to me and said, "My father is dead, but he was always collecting curiosities, and he happened to light on your mother's Bible in Ireland." I considered there twenty-five years ago, and pleased was I to hear that Bible. On my hand I had it sent me by Express. There were the names: "James Gilbert, Ireland," and my mother's name before marriage, "born August 15th, 1776." That book was given me from his mother, on his leaving England for America. "John Gough, born August 22nd, 1818." I held my Bible in my hand. I remembered how I had seen that mother sitting by the window with hunger, and watched her she took her iron rimmed spectacles from her face, and laid down the book as she turned page after page. I saw her sometimes—When the poor and needy seek water and there is none and their tongue fail. I, the Lord, will hear them, I will help them. I the God of Israel will not forsake them. And with hundreds of passages more like that, all blessed promises, she was feeding her soul. That mother's Bible brought her history before me, and I thought of the days when I mark her resting place; no brass and marazine there, only a green sod, and she was followed by myself and sister alone, and without a prayer she was consigned to the dust. But she left her children the legacy of a mother's prayer, and the Lord God kingship as the executor of her last will and testament; and though that poor little body of a schoolmistress has gone before, and her spirit has taken its flight to its eternal home, I stand before you to night to declare that if I have ever done good or said good, what I am and what I have done, by the grace of God, has been through the influence of that mother

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

This little poem was written by a San Francisco school girl, Miss Clara Dullivan, aged, at the time of her writing it, thirteen or fourteen years.

No baby in the house, I know
'Tis far too rise and shine
No nice fly curious finger grows
Upon the fellow's nose.
No finger marks are on the panes,
No thumbs on the chairs,
No mother does not sit in vain,
Or nourished off in years.
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes,
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby clothes,
No trouble is to be noticed,
No little baby woes.
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told
No tender chase is to be given,
No workmanship, "Dear!" and "Mother,"
No fanny tricks to be played
No baby in the house.

San Francisco Argonaut.

UNDER THE SEA.

The greatest depth to which a diver can safely descend with present appliances, with ease, is about 160 feet, and at that depth a day of 100 weight must be disposed about his person. At 150 feet, pressure is 75 lbs., and he can work comfortably in about ninety minutes. At 200 feet depth at which the operations upon the *Royal George* were conducted it was found from sixty to seventy feet deep, the men can work for two hours at a time, coming up for ten minutes between. The water will rise 34 feet or seven feet below.

An English diver, encased in one of Siebe's dresses, went down in the Mediterranean to a depth of 185 feet, and remained there twenty-five minutes, and was brought up in safety. The Siebe dress, a developed there twenty-five minutes, and was brought up in safety. The Siebe dress, a developed form of the original "diving dress," invented a week in one of the Canadian lakes at a depth of 170 feet; but his experience was so severe that he declared he should not work on without danger of life. There is much labor and danger in diving, and where love is scant, faults will be plentiful. If there is only one pair of shoes in the house, the man who put the *ring* on her finger; and long may she wear it! God bless the dear soul! Take care you don't put the ring on your nose by mistake.—*Spurgeon's Sword and Trowel.*

THE INFLUENCED OF SLEEP.

In Rev Dr. Bushnell's article in *Hearth and Home* on "Some Influences of Bad Things," we find this truthful and suggestive paragraph: "Many a young preacher begin to be tired of being unappreciated, and to feel that he is losing his edge. Many a young lawyer, or doctor, or merchant, or farmer, or mechanic, gets tired of seeing others who not half so well qualified to succeed as himself, but have to begin again every morning, with new hope and fresh aspiration for, and finally come to the that morning best that he has brought to his work. And in this arrangement, our malignities might, here as up. But the taking away our consciousness is the very opposite of a discipline in the uses of God. No hatred burns in the unconscious sleep; no envies, or jealousies, or lovers on his face is that soft hour of oblivion. It is only a kind of parenthesis in ugly conversations; if he was severe and unjust in his harsh words, he is not troubled or scorched away by his fierce denunciations, he will rise in the morning cool and sweet as the dew morning, and ready to begin anew. The cross will show that he is clear of the bad record and that he has a right to begin at once he next to a devil who wakes angry. He is like innocence, and has his life over again another day, and every day in Monday How beautifully that does work! Even the hard economy of sleep to the exercise of all good dispositions. The world and soured ingredients of evil, the grudges and wounds of feeling, the hypochondriac sensations, the black humors of the midnight, the morose fault findings, are so far tempered and sweetened and purified by the healing sleep, that we probably do not even consciously remember them, and commence a new and no such kind interruptions broke their spell.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost.
For want of a shoe the horse was lost.
For want of a horse the rider was lost."

And all for the want of a stitch in time save nine.

Here is an instance of what the want of a nail cost. Farmer Careless. He had just finished hitching, and was driving out of gate in each hand, walked out of the farm yard to hear his head to the house. In passing under an old tumble down garden he saw one of the nails holding the latch was broken. He said to himself, "I must put that in a minute of time, one small nail, and two or three will do, and one thing I must not forget it; but our farmer was in a hurry and forgot his intention. He got to the village, and leaving the mending for another time, he trudged along the path. Just there was his mistake, a new path was being constructed. A new pushed open the neglected gate and walked into the meadow, and was followed by nineteen more cows, and all proceeded to the corn field. The young corn, a march with devastating trend over his cultivated acres, and when he got to the meadow in driving them out, after they had done a vast amount of damage, Farmer Careless trembled with rage, and vowed that the gate been pulled up long before) and tell, fearcurring his loss would be a considerable one, him six weeks in bed, a long bill from the doctor, a terrible fright to his wife, a sudden blow from the east, ever after, and a limp in his gait as long as he lived. Not to say the best cows died from eating too freely of their stolen luncheon; though they might have been saved with a little trouble and care to attend to them in time. During six weeks a dreadful murrain raged in the district, and in the season, his farm was necessarily neglected, for the whole of the young corn crop was left ancut. From all these ironstone he was unable to pay the interest on his mortgage, his farm was sold and sacrificed, and Farmer Careless was left a poor man for the rest of his days. All these great fortunes came upon him because he had carelessly neglected to put a nail worth a penny in the latch of his barn-yard gate.—*American Agriculturist*

THE NEEDY GRASSHOPPER.

BY ANNIE MOORE

"Good morning, sir," said an idle and unfortunate grasshopper to a very busy bee; "that is a pretty flower. I am sure the best way to make honey? I suffered so much last night from cold and am determined it shall not be so again Besides I am hungry, and would like to come in and learn to make it, if only for the pleasure of eating it some day. Please to let me going rain flowers head first, as you do?"

"I have no time to tell you," said the bee, "and shall not waste my time by any hard questions. And then you are not fitted for it. Your knees are above your head, and the flow away

"Oh, my gentle, to make comments upon my personal appearance! I mean to try my best to make honey, as they orwate," said the grasshopper, watching closely another bee, who went buzzing into a flower and was lost to view. "I am sure I can learn with anything, if it is necessary." So he made a leap at the flower, but fell to the ground. The bee herself that grew near by. The delicate bell of the flower closed.

"Four, perishable thing!" said he, as he hopped back to the grass, "I am sorry."

Just then he saw a spider industriously spinning his web in the hedge.

"Good morning, neighbor," said the grass hopper

"Good morning," said the spider, rather gruffly; for he never liked to be disturbed at his work.

"I would like to ask one or two questions about making a web," said the grasshopper, "I have often watched you at your work in my leisure moments, but can't exactly see how you manage it. I have tried many of grass and things. Are flies good?"

"Rather!" said the spider.

That looks easy," said the grasshopper.

"I wonder if I could do it."

"Nothing like trying," said the spider "You go back-ward and forward quite steadily, I see. I am overstrained to go on the jump That would not do as well, per haps?"

"Thank you for the information," said the grasshopper "I have a great mind to try it.

"Not on the side of the hedge," said the spider; "it belongs to me."

"Oh, certainly not," said the grasshopper, "then the property is safe." And away he went, the grasshopper hopped over the hedge and began to go back-ward and forward, as he had seen the spider do.

A gay fly came flitting by. "If this web were only done I could catch some," thought the grasshopper; but he said, "What do you do for a living, my friend?"

"*I do?*" said the fly—"nothing! I am a gentleman. I exercise myself."

How about the cold winter?" said the grasshopper.

"Oh, I creep into a snug hole and sleep till the warm days come again," said the fly.

"That's a new idea," said the grasshopper "Though I am afraid I could not sleep so long—I am rather nervous. Even if I had a comfortable home, I should not be at ease. But pray tell me if you see any thing like a web. I have been going backward and forward and across, and the spider does, for as much as ten minutes, but I fear I shall not succeed."

"There is no sign of a web," said the fly, who knew all about such matters. "That thing you are so good to eat," said the grasshopper, reaching the bee, "for he was hungry.

"Oh no! Far from it," said the fly "it is only the whim of," and he flew over the hedge.

Then the grasshopper jumped down in despair, and walked along the garden path, where he met a worm and asked him.

An ant came to her door to see what was the matter. "Why, I thought I would come into his head "Indeed morning, neighbor," said she. "You look as though you believe. I went to bed comfortable quarters for the winter, and am willing to make myself useful."

"I thought you were a dancing master," said the ant.

"I was, madam," said he, "but that business is over. I've had my day, and I'm not sorry for it. Now I'm thinking of settling down."

"Of course not, I might have known it," said the ant. "a grasshopper has no friend friend to an ant since the world began."

"Yes, I know it," said the grasshopper. "Are you good at the needle?" said the ant.

"I am good at everything" said the grasshopper, excepting at making honey and spinning webs, and one thing I would like to know exactly what you mean by 'the needle.'"

"Begone, then," said the snake; "I can't be troubled with idlers."

The autumn wind blew cold and sharp as the bee passed through the meadow in search of food.

"Am I then an impostor?" thought he. "My father taught me no trade, and left me to shift for myself. I have tried to do some way of providing for himself. Even the ant refuses me. I will be a worrie of fortune. Well, then, if I was do nothing else, I can at least learn to take a long nap as he does. But I will eat some poppy seeds first to give me courage, for I am very hungry."

So he took a strong dose of poppy seeds, and crept into a hole in the wall to sleep away the cold. And would I be could—*The Children's Hour*

THE CALIFORNIA FLOUR TRADE.—It is reported that there are now at sea carrying flour from the Pacific coast to Liverpool and for Great Britain, with cargoes aggregating 1,700,000 sacks of wheat; eight vessels for domestic Atlantic ports, with 166,000 sacks of wheat, and ten vessels for Rio de Janeiro with 150,000 sacks of flour. The California flour and wheat now afloat for Europe, is believed, will exceed in sacks aggregate to 2,500,000 sacks of wheat, valued at $4,000,000.

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No. 26.	Seasickness, Sea Sickness, Vomiting	50
No. 27.	Kidney Disease, Gravel, Calculus	50
No. 28.	Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness	1.00
No. 29.	Sore Mouth, Canker	50
No. 30.	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	50
No. 31.	Painful Menstruation, Spasmodic	50
No. 32.	Pain, Pain in Back, Chest, Limbs	50
No. 33.	Diphtheria, Ulcerated sore throat	50
No. 34.	Chronic Congestions and Eruptions	50

All the above Specifics, (except No. 28) are in Vials of fifty Pellets, with Book of Directions, and sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

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No. 5.	Case of Thirty-two Vials, with Book	25 00
No. 6.	Case of Thirty-two Vials, with Book	25 00
No. 7.	Case of Thirty-two Vials, with Book	25 00
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Powders sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Fever, Ague, Chill Fever, Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache, Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Difficult Breathing, Croup, Whooping Cough, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains, Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Painful Menstruation, Spasmodic, Suppressed or Painful Periods, Whites, too Profuse Periods, Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swellings, Sore Throat, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Kidney Disease, Gravel, Calculus, Dropsy, Scanty Secretions, Seasickness, Sea Sickness, Vomiting, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, Sore Mouth, Canker, Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed, Sore Nipples, Painful Menstruation, Spasmodic, Pain, Pain in Back, Chest, Limbs, Sore Throat, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Chronic Congestions and Eruptions, Powders for Injecting, Powders for Inflammation of the Bladder, Powders for Inflammation of the Kidneys.

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THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, Editor.
William C. Banton, Assistant Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 24, 1869.

Vol. IX. No. 13. New Series. Whole No. 415.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

Is published every Saturday on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. JOSHUA WOODLIN,

GENERAL BOOK STEWARD,

No. 631 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

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One square (ten lines space) three months,	2 50
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One square (ten lines space) one year,	7 00
Two lines inserted one year,	1 00

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder

HEAVENLY MUSIC.

BY WILLIAM H. TRUSO.

Oh! I hear a band of music—
How it falls upon my ear;
And it seems to call me homeward,
With the "angels in the air."
I am tying on my pillow,
Waiting patiently to go,
When my father will me to Him.
I will leave this world below.

Can it be the choir of heaven
That I hear singing o'er me?
Oh! I long to greet that number,
And to wait the golden screen.
All my vocal will be ready,
All my tears I leave with Him;
He will guide me o'er the river
When the clouds are dark and dim.

I am weak, my strength is failing—
How I long to join that band,
How I long to greet that number,
In that fair and happy land.
Oh, I hear the angels calling,
Calling me to leave above,
And I feel that I am going
To that land of pure and love.

Farewell, world of sin and sorrow;
I am going heavenward,
To be clad in purest raiment
I am going to my Lord.
Hark! I hear the angels singing,
Oh, the sights now have opened!
They are waiting 'round my bedside,
Anxiously to guard me home.

Oh, my eyes are dim and failing,
And I feel cold hands and weak—
Is this death? Oh, tell me quickly,
For I am not anxious' speak.
Yes, Jesus, to Thy haven,
Welcome death, thy name I'll own.
I am going—I'm going,
Jesus calls me to His throne.

Bartlett, Tenn., March, 1869.

For the Christian Recorder.

MINNIE'S SACRIFICE.

BY REV. P. F. W. HAMILTON.

LE GRANGE'S PLAN.—CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.

"The whole fact is this, Joe, I am in an awkward fix. I have got myself into a scrape, and I want you to help me out of it. You were good at such things when we were at College, and I want you to try your hand again."

"Well, what's the difficulty now?"

"Well, it is rather serious one. I have got a child on my hands, and I don't know what to do with it."

"Whose child is it?"

"Now, Lindy's just where the difficulty lies! It is the child of one of my girls, but it looks so much like me, that my wife don't want it on the place. I am too hard up just now to take the child and her mother, North, and take care of them there. And to tell you the truth I am too humane to leave the child sold here as a slave. Now in a word you can think that among your Abolitionist friends in the North you could find any one who would raise the child and bring it up like a white child."

"I don't know about that St. Pierre. There are a number of our people in the North, who do two things. They hate slavery and hate negroes. They feel like the woman who is willing to her husband said, they say (or don't say) that aheeno oon queen love, for the longer you stay away the better I love you. But then I know some who, I believe, are really sincere, and who would do anything to help the colored people. I think I know two or three families who would be willing to take the child, and do a good part by her. If you say so, I will write to a friend whom I have now in my mind, and if they will consent I will take the child with me when I go North, provided I can do it without having it discovered that she is colored, for it would put me in an awkward position to be known that I took a colored child away with me."

"Oh, never fear," said St. Pierre, slapping his friend on the shoulder. "The child is whiter than you are, and you have you pass for white."

True to his promise, Josiah Collins wrote to a Quaker friend, whom he knew in Pennsylvania, and told him the particulars of the child's history, and the wishes of her father, and the compensation he would give. In a few days he received a favorable response, in which the friend told him he was glad to have the privilege of rescuing one of that fated race from a doom more cruel than death; that the compensation was no object, that they had lost their own child, and hoped that she would in a measure fill the void in their hearts.

Highly gratified with the kind letter of the friend, Le Grange gave the child into the charge of Josiah Collins, and putting a check for five hundred dollars in his hand, parted with them at the door.

He went back into the room alone, and told his wife that he had negotiated a trader who thought the child a fine article that he had bought her to raise as a house girl, and had given him five hundred dollars for her.

"And here," said he, handing her a set of beautiful pearls, "is your peace offering."

Georgiette's eyes glistened, as she entwined the pearls amid the wealth of her raven hair, and clasped them upon her beautifully rounded arms.

What mattered it to her if every jewel cost a heart-throb, and the whole child was bought with the price of blood? They suited her style of beauty, and she cared not what they cost. Proud, imperious, and selfish, she knew no law but her own will; no gratification but the enjoyment of her own desires.

Fanning from the boudoir of his wife, he sought the room where Ellen sat, busily cutting and arranging the clothing for the child's hands, and gazing tarrifedly around he said, "Here is Minnie's jacket. I have arranged all right." "Thank you," said she, and heard mother, as she paused to dry her tears, and then resumed her needle. "Anything is better than Slavery."

CHAPTER V.

Before I proceed any further with my story, let me tell the reader something of the Le Granges, whom I have so accurately introduced.

Le Grange, like Le Croix, was of French and Spanish descent, and his father had also been a Huguinot refugee. But there the similitude ends: unlike Le Croix, he had grown up a gay and reckless young man, fond of sport, and was living an aimless life.

His father had on his plantation a beautiful quadroon girl, named Blien, whom he had bought in Richmond, because she begged him so to purchase her, and find her dear mother, who had been recommended to him as a first-rate cook. They had been servants in what was called one of the best families of Virginia, and had been treated by their mistress with more kindness and consideration than generally fall to the lot of persons in their condition. As long as she lived, they had been well fed and well clothed, and, except the deprivation of their freedom, had known but few of the hardships so incident to slave life; but reverse had fallen upon them.

Their mistress had intended to set them free; but, dying suddenly, she had failed to carry out her intention. They were sold off into the hands of distant heirs, who sold it sail, and divided it among themselves. Blien and her mother were put up at auction, when a kindly-looking old Frenchman bought the mother. Blien stood trembling by; but, when she saw her mother sold to another, she darted forth, and, kneeling at his feet, she begged him to buy her. The motherless child and she, the childless one, and I'll serve you faithful day and night, there is a heap of work in those old house yet."

Mr. Le Grange told her to be quiet, and he would buy her. And, true to his word, although the bidding ran high, and the competition was keen, he secured her, and the next day he started with them for his plantation on Red River.

His son, Eugene, had just graduated, and was spending the winter at home, in the most mood of which it is said that Satan finds some employment for idle hands to do. Milly, who knew the wiles of the world better than Blien, tried to keep her as much as possible out of his way; but her caution was all in vain. She saw her child engulfed, as thousands of her race had been.

Mrs. Le Grange, who was born because appraised of the conception of things, grew very angry; but, instead of venting her indignation upon her son, she poured out the vials of her wrath upon the defenseless girl. She made up her mind to send her off, and picked the first opportunity, while her son was absent, to send her to a trader's pen in the city. When Louis came home, he sought for Blien every where and threatened, and her eyes red with weeping.

"What is the matter?" said Louis.

"Master enough," said Milly. "Missus done gone and sold Blien."

"Sold Blien! Way, how did that happen?"

"Why, she found out all about her, and said she should not stay on the place another day; and so she sent her down to Orleans to the nigger trader's, and my heart's most broke;" and Milly sat down, wiping her tears with her apron.

"Never mind, Milly," said Louis. "I'll go down to New Orleans and bring her back. Mother don't know how I love the child, me, as if I were a boy, and must always be tied to her apron string. I've got some money of my own, and mean to find Blien if I have to look all over the country."

He entered the dining room, and saw his mother seated at the tea table, looking as bland and pleasant as a Spring morning, and asked, "Where is Ellen?"

The smile died from her lips, and she answered, sortly, "Blien is out of your reach. I've sold her."

"But where have you sold her?"

"Out of your reach, and that is all I am going to tell you."

Then without saying another word went out to the coachman, and asked what time the cars left the station

"Ten minutes to nine."

"Can you take me there in time to reach the train? I want to go to the city tonight."

"Certainly, master; your horses is fast and when."

"Never mind your excuses, here," said he, handing him a dollar, "hitch up as quick as possible, and take me there with out any 'buts' or 'ifs.'"

"All right, massa," said Sam, grinning with delight. "I'll have you over there in short order."

The carriage harnessed, Samuel loosed up the high spirited horses, and reached the depot almost a half hour before the time.

Louis arrived in the city after midnight, and the next day he began his search for Ellen. He searched through different slave pens, inquired of all the traders, said at last, ready to abandon his search in hopelessness, he heard of a private jail in the suburbs of the city. Nothing daunted by his failures, he found the place and Ellen also.

The trader eyed him keenly, and saw from his manner that he was in earnest about having the girl

"She is not for sale in this city. Who ever buy her must run off with her, or take her out of this city. That was the bargain I made with her mistress. She made me promise to sell her child and her to no one in the vicinity of the city. So if she wanted me to sell her out of the city for one, she would not have she had dedicated him to the blessed Virgin, and I knew she wanted to keep him out of the way of temptation. Now what will you give me for her?"

"Will you take a thousand for her?"

"Now you ain't saying nothing," said the trader, quietly, and spitting on the floor.

"How will twelve hundred do?"

"It won't do at all, not for such a fancy article as that. I'd rather keep her myself than sell her at such a low figure. Why she took her up to Washington to have her picture! Look at that neck, and shoulders! See how she carries her head! And look at that splendid head of hair! Why some of our rabobs would give three thousand dollars; but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll let you have her for two thousand dollars, fancy article is cheap at that."

Louis demurred; but the trader was inexorable, and rather than let the opportunity to rescue Ellen from this escape he paid the exorbitant price, and had her brought to his hotel. He sent word to get a hack at his house for Ellen, and have her taken there, installed as its mistress. He then went back to the plantation as if nothing had happened, and his mother soon thought he was reconciled about the loss of Ellen. Milly, who knew better, and she kept it up as a secret thing.

"I've got some pleasant news for you, Louis," said Mrs. Le Grange, one day to her son: "your uncle and cousin are coming down from Virginia, and I want you to be all attention to them, especially to the girl's rich. She has a fortune in her right, which was left her by her grandmother, and his father's death, added, to which they say she is a very beautiful girl."

"Very considerate," said Louis, under his breath, and then added, "I'll do my best to please them."

"Yes, do, and please, and just graduated, and was spending the winter at home, in that mood of which it is said that Satan finds some employment for idle hands to do. Milly, who knew the wiles of the world better than Blien, tried to keep her as much as possible out of his way; but her caution was all in vain. She saw her child engulfed, as thousands of her race had been.

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as far as it has been allotted to man. It may be true that the dreadnaught may drown the present corpses in the sepulchres of the intoxicating fluid, or the immoral may dull their sensitiveness to some impending calamity, in the exciting society of those given to vice and debauchery. But certainly their troubles return only magnified by their momentary absence.

In a pecuniary point of view, it is cheaper to live a moral life than one of immorality and vice, for the simple reason that every vice, however small, must cost something more or less, while morality and virtue cost nothing.

"Well," says one young man, "I have only this little vice." But, my dear sir, does it not occur to you, that those "little vices" are the ones most likely to follow you through life, for you would very soon become the terror of your wife, your next door neighbor, both upon your constitution and purse; while the "little vices" are all equality injurious although the injury be not perceptible at the time.

We have long ago acknowledged the fact that "cleanliness is next to godliness" ever since we have had the pleasure of knowing the Rev. Jesse Peck, D. D., and the Rev. S. Thomas, and Judge High L. Bond, both good preachers, and both having claims to distinction in the Republican ranks. Both have friends amongst the colored people, and both have reason to be proud of the receipt of petitions to the President for appointments of the Treasury. Which of the contestants is the best qualified we are unable to conjecture, but we hope he will not be long in age and the influence of his position to certain of the black ranks of the Republican party, sad for the inspiration of confidence in the colored people Bishop Waymen would be a capital man to lead a helping hand to every good work, has been unceasingly exposed to a cross fire in this contest. The colored people appear to give his agentures in the interest of Judge Bond, which he did in Washington, promising him his name should be signed to the papers as acting in his interest of either party, but when the two two delegations met in Washington. The Bishop was requested by the other to accompany them to the White House, which he did, with the understanding that he was not to be presented as a delegate. The white friends of the two contestants were determined not to keep things in this shape. Accordingly, the papers of the next day took leave of the Bishop as leading the delegation, and accompanying the other, in the interest of the respective contestants.—so much for misrepresentation. The Bishop's own popularity with all classes of humanity was a prize eagerly sought, both parties claiming it. Knowing the Bishop is not a politician, we hope our "wire pullers" will use the weight of his influence as he directed and not as a false light leading the country, and misrepresent his association in political controversies.

The meeting of the Board of Managing was held here on the School question. A memorial was prepared, and a committee, consisting of Bishop Payne, Rev. Dr. Lee, Rev. Dr. Williams, Brice and H. H. Webb, and G. A. Hackett, was appointed to present to the Gov. General's office for Public schools, also the right of colored teachers to teach them. As now classified, they are not above the law, but the white and colored persons are allowed to teach in them. We must fight it not on the line until we have equal and privileges as to a high premium, finding ready buyers at 10 and 15 per cent, with good collateral. Hence the poor must suffer. We expect to be soon relieved from the state of things by the introduction of the new administration. It is not a question now when to invest, but in what to invest. We may soon expect the Legislature to assume their former motion, with wisdom and money abundant and cheap, and glad tidings to hundreds of poor throughout our whole land. M.

For the Christian Recorder.

ANOTHER WATCHMAN GONE!

This Rev. Barrell M. Harris, a member of the Ohio Annual Conference, has passed the gloomy vale of death. He was born in the town of Jesse at Scioto, P. M., Sunday, February 23, 1809, at his residence in Union, Ohio, where Rev. Harris spent the greater of Allen's Chapel. While Elder Young was stationed at Lexington for the State of Kentucky, he appointed Rev. Jesse Peck to Newport Mission, where he labored with considerable success until the sitting of the Ohio Conference at Lexington, O. This Conference elected him to represent the Ohio Annual in the General Conference of 1868. He attended it, and then in addition he went to Virginia and remained there during the coming home, he signified his willingness to work with the itinerancy. The Bishop appointed him to the Union Station, but he was never permitted to go to his field of labor. The seeds of death were sown in his constitution, they had increased. The Church had friends praying that God would preserve his life, but God in many friends that he his work was done. Dr. Harris was because he bore up under his afflictions with Christian fortitude and resignation

Brother Harris was an exemplary Christian and a consistent minister of the Gospel of Christ, he practiced what he taught others to do. He was much beloved by the members of the Church with which he was identified. The old members loved him because he was a promising son. The young looked upon him as a safe leader and reliable instructor. But he is gone to return no more. The silver cord of friendship has been broken by the ruthless hand of death. Another saint has escaped in the mansions of rest.

The Church has lost (or transferred to the Church triumphant) a consistent member. The ministry has lost a faithful and earnest laborer The Daughters of Conference have lost a kind and faithful friend. The fraternity has furnished another published alone for the temple on high. The Ohio may invoke a call from the above and Government, but the General will assume the responsibility

Our colored politicians are having a lively time in the interest of the Republican contestants for the Delegateship of this port. The leading contestants are Bishop Payne, D. D. Thomas, and Judge High L. Bond, both good preachers, and both having claims to distinction in the Republican ranks. Both have friends amongst the colored people, and both have reason to be proud of the receipt of petitions to the President for appointments of the Treasury. Which of the contestants is the best qualified we are unable to conjecture, but we hope he will not be long in age and the influence of his position to certain of the black ranks of the Republican party, sad for the inspiration of confidence in the colored people Bishop Waymen would be a capital man to lead a helping hand to every good work, has been unceasingly exposed to a cross fire in this contest. The colored people appear to give his agentures in the interest of Judge Bond, which he did in Washington, promising him his name should be signed to the papers as acting in his interest of either party, but when the two two delegations met in Washington. The Bishop was requested by the other to accompany them to the White House, which he did, with the understanding that he was not to be presented as a delegate. The white friends of the two contestants were determined not to keep things in this shape. Accordingly, the papers of the next day took leave of the Bishop as leading the delegation, and accompanying the other, in the interest of the respective contestants.—so much for misrepresentation. The Bishop's own popularity with all classes of humanity was a prize eagerly sought, both parties claiming it. Knowing the Bishop is not a politician, we hope our "wire pullers" will use the weight of his influence as he directed and not as a false light leading the country, and misrepresent his association in political controversies.

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For the Christian Recorder.

MORAL CHARACTER.

It is perhaps needless to call your attention to the fact that a day scarcely passes over our heads, but that something is said on the above subject; nor need you be told that if the matter pertaining directly to the subject could be compiled and put in book form, it could make volumes innumerable. But the subject sorely requires it. Is it not essential that the young should be aware in the formation of a character? Is it not a jewel worth obtaining at any price?

The greatest trouble with our young men is that they fail to appreciate the value of morality and virtue; they are led to believe, by those who are themselves almost beyond reparation, that there is no need of it, and an enjoyment in it; and they (the victims) fail to call to mind, that old and familiar adage, that "misery loves company," and thus thoughtfully throw away one of the rarest of jewels. As far as happiness is concerned, the moral and virtuous are the people that really enjoy themselves

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Christian Recorder.

BALTIMORE CORRESPONDENCE.

Young Men's Christian Association—Widows' Home—Police—Schools, &c., &c.

Baltimore is indebted to Bishop Wayman for having a well-organized Young Men's Christian Association. Some weeks ago the Bishop issued a call for a Convention of all the colored ministers of the various denominations in the city, to consider what might be done for the moral advancement of society. At this meeting (which was held in the pastor's study of Bethel) many of the present moral, religious, and social conditions of society as they subsisted, and, it was finally decided that there was on the increase, that vice and immorality is making fearful inroads upon gentility, virtue and Christianity; that the attractions held out by saloons and clubs where our young men and boys spend their idle moments—and spending their time in gambling, drinking, and defying them to fill that position of true worshipper of the Most High, and a worthy character to the female circle. It was resolved to form a Young Men's Christian Association, and we are pleased to say it is doing a glorious work now in this city.

We are sorry to say that the Widow's Home is somewhat embarrassed in its noble Christian work. Institutions of this kind has been under the guidance and management of Mrs. Mary Frost and Mrs. Annetta Jordan, two of the most useful women in our community, in a frame building, well furnished, and with a number of inmates This building was given by an agreement, to a Board of Trustees, by the Government, through the Freedmen's Bureau, and, lastly, at that time, being under the control of the Government. Recently the city authorities sold the land and improvements, and the Directors were ordered to vacate. Of course, they have no title from the Government, and there remains but two things to be done, first, vacate, second, the Government should help them to dispose of their house, which is worth at least $2,000. We are glad that the Bureau is moving in the matter. Gen. Howard, with his usual magnanimity, has proposed that if the Trustees will procure a lot, he will sell the property, and turn the proceeds over into their hands This may involve a law suit between the Bureau and Government, but the General will assume the responsibility

Our colored politicians are having a lively time in the interest of the Republican contestants for the Delegateship of this port. The leading contestants are Bishop Payne, D. D. Thomas, and Judge High L. Bond, both good preachers, and both having claims to distinction in the Republican ranks. Both have friends amongst the colored people, and both have reason to be proud of the receipt of petitions to the President for appointments of the Treasury. Which of the contestants is the best qualified we are unable to conjecture, but we hope he will not be long in age and the influence of his position to certain of the black ranks of the Republican party, sad for the inspiration of confidence in the colored people Bishop Waymen would be a capital man to lead a helping hand to every good work, has been unceasingly exposed to a cross fire in this contest. The colored people appear to give his agentures in the interest of Judge Bond, which he did in Washington, promising him his name should be signed to the papers as acting in his interest of either party, but when the two two delegations met in Washington. The Bishop was requested by the other to accompany them to the White House, which he did, with the understanding that he was not to be presented as a delegate. The white friends of the two contestants were determined not to keep things in this shape. Accordingly, the papers of the next day took leave of the Bishop as leading the delegation, and accompanying the other, in the interest of the respective contestants.—so much for misrepresentation. The Bishop's own popularity with all classes of humanity was a prize eagerly sought, both parties claiming it. Knowing the Bishop is not a politician, we hope our "wire pullers" will use the weight of his influence as he directed and not as a false light leading the country, and misrepresent his association in political controversies.

The meeting of the Board of Managing was held here on the School question. A memorial was prepared, and a committee, consisting of Bishop Payne, Rev. Dr. Lee, Rev. Dr. Williams, Brice and H. H. Webb, and G. A. Hackett, was appointed to present to the Gov. General's office for Public schools, also the right of colored teachers to teach them. As now classified, they are not above the law, but the white and colored persons are allowed to teach in them. We must fight it not on the line until we have equal and privileges as to a high premium, finding ready buyers at 10 and 15 per cent, with good collateral. Hence the poor must suffer. We expect to be soon relieved from the state of things by the introduction of the new administration. It is not a question now when to invest, but in what to invest. We may soon expect the Legislature to assume their former motion, with wisdom and money abundant and cheap, and glad tidings to hundreds of poor throughout our whole land. M.

For the Christian Recorder.

ANOTHER WATCHMAN GONE!

This Rev. Barrell M. Harris, a member of the Ohio Annual Conference, has passed the gloomy vale of death. He was born in the town of Jesse at Scioto, P. M., Sunday, February 23, 1809, at his residence in Union, Ohio, where Rev. Harris spent the greater of Allen's Chapel. While Elder Young was stationed at Lexington for the State of Kentucky, he appointed Rev. Jesse Peck to Newport Mission, where he labored with considerable success until the sitting of the Ohio Conference at Lexington, O. This Conference elected him to represent the Ohio Annual in the General Conference of 1868. He attended it, and then in addition he went to Virginia and remained there during the coming home, he signified his willingness to work with the itinerancy. The Bishop appointed him to the Union Station, but he was never permitted to go to his field of labor. The seeds of death were sown in his constitution, they had increased. The Church had friends praying that God would preserve his life, but God in many friends that he his work was done. Dr. Harris was because he bore up under his afflictions with Christian fortitude and resignation

Brother Harris was an exemplary Christian and a consistent minister of the Gospel of Christ, he practiced what he taught others to do. He was much beloved by the members of the Church with which he was identified. The old members loved him because he was a promising son. The young looked upon him as a safe leader and reliable instructor. But he is gone to return no more. The silver cord of friendship has been broken by the ruthless hand of death. Another saint has escaped in the mansions of rest.

The Church has lost (or transferred to the Church triumphant) a consistent member. The ministry has lost a faithful and earnest laborer The Daughters of Conference have lost a kind and faithful friend. The fraternity has furnished another published alone for the temple on high. The Ohio may invoke a call from the above and Government, but the General will assume the responsibility

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Philadelphia, Saturday, April 24, 1869.

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Editorial.—Books, Pamphlets, &c.—A. M. E. Church News.

Miscellaneous.—South Carolina Correspondence. Organization of the Pittsburgh Conference—The Command—North Carolina Conference—Appointments of the North Carolina Conference—Letters from a Farmer—Look Up—The Tree of Life—Mowing Earthquakes—Flaschette and Electricity.

Religious Intelligence.

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Notices.

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FOURTH PAGE.

Poetry.

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Advertisements.

NOTICE.

Will all the dear friends, at home and abroad, send to the Editor what concerns the matter they may wish to be inserted in the *Recorder*. tf

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

Of Books—Why none has come to the office lo! these many days! Publishers and Booksellers still seem to act on the supposition that the colored people of the South can't, and if there are, they do not read. Consequently they never send us a publication. Gentlemen of the Press, we are free soilers in sentiment, and hosts of us read. We beg you not to be "penny wise, and pound foolish."

Of Pamphlets.—*The Gokteys* for April has come to hand. It is replete with good reading. Chas. Reade's *"Put Yourself in His Place,"* promises well. We doubt not that Henry Little and Grace Caroline will open their "eye to eye." The article, "The Great Danger of the Republic," by Prof. S. Dascom Smith, deserves the attention of all who love their country, and desire the perpetuity of the Republican institution in short all the articles of this starting magazine are good; we could only wish, that as the Editor of our paper, we had nothing else but editorials to perform. Success to the deed, could we do greater justice to this magazine.

"The Monthly Journal of the Universal Association," The Editor of this monthly received "A Statement of Faith," from a former minister in one of the evangelical sects," and was much pleased with it, but he was "tempted" to print it. The thought of the writer, who was *formerly* a minister, ("What to be *latterly*") occurred to the observer and he stated, "I regard Jesus Christ as only a man, yet in the spiritual life, as exemplified, providentially designed to be a religious Saviour."

Whew! how much clearer than Scripture that is! And to the person of Christ, God was in darkness compared to this *former* minister.

"The Republic of Liberia," An Address delivered to Hon. J. J. Roberts, President of Liberia College, has been sent us, and we have perused it with pleasure. The story of the good ship "Elizabeth" is yet as good that of the Mayflower; while Capt. Menaredo will be another Plymouth Rock.

"*The Minutes of the National Convention of Colored Men of America*," recently held in Washington City have made their appearance. Prof. Bassett, Minister Resident and Consul General to Hayti, will accept our thanks for a copy. It is a document worthy of preservation. Future generations of American Negroes will desire to possess it.

"A New and Improved Standard of Promise and Reglley, and English and French Dictionary." By Prof. A. G. Colley, of Oxford. A most valuable work indeed, and should be in the hands of all who seek a knowledge of the French. We commend it to the Resident of Wilberforce. Published as it is in numbers, the students at that school of learning where the French is taught could easily possess themselves of a copy of it. Published by Schaefer & Koradi, Philadelphia, 18 cts per No.

"Sign of Gladness." The New Sabbath School Music Book by J. R. Gould, judging from the few notes issued, promises to be a fine collection of Sabbath School Melodies.

"The Missionary Record" still makes its rounds with a regularity that is certainly to be commended. Its Editor Rev. Gloucester for the last two numbers of a change of "base." Senator Cain owes it to himself, and to the people of his adopted State to make the *Record* a power in the land. Just such a paper is needed, and when we say we wish it a hearty God-speed, we but speak the sentiment of all who comprehend the "situation."

"Colored Citizen's Monthly," of Jackson, Miss., comes to us full of spicy news. We certainly agree with the sentiments it receives. If we could whisper in the ear of our friend, without being heard, we would recommend him to destroy some of his d's and l's. In the last number they occurred sixteen times. However, such things are only noticed by "old maids"

"The Progress of Liberty," Edited and Published by H. L. C. Hughes, Esq., Harrisburg, has come to hand. It gives its readers just a little refreshing news. Published at the State Capitol it can keep its readers posted on the politics of our State

"*The Sun Beam*," comes regularly to hand at night, he expected it in a lively little sheet for its Editor, Rufus L. Perry, is a live man. Designed for the Sabbath Schools of our Baptist brethren, it certainly ought to be introduced into all their schools.

"The Sabbath School Attendant," published by Master and Thomas, at Pittsburgh, improves with its age. It is altogether a most creditable Sunday School journal; and as it is only designed to be an individual enterprise until the Church shall be prepared to "run the machine," it ought to be introduced into all of our schools What say you Superintendents? Get the "Sabbath School Attendant into your school

"The Agitator," Devoted to the Interests of Woman, and published at Chicago, has come to hand. All must agree in pronouncing it a fine journal Most creditable indeed it is to its lady editors. May it ever possess less spice than sour, and may its moral tone always be kept at the same high pitch with which it has commenced. We invite our lady readers to subscribe for the "Agitator," assuring them that it will give them something else to dream on besides lace and ribbons.

N B. By the way, we are tempted to ask again, What has become of the Revelution?

A. M. E. CHURCH NEWS.

FROM THE MINISTERS.

Louisville, K. C.—At the recent session of the South Carolina Conference, Rev Jas T. Baker was re-appointed to the pastoral charge of this circuit Since Rev. Baker's return twenty-nine have joined the Church. The members on the circuit are building a new church.

Opelika, Ala.—Rev. L. Gardner writes "Since I have been stationed here forty members have come over into the church. We are making progress"

Michigan.—Rev. W. B. Lankford writes — "Having closed a series of meetings in our new pastoral charge, I proceeded to visit the several charges in the interior of the State, of which we have the oversight.

Quarterly Conference.—On the 5th and 7th of the past month we visited brother Jones Bass at Tpsilanti, which was the occasion of the best quarterly meeting we ever held.

We were pleased to find the Circuit in flourishing condition Brother Bass is doing a good work, spiritually himself. To the right man, in the *right* place! Between forty and fifty have been added to the church the present year.

Niles Circuit—This Circuit has been greatly neglected, having enjoyed the *Holy* Communion only four times in a year. Since the pastoral charge of brother Wm Johnson, the work is gradually coming up, and begins to look hopeful. The first quarterly meeting was held at "Mt. Zion" in a large and neatly finished edifice, situated in Cass county, and surrounded with a class of wealthy farmers, there being not over half a dozen white families for eight miles square.

Kalamazo Circuit, under the pastoral care of Rev. B. Cary, is flourishing. The 2nd quarterly meeting was held at Mount Zion on the first Sabbath in March. Fifty-nine have been added to the church during the winter, many of whom are young men of promise. They are the fruit of class meeting.

Springfield, Ill.—Rev. D. W. Winslow writes: "We have just closed a series of revival meetings lasting eight weeks, during which time sixty have joined the church fifty-six of whom professed conversion. Our church in Jacksonville was burned February 7th Insurance, $1,400. We have commenced building a new church on the same spot, size, 66 by 86 feet. We want to dedicate it at the time of the Annual Conference session. We have subscriptions amounting to $1,700."

Rev. W. H. Brown, Mendenhall and Oil City—We think that all the members of the newly organized Pittsburgh Conference agree with us in the statement that we had a special report made by the above minister, representing the above named cities, we the Rose unto all hail to those two important cities of the West. They have done nobly

Members who have paid one dollar at Meadville and Oil City

Charles Allen, Hannah Austin, Hanshiah Butler, Susan Butler, Anna Butler, Marian Butler, Catharine Butler, Elizabeth Butler, Caroline Butler, Sarah Collins, Richard Henderson, Robert Henderson, Mary A. Henderson, Elias Hoodsloss, Elias Hagh, Margaret Hawkins, William Hutchins, Joseph Irons, Mary Hensley, Emma Hood, Amanda Jackson, Hattie Jackson, Emelino Jackson, Lenny Jackson, David Jackson, Margaret Pratt, Margaret Parday, William Scott, Willis Sharp, Tybeilla Scott, Elias Sharp, Anna Williams, George Henderson, Henry Payton, Elizabeth Bench, R. Green, Anna Green, Nelley Grey, Jones Allen, Simon Arnal, Jennie Allen, Sarah Brown, Anna Brown, Henry Blackwell, Lissie Blackwell, Matilda Black, Mary Bailey, Mary Bartlett, Green, Richard M. Green, Anna R. Green, Susan Hall, Robert Nash, Isaac Mann, Hannah Mann, Mary Patterson, Mary Patterson, Carrie Patterson, Kate Wright, Mary Miley, Levi Newsom, Wilt Harris, Matilda Harris, Mary Hall, Charles Hall, Mrs. Andrew Goodwin, Miss L. Neal, Beurietta Smith Hattie Thomas Wm H Brown, Pastor.

For the Christian Recorder.

SOUTH CAROLINA CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor.—One month having elapsed since my transfer from the metropolis to the capital of the Palmetto State, and a much longer time since I have attempted to write for your or your excellent paper, I submit a few jottings to be inserted only at your discretion.

Columbia City

from my standpoint is a mass of ruins, and seems to have suffered more from the "radicalistic judgment" than any other place I know of. Fredericksburg, Va was riddled to pieces by shell. Columbia reduced to ashes by the torch. It is disputed as to which side (the Union or Confederate forces) was the most successful in destroying this once beautiful city, at any rate Gen. Sherman's name is immortal in this place Yet, notwithstanding the ruins and immense losses since the election, and inauguration of Gen. Grant, the people appear cheerful, hopeful, and peaceful. The ruins are gradually being removed and new buildings erected Reconstruction seems to be encouraging everywhere, and *her friends are true*, her final triumph is certain

The Legislature

which has been in session *five* nearly three months adjourned to-day! Although they have not accomplished as much for the interest of the poor, and the cause of education as I desired, yet when compared with other legislatures, they have done nobly But what is wonderful, the leading members, the workers, the most influential men of the Senate and House were mostly colored men And what is more wonderful to me, that some of the colored members of the General Assembly of South Carolina, can be natives to the party or proscription that tilled them out of the most abject slavery, and set them down or up in the Legislature of the State. But as this is an age of wonders, I am not dismayed at say event, my faith is in a God of justice and love, who controls all events, and wills them on to the direction of universal liberty and love. Another wonder is that, the

Freedmen's Bureau

passed the Legislature of S. C. Calhoun's doctrine of Secession and State Rights to the contrary notwithstanding, and with little or no opposition. Surely the world moves!

Miss Martha L. Kellogg.

A long tried and faithful friend to our people, has at one time past in Charleston, S.C., and has quietly passed into the land of the blest, to reap a glorious inheritance for all the well spent days of unfaltering devotion to the cause of the oppressed. She possessed a well balanced combination of the most excellent qualities "None knew her but to love her." She was highly intellectual, well educated, yet simple, unassuming and modest, and withal of a most generous, refinement, she submarily adapted herself easily and naturally to the lowly, the ignorant, the down trodden, to be bless and lift them up. Indeed it seemed to be her highest ambition to comfort and relieve the distressed temporally and spiritually. She was small and delicate physically, but gigantic and invincible in moral and religious principles and in the true Christian application of a Christian, or it was Christlike, as embodied in those sacred principles of the excellent Apostles

this Tree of Life a sacramental pledge to those who are mourning as mourners of the first and noblest of fellowship with God? The fact that its fruit might be freely appropriated was implies that it was not sacramental. But was not a sacramental token, in as sublime a need? a sacramental token in as sublime a Mosaical Scriptural authority for the blessing of wanting. Again, was the Tree of Life a evidence of man's probation? A token or sign of happiness unconditional and eternal if he should "endure the trial of her fidelity and worthiness to be probation? Now how ever true it is that God placed this "first pair" upon a state however uncertain it may have been that their consciousness in that state of probation would result in their eternal holiness and joy, we see as evidence that they had any visible pledge of that result, not even the most remote allusion to it as such in a fact.

What then was the object of the Tree of Life? Why was it placed in Paradise? We answer that that temporal as well as spiritual death to man was the bitter fruit of his sin. By man came death." "In Adam all die." "By a man sin entered into the world and death by sin." But for sin, therefore, man had not known death. It matters not whether he would have remained forever on earth or have been translated, as Enoch and Elijah, to heaven. He would, in some world, have enjoyed a holy, happy, spiritual life. He would have been perpetuated by some appropriate immortality. In view of this fact the Tree of Life appears to have had keep the garden of Eden. Was there so far as the proper nutriment of soil, and the rest of its products demanded, to guard with a strict preservation of the plant. This would consume, naturally, some "wear and tear." Death itself, even in the state of innocence, would have to be allowed. At all events, we see quite clearly that the presence of a healthy body would involve the necessity of supply. This is supposed in the use of the fruits of the garden. Its quality of life would be secured by the infinite power indeed but through natural instrumentality. There must be supply proportionate to waste. The material nature, equally with the moral would be provided for. Hunger and thirst and weariness must be provided for. The presence of sadness must bring with it the joy. In order to perpetuate strength so as to fulfill eternity they we see in this constitutional necessity for the provision must and need of the Tree of Life? We do not evidently planted, or made to spring up in the centre of the garden, and that it was separate from every plant, and easily accessible, that it might be known to be distinguished from the varieties of health and vigor, preventing disease and decay, requiring waste and repairing it, for so long as their probation was to last, or until that life was established in its eternal perfection? The same of the Tree indicates that it was a living tree indeed, like all the rest, but it was more. It imparted vitality. It was a vitality; not merely to a living tree; not to other trees growing life, but as a separate thing. MENTALITY—the lifeless method of rendering man physically superior to animals—evidently what is the just and natural conclusion to be drawn from the words of God's own mouth, after the fall? "The Lord God said: Behold the man is become like one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever—and the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden to till the ground from whence he was taken. So He drove out the man, and He placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life."

Six literal days in the past, but had by again partaken of the Tree of Life he had lived. On no other account was it necessary that he be driven from Eden. His expulsion, therefore, is an adequate comment on the office and nature of the tree in question.

It was the physical source of man's vitality. By it long per-sisted, and, therefore, his mortal, immortal vigor and beauty were, but for sin, to be immortal. And even after sin and death were done, but him again out in fruit and be triumphant over his fate! He repeals he remorgatity! The tree must have been a sacrament of the Paradisiacal character.

In accordance of the view, it is to be noticed that "Tree of Life," when used figuratively signifies something healthful, invigorating, preserving. Thus of wisdom it is said, "she is a tree of life." That is, healthful, life-giving. "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life," that is, saving, giving life to the soul. "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life;" that is, good, healthful. From these and other passages that might be quoted, we learn what, when used figuratively to the literal tree of life, which he used as the basis of the figures when referring to spiritual sentiment, of speaking of some quality of mind and heart.

The Chaplain of Kaskil and the last days of Revelation present also some idea of this tree. In the midst of the New Jerusalem. Many considerations are suggested by these expressions, we have not space to consider them at present. When we enter the new Paradise we shall see the significance of the *Tree of Life*.—*American Presbyterian*

MEASURING EARTHQUAKES.

A great earthquake as usual accompanied by smaller tremors, ruined the kingdom of Naples and destroyed the southern portion of the city, on the 16th of December, 1857. On the 27th of January, 1858, Sir John Hall, Lieutenant of Engineers, gathering evidence of the mode of action which had been felt in the district, and also that the country he was permitted to begin his work; and which appeared in the volumes which contain the results, only illustrated by maps, sections and representations of ruined cities and other interesting objects. This is the first work of the kind. Observations! Seismology. Is it the terrible word writing of nature in overthrow? Is it to be been translated into intelligible and mathematical language, and thus the conditions and laws of the disturbances and the depth from which it springs, be at least determined?

The method of observation was founded on the observation that buildings thrown down in all directions displayed some furnish evidence of the force and direction of the shock, and suggested that if we examined the effects—a method never before practiced—we might be able to ascertain the direction and vastness of each working-cause, so Mr. Mallet just if within the limit of measurement, every fact, and every effect, which might be observed, and other objects were found. However ruined the effects, they all depend on one general principle—the swift passage under them all of a tremendous shock, or a rapid, and but for from prominent seat, which, if it proved sufficiently to be conceived, but passing as it does very swiftly—600 miles an hour or more—it is not to be reasonably shot-objects may be lifted upward or forward, or backward, or fluttered or shaken to ration. The pace is some moved through spaces proportional in the "inertia" of the matter of the wave, but portals of the movement impressed on the particles of the ground while the wave passes through it, and that ended while the wave passes more rapid than what bodies acquire by falling freely from the height of two or three feet.

The nature of the earthquake wave in rocky and yielding ground is illustrated by the statement, that it is a wave of elastic compression. And by the suppressed that the direction of rock's cavity is profound. Into this cavity it will progress cause a great force to enter suddenly, the effect will be to exercise outward pressure on every part of the surface, the pressure of which monophones an every square inch. The cavity may be enlarged by the steam-pressure; the rock being an elastic substance, yields to this pressure through a certain depth from the surface, and more or less parallel to it; thus a zone of compressed rock of a certain depth or thickness is formed, beyond which the next zone in its turn receives the pressure, and sends it onward. Thus there is always a zone of pressure in course of movement through the rocks; the zones behind recovers its first modulus, the space in front is successively all the same time. Thus something zone is the wave of elastic compression.

If, instead of high-pressure steam entering such a cavity, any other active agents of suddenly and momentarily sufficient pressure be substituted, the effect is similar; in any such case the rock would be compressed, the wave would be formed, and would be transmitted. All the particles of rock which the wave ever met under it history motion and she is all the real movement which they experience—a going and returning through a certain space, and a return compared to that of the zone or mass within which all the generations of mankind have existed. The shock wave, then, is a travelling zone of vibration, the ground is shaken by these vibrations, slightly at first, displaced by them by means of the force of their motion, and overthrown by the energy of the wave, which leaves the system of the particles unaltered, but not the particles, entered at the rate of ten, fifteen, or twenty miles in a minute.

The results arrived at by the investigations of the Commission are extremely interesting and valuable. A large map, which shows the relative directions of the earthquakes, and the centre of equal intensity of disturbance. They do not, as perhaps might be expected, show a regular decrease of force relative to a trust of the Apennine country, about 25 miles south-east of Naples, and the Gulf of Salerno on the South of Mount Vesuvius. This direction of the axis of the oblique is nearly north-west and south-east. Other interesting curves are arranged to be similar to those that have been observed in Calabria, and to connect into a separate system.

The results obtained by the earthquake are grouped by Mr Mallet round the focus in several closed curves, each of which has a degree of destruction produced. The curves are more or less of an elliptical character, the focus of the curve corresponding nearly with the focus of the earthquake. The measurement of momentum and velocity of the shock-wave, which travels with about 25 miles per second, and which it was a total destruction of edifices and great loss of life; the next outward included 1,855 square miles, and was marked by great destruction of buildings and loss of life; the next included 4,976 square miles, and in it houses were partially overthrown, and degree of damage beyond this 29,500 square miles felt the shock and suffered occasional injury. Sounds accompanying the shock were heard over 2,500 square miles. The plans on the surface of the ground from which the shock-waves proceeding the radiate at round, was certainly contained within a space of 4 or 5 miles in diameter, the centre of which was very nearly coincident with the town of Caggiano, situated on the roughly-road about the east of Naples, and 164 miles south of that city, on a spot of basin, in the midst of ridges of Apennine limestone. Many lines of the data representing wave paths fall within this circle, the deepest fall within a circle of a diameter of 5 or 6 miles in diameter; thirty-two within a circle of twenty miles in diameter, and nearly twenty as a focal point, which is the centre of all the curves in which the force of the earthquake radius drawn round it. Nothing more certain or more satisfactory could be wished.

The depth of the focus of the earthquake below the surface was computed for twenty-six places, and the results are interesting, as they show the angle at which the wave emerged. The computation is easy, the observations are necessary, of the data very much otherwise. Of these twenty-six, seventeen give a mean result of a mean depth of about 71 geographical miles—43,281 feet. The deepest focus is calculated is 91 miles—49,359 feet, and the least depth is 24 miles —16,708 feet. Eighteen of the twenty-six places have a depth of 50 miles and upwards, miles, or 34,130 feet, which may be regarded as the depth of the focus of the earthquake, from which the waves appear to start being probably 3 miles, or 19,224 feet at the utmost.

PLANCHETTE AND ELEOTHOITY.

While the rejection of the philosophers in respect to the essential nature of this principle is a matter of surprise and astonishment, the notions floating in the popular mind in respect to the most obvious laws of its action are hardly less surprising. According to the Times, "that is beautiful, life-giving, fruit of the righteous is a tree of life," that is saving, giving life to the soul. "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life;" that is, good, healthful. From these and other passages that might be quoted, we learn what, when used figuratively to the literal tree of life, which he used as the basis of the figures when referring to spiritual sentiment, of speaking of some quality of mind and heart.

The Chaplain of Kaskil and the last days of Revelation present also some idea of this tree. In the midst of the New Jerusalem. Many considerations are suggested by these expressions, we have not space to consider them at present. When we enter the new Paradise we shall see the significance of the *Tree of Life*.—*American Presbyterian*

MEASURING EARTHQUAKES.

A great earthquake as usual accompanied by smaller tremors, ruined the kingdom of Naples and destroyed the southern portion of the city, on the 16th of December, 1857. On the 27th of January, 1858, Sir John Hall, Lieutenant of Engineers, gathering evidence of the mode of action which had been felt in the district, and also that the country he was permitted to begin his work; and which appeared in the volumes which contain the results, only illustrated by maps, sections and representations of ruined cities and other interesting objects. This is the first work of the kind. Observations! Seismology. Is it the terrible word writing of nature in overthrow? Is it to be been translated into intelligible and mathematical language, and thus the conditions and laws of the disturbances and the depth from which it springs, be at least determined?

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The present Increase of crime in Philadelphia is due in a fearful degree to the crime-making tendencies of the Pennsylvania prison system. We have no worry on the system. The two years' daily prisoners of their sin-breeding grasses wring tears against society that any of the victims housed within their soul-perturbing walls.

A correspondent at the Staten Island writes: Good men stand utterly confounded and horror-stricken at the course of our Legislature. They know not where to turn for relief. It was long thought a settled matter that Democracy was dead, only and self respect that would save the commonwealth from political ruin. It is not so. Foreign,—In the debate on the second reading of the Maynooth Endowment Bill, Mr. Roebuck had argued the utility of religious establishments as an instrument that, in the hands of the State, may make the limits religious zeal.

Mr. Horsman, in reply, said he came one step further in the way in Rousseau.—A procession of the Way of the Cross," consisting of the Rev. Mr. Lowder, his choristers, and such of the people as could get into the gate, made its way through several of the most squalid thoroughfares of St. George-in-the-East. The Good Friday litanies were made at 12 of 14 places, corresponding to the stations in the procession of the Church of Mount Calvary, and as address on the symbolical meaning of the scene. The Bishop of York has in view of Harlaugh in Yorkshire, and will be tried at York. A committee of influential laymen is raising funds for his defence.—The prosecutor of Mr. Bennett (that the latter had "denied the real presence" of Christ in the Sacrament is still advancing slowly to a hearing.

—A combination of priests in Mexico who have entered into a league to refuse the Holy Sacrament to the Episcopalians or this country for which is to establish a free national church. They are but the consecration of Don Manuel Ruiz Marcos as bishop of Guaymas Mexican church.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of my father, Richard Green, and also of my mother, Rhonda Green. When I last heard from my father, he was in Washington, and had charge of a vessel plying between Washington and Richmond. He formerly lived near Maryland Point, Md. Any information of the whereabouts of my parents will be thankfully received by

JAS. A. HARDY, Cor. Sec.

July 26—tf

Married.

EVANS—JOHNSON—On the 24th of March, 1869, by the Rev. James Friday, Mr. Charles Edward Evans, of Phila., to Miss Josephine Johnson, of Baltimore, Md.

JACKSON—QUARE.—On the 31st of March, by the same, Mr. George Jackson, of Chester Co., to Mrs Mary Quash, of Eastern Shore, Md.

FERRY—RIPLEY.—On the 6th of April by the same, Mr. David A. Frisby to Miss Harriet M. Ripley, both of Philadelphia, Pa.

DAVIS—ALSTON—At West Philadelphia, Pa., March 25th, 1869, by Rev. Jas. C. Corbin, Mr. John Smith of Delaware Co., Pa., to Miss Mary E. Weston of Frederick, Md.

JONES—HARRAN.—In the A. M. E. Church, by the Rev. A. T. Carr, Hon. William H. Jones to Miss Hortensia R. A., eldest daughter of Rev. Peter Harran, all of Georgetown, S. C.

Obituaries.

With feelings of regret we record the death of Mrs. Ann Eliza Green, which took place at the oldest member and class-leader in the Union A. M. E. Church, who died March 29th, at an advanced age of 73 years.

Born in the year 1796, in the county of Sussex, Delaware, he came to the city in the year 1827, and was converted and joined many of years, in 1824 he embraced for Heyl), and returned in 1837, and remained here to the time of his decease.

He was buried on Sunday afternoon, March 28th, in the yard of the church.

The funeral was conducted and as also sermons, appropriate to the occasion He was assisted by the Elder in charge and the Rev. Benjamin Green.

In respect to the memory of the departed father and brother, Moses Young, whose name appears above, the undersigned author was boisterished, at a regular stated meeting of the board of officials, a committee to draft resolutions of respect and expressions of condolence Owens Dawson, Wm. Thos Simpson and Wm H. Davis were appointed to act as such committee, and report evening, April 6th, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we, the official Aliwow Providence to remove from our midst, by the stroke of death, our worthy father and brother, whose long and faithful service in the cause of his unblemished character, his unceasing devotion to his official duties and great purity of life; and

Whereas, in his death, the Church has sustained a loss which is of no ordinary character, though we have parted with him, yet he has gone to join the church triumphant, and

Whereas, in surveying the valuable services of the departed brother, and also his faithful our duty, as co-laborers with him whilst he was on earth, to exhibit our feelings and sentiments upon this sorrowful occasion at the death of one who was loved and respected; therefore

Resolved, That his unfaltering integrity in religion, and his unselfish devotion to the cause, won for him an honorable name and the highest esteem and regard of the community in which he moved

Resolved, That we tender our earnest sympathy to his family in their bereavement, and commend them to the Father of all mercies in this their hour of trial.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family, and that the same be published in the "Christian Recorder."

His soul is has taken its flight,
To mansions of bliss upon high.
To behold its Redeemers and God,
Surrounded with angels in light.
His troubles and trials are now o'er,
Forever housed in from the earth.
He only says—Come, and enter my rest,
The God of his love and his life.

Our shepherd and leader is gone,
His precious soul is at earth is no more,
But in that great getting up morn.

Committee.

WM. H. DAVIS,
W. H. DAVIS,
WM. HOUSE,

Wm House, Elder in charge.

Philadelphia, April 8, 1869.

Died, in Georgetown, D. C., January 23d, 1869, of croup, at the age of but four years, William Ira Bere with, Christian fortitude, James W. Waters, youngest son of Wilson and Eliza Waters, aged 22 years, nine months and 28 days.

There is meaning as such, but rejoicing in heaven, To be taught and kept of another is given, Our Father saw only one more jewel his son, And took him to Himself, His kingdom to adorn.

Died, in Philadelphia, March 26, 1869, in the 85th year of his age, Mr. CHARLES WILLIAMS, a member of Mount Horiah Lodge, No. 31, A. Y. M.

Died, at Philadelphia, March 19th, 1869, Mrs. Elizabeth Randolph, aged 78 years.

Her last words were such as only the Christian can speak in the hour of death. To a friend she said, "I was brought to rejoice in religious hope in 1850, but relaxing my religious duties, I lost my hope. In the January, 1866, it pleased my Heavenly Father to restore me to his favor. In April of this year I was brought very low, and as many thought near to death. During this season of affliction heavenly visions opened my spirit's eye, and I experienced het again afflicted. My last attendance on Divine worship was on the first Sabbath in September of last year. The sacramental service was the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The services were full of rich promise to my soul. Through my prayerful application on Satan offers to the follower of Christ, I have been cheered by the promise, "Fear not—with God is all the help we need, good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Advertisements.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

NATURE'S SPEEDY FREE REMEDY for Indigestion and Biliousness, the worst of The Saline Aperient has, if employed in a reasonable quantity, the power of preventing the development of Bilious Fever, Typhus, Typhoid, Scarlet, and other Pestilential Fevers, and of Cholera, Dysentery, and Diarrhœa. Prepared only by TARRANT & CO., Chemists, 278 Greenwich Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

CLARKE'S NEW METHOD FOR REED ORGANS AND MELODEONS. JUST PUBLISHED.

A Comprehensive and Progressive Instructor, and a Compendium of all other Methods for the Reed Organ and Melodeon, containing Rudimentary Principles, Scales, Exercises, Voluntaries, Chants, Tunes, Anthems, Glees, Choruses, Marches, Quicksteps, Waltzes, Polkas, Gallopades, Schottisches, Redowas, Varsovianas, Mazurkas, Contra Dances, Cotillions, Quadrilles, Reels, &c. &c. Also, a Choice Collection of Sacred Music, Vocal and Instrumental, Adapted to Public and Private Worship. By WILLIAM O. CLARKE, Author of "The Harmonic Companion," "The Harmonic Choir," "The Harmonic Tribute," "The Harmonic Offering," "The Harmonic Anthem Book," "The Harmonic Minstrel," "The Harmonic Glee Book," "The Harmonic Vocalist," "The Harmonic Reed Organ Instructor," "The Harmonic Flute Instructor," "The Harmonic Violin Instructor," "The Harmonic Violoncello Instructor," "The Harmonic Guitar Instructor," "The Harmonic Flageolet Instructor," "The Harmonic Accordeon Instructor," "The Harmonic Concertina Instructor," "The Harmonic Banjo Instructor," "The Harmonic Bugle Instructor," "The Harmonic Cornet Instructor," "The Harmonic Trombone Instructor," "The Harmonic Bass Instructor," "The Harmonic Drum Instructor," "The Harmonic Tambourine Instructor," "The Harmonic Triangle Instructor," "The Harmonic Castanet Instructor," "The Harmonic Cymbal Instructor," "The Harmonic Tuning Instructor," "The Harmonic Pitch Instructor," "The Harmonic Metronome Instructor," "The Harmonic Dictionary," "The Harmonic Primer," "The Harmonic Manual," "The Harmonic Catechism," "The Harmonic Chart," "The Harmonic Diagram," "The Harmonic Tablature," "The Harmonic Tablet," "The Harmonic Tablature," "The Harmonic Tablet," "The Harmonic Tablature," "The Harmonic Tablet

Poetry.

WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord needs for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers,
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For I am not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain
Worn it bendeth with gentler people,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

By and by when the spring time cometh,
I will build me a little nest,
With many a downy feather
In the spot I like the best.

And He will give me wisdom
To build it of leaves near home;
Warm and soft it must be for my brides,
And so I will live it with them.

I have no barn nor store house,
I neither sow nor reap,
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meat is sometimes scanty,
Those pinks before it count;
I have always enough to feed me,
And 'tis no more than mount.

I know there are many sparrows,
All over the world we are found,
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of his falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life we cannot make.

I fly through the thickest storms,
I light on many a spray;
I have no cause for sorrow,
But I never lose my way.

And I tell my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be
For the Father is always watching,
And on harm will come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree,
But I know His Father knows me
Have you less faith than he?

Missionary Echo.

Home Circle.

THE STORY I TOLD LITTLE WILLIE.

"Mother, whoo will you tell me another true story?" said Willie, as he left his chair neglected on the floor, and stood before me, with his hands behind his back.

"This evening, I'll say," I replied.

"May I ask John and Ellie over to hear it, too?" I answered, "Yes."

His eyes brightened, and in an instant he turned round and hastened toward our neighbors, to invite the playmates to enjoy the story his mother was about to tell him.

With a mother's gentle eye my eyes followed him until his form was hidden from my view, and then looking on the spot where it was last visible, I began my story for some time. How long I sat thus, I do not know, but the burden of my musing succeeded to the grateful consciousness of God's infinite goodness in making our little ones so ready to listen to mother, and so easy to be entertained with simple tales.

After tea, when the things had been cleared off the table, we, Willie, his two playmates and myself, determined to prefer the dining room for the purpose of our meeting, for here the fire on the hearth with its uncertain changing light, seemed to aid the imagination by its ever varying shadows.

When I had seated myself, so as to be able to look at the waiting auditors, Sadie, Willie, after he had put another piece of wood upon the fire, sat on a little stool at the corner, whilst his companions sat on either side of me. I did not notice them, that he occupied the side on which Ellie sat. The children had been talking gaily all the evening and seemed in excellent spirits, but now they were quietly waiting for the story.

"Shall it be a story of long ago?" I asked.

"Yes, long ago," they answered.

"Well, then, I will tell you the story of a little white slave boy."

"Why," said Ellie, "were the white people ever slaves?"

"O yes," I answered, "there were a great many. There is a time in the world's past about belonged to a nation of slaves. They had been in bondage for a long time when he was born. Their taskmasters were cruel and hard-hearted men, who compelled them to endure many hardships, and to do many wrongs. But although they were so sorely oppressed, their prospect of them, and they increased greatly in strength and numbers. The king of the country became alarmed at this, and ordered all the little male children to be killed as soon they were born."

"Oh how cruel!" said Ellie, as she came closer to me and hurried her head in my lap.

"How cruel!" echoed John seemed to breathe a sigh, as if of pity.

"Did he know it," said John: "and didn't he punish the wicked king?"

"Yes," I answered, "God knew it, for He sees and knows all things. He punished the anguish of the heart-broken mothers. He heard their prayers for deliverance from this cruel slavery, and inclusive treatment. He saw the helpless little innocents, as they were hurried out of the world ere they could fairly see its light, and in His infinite wisdom he determined to rescue them, and declare His love to those who feared and trusted in His name."

"Did He send a company of angels with flaming swords to cut down the king and all that he would resist?" asked Willie, earnestly looking at me.

"No," I answered, and as I looked at the flame curling in the grate, and then gently leaping and falling as if in search of something, or eager to clean the darkness, I pondered that he had hit upon a thought in common among men; that God should arbitrarily employ means to punish a sinner at the time of the transgression.

"No, Willie, God does not show His infinite power unless it is necessary. He always accomplishes His ends by natural means, when they are best. We cannot always understand why this is, but we know that His Father heart, which loves as more than any human friend ever can, always devises the very best means to accomplish His purposes. But this does not pertain to our story. You will know the history of this nation when you can read. To night I smonly going to tell you of the little slave-boy, and how he escaped the king's decree."

"For three months his mother hid him, keeping his birth a secret, for she knew that this was no longer possible, she was greatly at a loss what to do. Nancy might she spent in tears, weeping over her darling son. Often her heart sunk within her when she, looking at his innocent gambols, and heard his crowing, thought how soon it must all end. Then she would go into her secret room, and prayed to the God of her fathers, that he would pity her distress, and save her innocent little one."

Ellie sobbed, and she drew him closer to me, hinging breathlessly upon every word.

"Soon, mother, please," said Willie, when I hesitated, for the remembrance of my own fears, and though I had often read the story, it always appeared as interesting as at first.

"She made a basket, just large enough to contain her baby boy. Made it impervious to water by coating the inside with pitch, and determined to trust the treasure of her heart to the dangers of the river, thinking, no doubt, that God would hear her prayer, and save him in some way or other. In the morning, long before the sun rose, she hastened to the sister's edge, and there in a flowery spot committed him to the care of God. He was sleeping, calmly and in his little bed. She dared not sob, but he should waken; but the silent tears ran down her cheeks and mingled with the waters of the stream. Tenderly, like a little ark, the basket sailed along, its occupant all unconscious of his danger."

"Oh brother was there any large fish in the river?" asked Willie.

"I think there were, but God guarded him from danger. He landed safely in some bulrushes along the bank, and was there picked up by a servant of the king's daughter, who heard him crying when he awoke, as she was coming down to bathe in the river. She seems to have had a kind heart for she brought up the child under her special supervision, and gave him all the advantages of education the country afforded."

"I am so glad the fishes didn't eat him," said Ellie, as she put her face into which had covered her face, and revealed the eyes yet brimmed with tears. The boys seemed to heave a sigh of relief.

"But he turn out to be a good man?" said John.

"Yes, and became the means in God's providence of rescuing his brethren from bondage."

"How?" asked Ellie, eagerly.

"Not to-night, dears. I will tell you another time. It is getting late now, and it time for us to retire."

That night, after Willie had said his prayers, while I was kneeling at his bed, bending over him, he whispered to me:

"Mother, I won't be afraid any more, because I know God takes care of little boys. How kind he was to care for the little slave boy, all alone on the river. Mother, I love the little slave boy."

I kissed my own baby boy, and with tears thanked my heavenly Father for His love to me, and all His children. PAX.

PRAY WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

A young mother made it her daily practice to carry her little son's supplication to the throne of grace, and yet complained of a want of faith and definiteness in asking for them the Holy Spirit. Spirits.

Do you pray for each child separately and by name?" inquired the pastor

"No, I had not thought of such habit," was the reply.

I think it of much importance, as a help to our faith, and in the clearness and definiteness of our desires on their behalf. Just pray with them, I think it will be for them!

"Sometimes I do, but not often."

"Then, my friend, you, like me, to take your little son and daughter each separately to the throne of prayer, and there plead for them before the Lord, tell Him the name, the baby history, special wants of each one, and see if your heart is not open to plead for them as you have never done before."

Tears welled up in the eyes of the young mother, as she said with trembling lips "I'll try."

As evening came she had not forgotten the promise, but as she knelt by the side of her daughter, she earnestly peevish, she thought it best to defer her prayer until she got to her shoulder. Willie was a bright and pleasant boy of five years, and when his mother whispered to him to pray for him, he gladly put his hand in here and knelt by her bedside. As he uttered the words mentioned before the Lord, a tender look fell upon his young mother, and he heard his mother's fingers more tightly as each petition was offered. The